

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

VOL. IX.

MAY, 1890.

NO. I.



THE RETURN FROM THE CHASE.—BY HANS MAKART.

ARTISTS AND ART LIFE IN MUNICH.

BY PROFESSOR E. P. EVANS, OF MUNICH.

AS an art city, Munich is the creation of King Ludwig I., who began as Crown Prince more than seventy years ago to devote to the erection of buildings and the formation of collections the considerable sums of money which the severe economy of his private life enabled him to accumulate. During his subsequent reign of twenty-three years, he pursued the same object with increased enthusiasm and undivided energy, and even his forced abdication in 1848 did not divert him from this purpose or diminish the zeal and munificence with which he sought to achieve it.

Before King Ludwig's time, Munich had no distinction among German cities for artistic culture and traditions, and was far inferior in this respect to Augsburg and Nuremberg, and even to Regensburg (Ratisbon) and Landshut. It was a mere gloomy group of buildings of which nearly every alternate one was either a church or a cloister, inclosed by a wall and and a ditch, with four narrow gates as means of ingress and egress, at a time when the elder and younger Holbein, Burghmair, Altdorfer, Amberger, Dienecker, Hagenauer, and Schaenfelin represented German art at Augsburg, and Albrecht Dürer, Wohlgemut, Peter Vischer, Adam Kraft, Veit Stoss and Sebald Schonhover

were the glory of Nuremberg. Travellers, who made the tour of Europe during the last century, never dreamed of visiting Munich, because the city offered absolutely nothing of interest to them, being then almost as barren of attractions for cultivated foreigners as it was in the middle of the twelfth century, when Duke Henry the Lion made it a place for coining money and a central depot for the storage of salt. It was only after the lapse of seven centuries that it became the seat of Moneta, the mother of the Muses, and began to acquire a relish of that less common and more delicately piquant sort of salt called Attic.

Munich and its suburbs contain at present about fifteen hundred studios, in which at least three thousand persons are engaged in producing works of art of various kinds. Many landscapists and genre-painters, who make a specialty of peasant life, prefer to live in the country, but they really belong to the art-schools and represent the artistic impulses and tendencies of the city.

Art in Munich was never a native product of the soil, but an exotic transplanted and fostered by a royal hand. The social atmosphere of the place has been from the first as hostile to all intellectual growth and higher culture.

The community of artists in Munich is



MADONNA.—BY FRANZ DEFREGGER.

a foreign element, a sort of colony or outpost of aesthetic culture established *in partibus barbarorum*; fortunately it is large enough to constitute a kind of *imperium in imperio* and to be socially and intellectually a law unto itself. As yet, however, it has exerted little or no appreciable influence in elevating and ennobling the taste of the great mass of the native population.

As might be expected of an art-city in which art was not indigenous, the Munich of Ludwig I. is architecturally a hodge-podge of imitations of models, chiefly classical and Italian, and the hugest painting of that period, the Last

Judgment, by Cornelius, is in conception and execution only a feeble reflection of Michael Angelo.

In fact, Munich has no peculiar school of art in the strict sense in which this term has been applied to the Italian cities of the middle ages and the early renaissance period. It is true that, some thirty or forty years ago, Wilhelm Von Kaulbach, after having emancipated himself from the severe and rather shadowy academical idealism of Cornelius, and shown in his "Mad-House" the realistic power of his pencil, dominated art in Munich very much as Pietro Vanucci did in Perugia and Leonardo da Vinci in Milan towards the close of the fifteenth century. But he had lost this ascendancy long before his sudden death from cholera in 1874. Ten or twelve years before this sad event the controlling influence in painting had already passed to Karl Piloty, who attracted so many students that it was found necessary to enlarge the rooms of the academy for their accommodation. Piloty was, in his relations to his pupils and in the manner in which he discovered and developed without destroying the artistic

individuality of each, the very ideal of a master. Nearly all the painters, to whom Munich owes its reputation to-day, received their training under his direction, and what diversity of artistic character and creativeness is represented by such names as Defregger, Lenbach, Leibl, Grützner, Gysis, Hermann Kaulbach, Max, Makart, Mathias Schmid, and Toby Rosenthal! The same realistic spirit and fidelity to nature, which distinguished this teacher, inspire and pervade them all, but find original and idiosyncratic expression in each. It would be difficult to imagine sharper contrasts than exist between Makart's gor-

geous revelries and orgies of the senses, crowding the canvas with a wealth of color and a voluptuousness of form such as no painter since Rubens has had at his command, the painfully puzzling social questions and profound psychological problems and spiritual mysteries with which Max busies his brain and his brush, and the vigorous and truthful sketches of Bavarian and Tyrolese peasant life which Defregger has drawn with such a masterly hand and so warm and genuine sympathy.

Franz Defregger (born April 30, 1835) was the only son of a wealthy peasant proprietor in Southern Tyrol, and, until the fifteenth year of his age, tended his father's cattle on their mountain pastures. Here, in the sublime solitude of the highlands, he whiled away his leisure hours, like the shepherd boy Giotto, in making rude sketches of the animals under his charge. He thus learned, as the father of Italian painting did six centuries ago, to see and represent things as they are, to study and work from nature, although the mediæval Florentine never did this in the same strict sense in which the expression is applied to the work of the modern Tyrolese artist.

The death of Defregger's father devolved upon him, at an early age, the cares and responsibilities of a husband-

man, but he had lost all taste for rustic toil and, after selling the farmstead, devoted himself exclusively to art, at first in Innsbruck, then in Munich, and afterward in Paris. Finally, in 1867, he returned to Munich, where he resumed his studies under the direction of Piloty and began to display his real power as a painter in a succession of admirable pictures representing heroic episodes of Tyrolese history and characteristic scenes from the social and domestic life of his countrymen. He could not have made a happier choice of subjects or one better suited to the highest development of his genius. The charm of these creations is their simple truthfulness. Here we have the native of the Tyrolese highlands, not as he seems to the critical and condescending eyes of the city tourist, but as he is seen by one who is himself "to the manner born," and, therefore, looks at the peasant face to face and instinctively treats him as his peer, the ideal of healthy, cheerful, animal manhood, as far removed from boorish rudeness and brutality as from all sentimentalism and affectation of refinement.

In 1868, scarcely a year after he had entered Piloty's studio, Defregger finished his first great picture, "Speckbacher and his son Anderl." Joseph Speckbacher, one of the leaders of the insurgents



THE SALON TYROLER.—BY FRANZ DEFREGGER.

against the allied French and Bavarians in 1809, has taken up his headquarters in an inn, where he is busy in mapping out the coming campaign, when he is surprised to discover among the recruits his son, the ten-year-old "little Andrew," who, contrary to the commands of his father, has shouldered his musket and joined the army. The simulated anger and secret pride of the father, the roguish confidence in the face of the boy, who knows that his disobedience rejoices the paternal heart, and the mingled curiosity, admiration and sympathy of the spectators are wonderfully well expressed. The immediate and marked success of this picture made Defregger famous.

Defregger is a genial humorist and optimist with no malice in him. The satire he indulges in is of a very harmless sort and is uniformly directed against the pert and pretentious cit, who appears at great disadvantage in the presence of the peasant on his native soil. An incomparable specimen of this kind is the "Salontiroler," or Drawing-room Tyrolese, representing a tourist from Berlin, who has gotten himself up in an elegant

Tyrolese costume, with short breeches and bare knees, and has fun poked at him for his pains by milkmaids and wood-choppers in an Alpine chalet.

Very different from this spirit is that which animates the North Tyrolese Mathias Schmid, born November 14, 1835, in the Paznaun Valley, as the seventh son of a well-to-do peasant. He showed at a very early age a decided talent for drawing, which he exercised in life-like sketches of the gaunt person of the village schoolmaster, who, instead of being offended at this freedom as derogatory to his pedagogical dignity, appreciated the efforts of the youthful limner and, calling the father's attention to them, remarked: "That boy will be a painter."

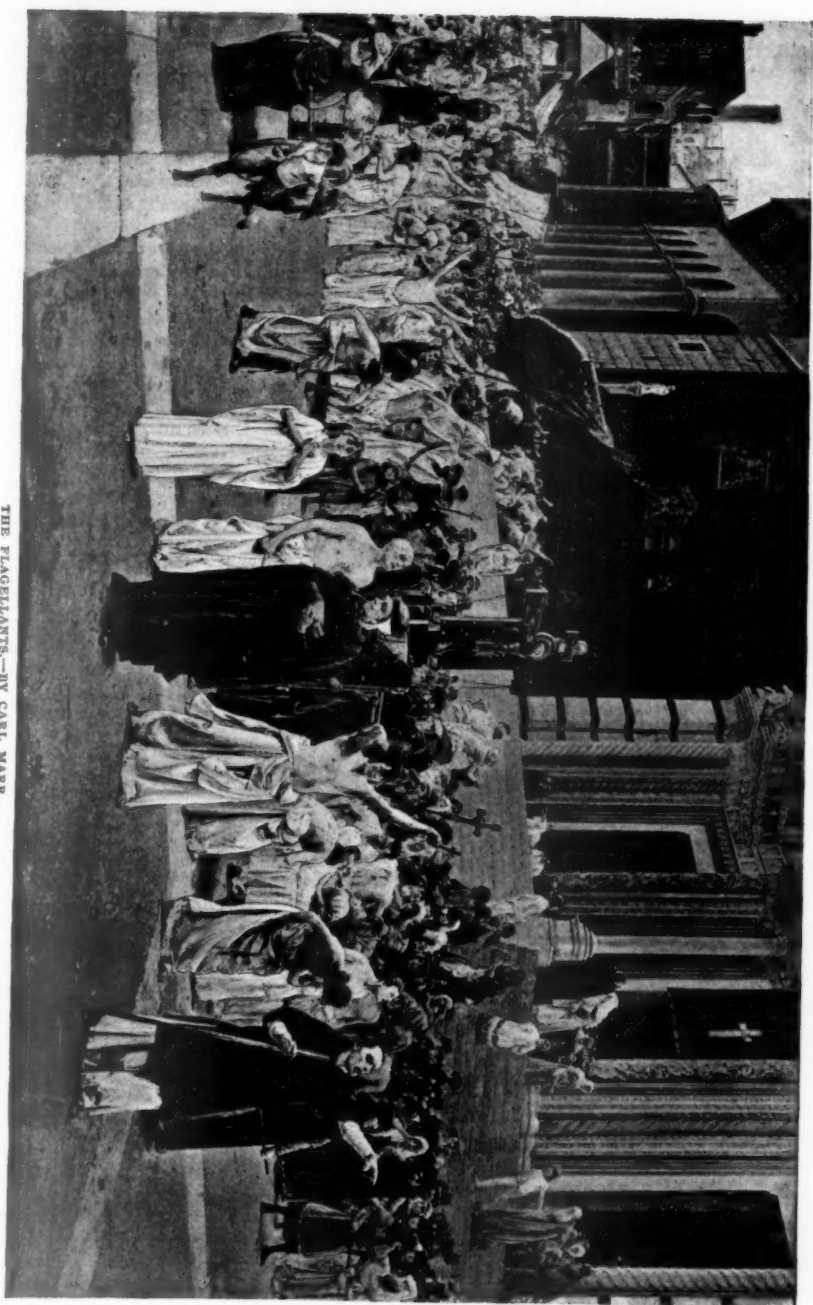
Schmid began his career as a painter of sacred subjects, and was first employed by a curate at See to cover the nakedness of our first parents on the ceiling of the village church, which he successfully accomplished by painting green bushes in front of them. Soon afterwards, in 1858, he produced his first original composition, "Ruth Going to Bethlehem," which was bought by the Archduke Karl Ludwig, then governor of the Tyrol.

Schmid was thirty-six years of age and had been married several years when, in 1871, he became a pupil of Piloty. In the same year he produced his first great picture, "Begging Friars."

In delineating scenes from the social life of the Tyrolese, Schmid is attracted by its dark and tragic, rather than by its bright and humorous features, and is, in this respect, the antithesis of Defregger. Thus, in his "Deserted," a young peasant, in passing over a mountain height with his betrothed, a stately and evidently wealthy maiden, as they are visiting their friends to announce their engagement, according to the custom of the country, sees a young girl with an infant in her arms lying before a shrine of the virgin. The faithless lover wishes to hurry on, but his betrothed is



JOAN OF ARC.—BY GABRIEL MAX.



THE FLAGELLANTS.—BY CARL MAHR.



MAGDALEN.—BY GABRIEL MAX.

determined to investigate the matter, and we are quite sure that the projected marriage will not take place.

Another Munich artist, who has made himself famous as a delineator of monastic life, is Edward Grützner, born in 1846 in Grosskarlowitz, in Silesia. His parents intended to educate him for the church, but on the advice and by the pecuniary aid of an appreciative and generous Silesian, he came to Munich and entered Piloty's school in 1864. He began his artistic career with sketches of scenes from the Shakespearian plays, in which the fat knight, Falstaff, figures as the chief character.

The same genial humor characterizes his treatment of the devotees of St. Hubert and their foibles in "Jägerlatein" or Hunter's Latin, which we would call in English "Drawing a Long Bow." Nothing could be better than the animated face of the hunter, who is yarning it, and the expression of boisterous hilarity in the companions who are listening to his extravagant stories.

Grützner's home, near the Maximil-

ianum, on the bluff which forms the right bank of the Isar, is a charming abode and bears witness to the archaeological knowledge as well as to the fine aesthetic taste of the artist. In the studio, which is a real work-shop and not a mere show-room, the visitor is first attracted to some partially finished work on the easel and then to the pictures and sketches by Grützner's friends which adorn the walls. Here, too, hangs a beautiful medallion of the great English dramatist, a gift of the British Shakespeare Society to the painter of Falstaff. Through a side door we pass from the studio into a large room fitted up as a chapel, with altar, images, lectern, and pulpit, bearing the date 1417, and a number of antique wardrobes full of genuine costumes, monks, nuns, and prelates, and rich draperies of all sorts which his pictures have al-

ready made us more or less familiar with. Another door leads from the studio into the library with rare parchment volumes in the cases which occupy the walls on two sides, and a portion of the old stalls from the choir of the Munich Cathedral serving as seats.

We have no space for a detailed description of the different portions of the house: the tower, with its art treasures, the parlor and other dwelling-rooms in German renaissance, the bed-chamber in Gothic, and the cosy *kneipe*, or tap-room, with its appropriate equipment of beer mugs of all forms and sizes. Suffice it to say that everything, from the hinges and latches of the door and the wrought-iron railings of the staircase to the chairs, tables, and side-boards, and the wooden panelling of the walls and ceilings, is unquestionably genuine and in the purest style of the period which it represents.

As a delineator of modern middle-class life in its social, domestic, tragic, humorous, and sentimental phases, Emanuel Spitzer holds an almost unique place among Munich painters. There are few

artists, whose pictures are so often reproduced in illustrated journals or are so well adapted to this purpose, both on account of the widely popular character and the eminently skilful treatment of the subjects chosen.

Spitzer was for some years a regular contributor of sketches to that famous weekly repertory of wit and humor, the *Fliegende Blätter*, a sheet which it would be hardly possible to publish with such long and unbroken success in any other city than in Munich. It has been in existence nearly half a century, but age cannot wither it, nor custom stale its infinite variety. It draws fresh blood from each generation of authors and artists, and thus preserves a perpetual youth. By eschewing politics and religion and ridiculing the foibles of universal human nature, it appeals to all classes and conditions of men, and enlists them in its service. The prince and the peasant, professors, lawyers, doctors, students, merchants, mechanics, clergymen, venerable matrons and young maidens turn with equal pleasure the

leaves, which make them see the comical side of their peculiar weaknesses and learn to laugh at them. Its pages are as far from prudishness as they are free from every slimy trace and trail of those insinuating obscenities and double-entendres, which form the staple of an Italian *Arlechino* and a French *Journal pour Rire*.

This humorous quality was imparted to Munich art nearly seventy years ago by Heinrich Bürkel, the same who in 1813, when only eleven years of age, was arrested by the police of the Bavarian Palatinate for caricaturing the great Napoleon, but after coming to Munich, in 1822, made a specialty of portraying the funny features of Bavarian peasant life. This humorous element was further developed and extended in various directions by Schwind, Enhuber, Spitzweg, Pöckl and others, until Kasper Braun created a common organ for it in the *Fliegende Blätter*, supplemented soon afterwards by the *Münchener Bilderbogen*, of whose special contributors, at the present time, Oberländer, Har-

burger, Albrecht, Reinicke, Mandlich, Zopf, Erdmann, Wagner, Flashar, Hengeler, Stauber, Staehle, Grätz, and Ludwig von Nagel may be mentioned as the most important.

During the past five or six years, a Munich artist of superior decorative taste and talent, Baron von Seydlitz, has created quite a sensation not only in Bavaria, but in all Germany by the construction and ornamentation of rooms in Japanese style. In the province of the beautiful and its application to daily life, Europe has already learned much and has perhaps still more to learn from the Orient, from the lands where

"The gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Pours on her kings barbaric pearl
and gold."

In the production of textile fabrics, as regards fineness of tissue and tone, Benares is



MADONNA.—BY GABRIEL MAX.



THE SPIRIT HAND.—BY GABRIEL MAX.

infinitely superior to Birmingham, and Madras puts Manchester to shame. The æsthetic movement in England, with all its later affectations and absurdities, was originally a healthy reaction against an excessively crass modern realism and received its impulse from Oriental influences quite as much as from pre-Raphaelitism.

It had only just begun to dawn upon the Western world that great schools of painting were flourishing in Japan, at a time when Cimabue's long-visaged Byzantine Madonnas were admired as miracles of art and Giotto was still watching his father's flocks in the fields of Vespignano. That these centuries of original artistic development should not have brought forth any fruits which it would be worth our while to garner is also incredible. Baron von Seydlitz has recognized this fact by the introduction of Japanese methods of drawing-room decoration, and his eminent success is attested by a flattering letter accompanied

by a medal of honor from the Tycoon. Indeed, the Japanese tourist, who should enter one of these elegant boudoirs, would find his kakemono, makimono, biobo, and every other form of mural ornamentation which had been familiar to him from his childhood, marvelously reproduced and adorned with all the birds and beasts and insects, butterflies as emblems of conjugal happiness, tutelar cranes, and reliefs of real and mythical reptiles and wonderful monsters, which play such a strange and whimsical part in Japanese symbolism.

A pupil of Piloty, yet in his artistic creations, holding a place apart, isolated and wholly unclassifiable, is Gabriel Max, son of the sculptor, Joseph Max, and born in Prague Aug. 25, 1840. Some twenty-five years ago his illustrations of the works of Uhland, Lenau, Schiller, and Goethe attracted public attention, and at a later

period some of his finest pictures borrowed their themes from the poets: Margaret and Mignon from Goethe, Tristan and Isolde, Elizabeth praying at the virgin's shrine from Tannhäuser, Byron's Astarte, and best of all, the "Lion's Bride," from Chamisso. Still more characteristic is his treatment of subjects taken from the legends of primitive Christianity; St. Julia on a cross in the midst of a lonely campagna, while a young Roman, returning at early morn from his revels, suddenly touched with mingled sympathy and awe, lays his festive garland at her feet; the "Greeting" in the form of a rose thrown by an unknown hand to a young maiden exposed to wild beasts in the Amphitheatre, and a blind girl selling lamps at the entrance to the catacombs. Akin to the last-mentioned picture, in feeling, is Nydia, the blind girl of Pompeii, as described by Bulwer. No one knows better than Max how to infuse a profound and peculiar pathos into delineations of sad phases of

modern social life and to make all accessories contribute to tell the melancholy tale and to heighten the psychological effect. Max's attempts to interpret the phenomena of spiritism, as in the ghastly presentment of that exposed and confessed humbug, Katie King, may be charitably passed over in silence as lapses of genius.

Facile princeps among the American artists in Munich is unquestionably Toby Rosenthal, of Silesian extraction, but born in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1848. His parents removed to San Francisco when he was a child, and in 1865 he came to Munich, where he studied first under Piloty's pupil, Raupp, and afterwards (1868) under Piloty himself, of whose school he is now one of the most distinguished representatives. In 1870 he made his debut, so to speak, with a charming picture of Sebastian Bach playing the organ at home, surrounded by his family, now in the museum at Leipsic. This was followed in 1874 by "Elaine," as her body, lying on the barge

"Pall'd all its length in blackest samite,"

and covered with cloth of gold,

"Steer'd by the dumb went upward with the flood.
In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter—all her bright hair streaming down."

The picture attracted unusual attention both in Europe and America, especially in San Francisco, where it was exhibited for charitable purposes by its purchaser, and the whole city crowded to see it. Perhaps the most popular of his paintings is "The Vacant Chair," representing a German mechanic sitting with his three orphaned children at a frugal meal, and unable to eat his plate of soup as his eye rests on the place where his loving companion was wont to sit. It is a wonderfully pathetic rendering of a common scene of domestic sorrow, and the expression of anxious and intense sympathy in the face of the half-grown daughter as she notices her father's deep and silent grief is exceedingly well given. It would be impossible to tell the sad tale more tenderly and touchingly than the artist has done on this canvas.

Although the present director of the Munich Art Academy, Friedrich August Kaulbach, may be regarded as representing, in his own independent way, the Makart school of painting, the prevailing influences in that institute are of a widely different character, and proceed chiefly from Wilhelm Diez, Wilhelm Lindenschmit, and Ludwig Löfftz.

Diez (born 1839 in Bayreuth) is an artist of decidedly original genius, and is more indebted to those old masters whom the Beckmessers are wont to ignore as "dead long ago," Dürer, Holbein, Brouwer, Wouvermans, Teniers and Rembrandt, than to any contemporary teacher. In his sixteenth year he had his name enrolled as a student in the Munich Academy, but is said to have been seen very seldom within its walls until he was appointed to an academical professorship in 1882. His studies were on the streets and in the beer-houses, in the homes and haunts of all classes of



MIGNON.—BY GABRIEL MAX.



TRIO IN THE CONVENT.—BY E. GREUTZNER.

and hoodlum; in this respect he followed in the footsteps of old German and Dutch masters, and, like them, too, he never paints from models, but always draws his materials from his memory and his sketch-book. The results of this method are shown in the force and freedom and marvelous fidelity to nature which mark all his creations, and are as striking in the characters of an ideal scene, like his "Adoration of the Shepherds," as in his "Topsy Boors Returning from the Fair." Professionally considered, Diez is rather the genial inspirer of his pupils than a good instructor in the technical sense of the term.

people, with a strong predilection for tipplers and tramps and every sort of boodler

that his school is a natural and sturdy growth, and that the fruits it has already



GRANDMOTHER'S DANCING LESSON.—BY TOBY ROSENTHAL.

borne in the works of Räuber, Weigand, Weiser, Zimmermann, Breling, Herterich and others are remarkably varied and vigorous.

Löffzt (born in Darmstadt in 1845 and academical professor in Munich since 1880) is himself a pupil of Diez and akin to him in spirit; but, while representing essentially the same aims and influences, his superior talent and greater activity as a teacher have tended to develop and systematize them in a higher degree and thus led him to a more exclusive study and imitation of Dutch masters—a tendency which appears most decidedly in his most distinguished pupils, Claus Meyer and Walter Firle. Among the Americans who have enjoyed Löffzt's instruction, Thompkins, Hartwich, Richards and Peck may be especially noted.

Lindenschmit (born in Munich 1829)

has achieved his greatest triumphs as a painter of historical pictures of the period of the Reformation. Latterly he has devoted his pencil to the delineation of allegory on a large scale and with eminent success as a colorist.

Lindenschmit's most promising pupil is, beyond all question, the German-American Karl Marr of Cincinnati. This young artist first excited the attention of the public by his "Episode of the German War of Emancipation in 1813," representing the inhabitants of Bunzlau as they send their children with refreshments to a convoy of French prisoners encamped without the city walls. His colossal picture, "The Flagellants," was the principal sensation of the Munich Salon of the year (1889) and recalls, without imitating, the contemporary Spanish school of historical painting. Indeed,



TOBY ROSENTHAL'S STUDIO.

it may be regarded as one of the most important works of this kind that Munich has produced in recent times, and is pronounced by Pecht and other critics to be epoch-making in modern German art.

Of Munich portrait painters Lenbach

has the widest reputation; he is a pre-eminently keen observer and vigorous delineator of character, but his portraits are, after all, only magnificent studies, and as they are rather dead and waxy in color, often appear to better advantage in engraving than on canvas.

DREAMS.

BY WILLIAM BRONSON LE DUC.

Pale Twilight dies, and Night's dark shadow steals
 Into my room and rests upon the floor,
 While I sit brooding o'er the pictured lore
 Which in the grate each ruddy coal reveals :
 The fiery spirits speak ;
 Each curling tongue of flame that gleams
 Cries : " Say what gem of Fortune dost thou seek ?
 Whate'er it be, it waits for thee in the mystic realm of dreams."

What wonders fill that mystic realm of dreams,
 When Morpheus comes with all the tribes of sleep —
 The grotesque monsters of the night that leap
 Before us, and whose passing ages seems,
 Though verily their flight
 Is swifter than the lightning's speed —
 Demons that bring guilt to a saint, or fright
 The hearts of men who waking never fear a mortal deed.

What wonders too in dreams of our own making !
 When Fancy's alchemy of air makes gold,
 And when she leads us to a flowery wold
 Where all the glories come and wait our taking ;
 Brightly they pass the vision,
 Troop after troop in long review ;
 And he who has called forth this throng elysian,
 Is monarch of their airy world, and gods his bidding do.

Childhood will dream of play, and what he'll be
 When grown ; Youth of adventure and the kiss
 Of warm-lipped Love and flying hours of bliss ;
 Then Middle-age of power and the key
 To Wealth's illusive store ;
 Old-age dreams of the past and wears
 The roses of his summer as of yore,
 Or with bold eyes looks o'er the Styx where Charon waits for fares.

A pigmy is the giant in his dreams ;
 There are no summits Fancy cannot scale ;
 The rich realities of life grow stale
 To him whose soul with vision-glory teems :
 The masters do not show,
 On any earth-based palace walls,
 Such forms of beauty and such tints as glow
 In paintings which shall never leave the splendid dream-built halls.



A CLASS IN THE ACADEMIE JULIAN.—FROM THE PAINTING OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF A FELLOW STUDENT.

BY KASIMIR DZIEKONSKA.

I MET Marie Bashkirtseff at the end of 1878 at Julian's studio, in Paris, where she was already counted among the "strong" pupils. I remember the impression she made upon me on my first day in the studio; it was on Monday morning, when the model was chosen and posed for the whole week. The girls, greatly excited, were deliberating, voting and even quarreling, and amidst the noise, very bewildering to a timid new comer, I heard the words: "Oh! la Russe! Bon jour, la Russe!" That name was not very pleasant to my Polish ear, but in the studio we were all on neutral ground, so I looked at Marie Bashkirtseff (for she was "la Russe!") in a kind of neutral way. I saw a girl rather short and stout, in a large black blouse, opened in front, with an open collar "à la Van Dyck." Her hair, arranged in a loose knot, was of a pretty warm blonde color, her complexion very fair, but the short nose and

the somewhat high cheek bones were those of a Tartar, and the abrupt, even rough movements reminded me of a Russian gendarme in miniature. Her voice, when she answered "Bon jour, Mesdames," seemed hoarse, and her face wore a striking expression of scorn and anger very strange in one so young.

This first unfavorable impression which she made upon me was strengthened when at noon, a lady, her aunt, came to take her home for lunch. As they spoke in Russian I could not help understanding what they said and was quite scandalized to hear how she reproved her aunt for coming too early, declaring that guardians were bores and she wished to be rid of them, etc. However, she rose, took off her blouse and then looked quite elegant in her perfectly fitting black costume and large black hat.

I have heard that when she first came to work in the studio (that dear, dirty



MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF IN FRENCH EMPIRE COSTUME.

studio) she wore a white dress, her usual costume, but white proving unsuitable for charcoal and paint, in time she adopted black. I never saw her in any other color but once, when, at the evening class, she appeared to our amazed eyes in a full ball dress, low neck, and short sleeves, and in spite of the laughing and jesting of the students, she worked till ten o'clock, when a carriage came to take her to the ball.

In winter she wore a fur cap and a long sealskin garment, with fur trimmings, fitting tightly around the waist; then, there could be no mistake; she looked a Russian from head to foot.

To return to my first day at the studio, to the lunch hour, that happy time of which I would say a few words. Some girls, especially the French ones, not wishing to go out to the restaurant, had their lunch sent in, others brought their well-filled baskets, and at noon, all established themselves in the cast room adjoining the studio; tables were improvised from high stools with portfolios laid across them. It was a gay Bohemian party, all chatting, laughing and throwing fuses of French wit, thus helping to masticate the resisting beefsteak and to swallow the gravies, which would not have borne subjection to chemical analysis.

Some scraps of those conversations linger in my memory.

"You know Rosa Bonheur is in Paris," said one girl.

"Oh, indeed! I must go and pay her a visit," answered another.

"She receives no visitors."

"I'll go as a model."

"Yes, you'll introduce yourself as an animal."

"Well, I'll tell her I'll sit for a horse."

"And she will tell you, 'Mademoiselle, I do not want a horse, but a donkey. You suit me perfectly.'"

A very noisy lady, the wife of a doctor in charge of an insane asylum, was thus addressed: "Madame, your husband has let you go out too soon."

A "thank you" of an English girl was understood "Saint Cloud;" and from that time this was her name in the studio.

I remember my own confusion, when having had some difficulty in clearing

my throat after swallowing a hard morsel, I was invited "to deliver the beautiful speech I had been preparing."

I must say that at first, these uncere- monious and rather Bohemian ways and words seemed to me highly improper, but I wish to render justice to my comrades by saying that, although their expressions were not all found in the dictionary of the Beau Monde and their repartees were sometimes impertinent, I never heard a word nor an anecdote that could have brought a blush to the cheek of the most modest young girl.

To return to Marie Bashkirtseff, I soon perceived that she was not liked in the studio. The girls were whispering about an unhappy love affair which made her become an artist. (I wondered how the story could have started, for certainly she gave her confidence to no one in the studio.) She was considered eccentric, of bad temper and even rude. This last criticism from the girls seemed to me quite absurd. "Why" I asked, "you do not mean that you consider yourselves to be paragons of refined politeness?" "Oh!" they answered, "one can say anything when joking, but we never hurt each others feelings." Then they related, how in a moment of passion, she had said to a comrade: "People of such low extract as you!" The class never pardoned her for that. They did, however, acknowledge that she was a hard worker—a great compliment among the students. She was ranked among the best of those who drew well, but there was no enthusiasm about her, as about the other leaders, whose advice and criticism were eagerly sought, and whose success received such hearty acclamations and applause. It was really astonishing how little jealousy there was in our studio.

Personally, I never had cause to complain of the behavior of Marie Bashkirtseff. On the contrary, as soon as the ice had been broken between us, we went on in a rather friendly way, talking often about art, Paris, society, and making the girls exclaim at times: "Oh! how refined we are growing here! Why, the Faubourg Saint Germain is nothing compared to us."

But our first conversation bade fair to be a little war of words. For several weeks we had ignored each other, she

regarding me as a "nouvelle" and I not caring to become friends with a Russian. It happened one Monday that she was too late to select a good place, and putting her easel and stool next to mine, she tried to crowd me from my position. On the previous Saturday (it being teachers' day) I had received my first compliments from M. Tony Robert-Fleury, and was feeling very proud and ready to encounter the strongest. So, after a few minutes I turned and looking straight into her eyes, asked if the war between Poland and Russia were to begin anew? She laughed and retreated, then suddenly announced:

"You are the only well-bred person in the studio."

"I am sorry that I cannot return the compliment," was my involuntary reply, the studio having unexpectedly developed my "*esprit de repartie*" far more than my late governesses would have approved. But "*la Russe*" was in a good mood. "You know," she explained, "we have not in the studio the same manners as in a parlor" . . .

A few days afterwards she again opened a conversation with me. "So you think I am very bad! Tell me frankly what you think of me." After our late bantering remarks I felt myself bound to make amends, so I answered that I admired her drawing very much. "O! diplomacy! Well, then, you like my work?" I replied that I thought it strong as a man's. She seemed pleased and from that day we indulged in those "refined" conversations which disheartened the other girls.

She spoke always in brief sentences, in a nervous, but very decided tone. Her conversation was interesting—not brilliant in the French sense, but she never uttered commonplace remarks. She was rather inclined to see the worst side of everything; in the pictures it was the faults which first caught her eye, and she excelled in caricatures, which were sharp and witty.

At one time she was making a picture of our studio for the Salon, and another young lady was working upon the same subject. Each had her days in the week, in which she arranged the room for her purpose, having a different model and different fellow students who were willing to sit for her. Soon the war broke out,

not only between the two competitors, but also between their sitters, and for several weeks our school was anything but quiet. One day M. Julian had scolded the other young lady for some faults in her drawing, and she cried from discouragement. Soon afterward there appeared on the studio wall a large sheet of paper representing M. Julian, his forefinger lifted and a frown upon his face as if he were scolding the girl, who in a large poke hat, which she wore to protect her eyes from the light, was shedding bitter and enormous tears. Both likenesses were striking. The paper was soon torn down, but it was followed by another, a larger one, which in its turn came to the same end. The affair was reported to M. Julian with complaints from both sides, and the judgment pronounced was that all the ladies should be allowed to make caricatures of M. Julian, as he did not object; but to ridicule a fellow-student in a sketch exposed to public view was unallowable, unless the consent of the lady had first been obtained.

It seemed just and decisive, but every law can be eluded. Soon a new drawing appeared, still larger, with M. Julian in the former attitude, and only a poke hat bent down with big drops falling from underneath. No face was visible, but there was no mistaking the intention. I afterward saw the sketch at the exhibition of Marie Bashkirtseff's works after her death. It was really curious to see how she had caught the likeness of the girl without putting in one feature.

Another time, at a monthly competition, one of the least able girls was classed as the first. (We learned afterward that the best drawings selected had been put aside for the jury, and then forgotten.) Soon after there appeared on the wall a sketch of a pair of spectacles with a little bag beneath, and the inscription: "Collection in order to buy eye-glasses for the jury." This, however, was unanimously hissed and torn down, notwithstanding the protestations of "*la Russe*," who cried out: "But they are blind, or crazy." "Then send your sketch to them," we cried in reply.

We had other little personal quarrels because of our national animosities. When she invited me to come to her house, I declined, for I held in vivid

remembrance the persecutions which my country, and even my own family, had suffered from the Russians. She guessed the reason why I refused her invitation, and told me that her family had a Polish doctor staying with them for many years, to which I replied that I should not care to meet a countryman who had been in the service of Russians. She grew red.

"I call that a stupid patriotism."

"As you like."

"It is nonsense," she repeated. "Why, then, do you speak with me?"

"Here we are fellow-students. Elsewhere you are a 'Russian.'"

"Would you like to kill me?"

"It would not help my country."

"Oh, you are so amusing! Will you sit for me with that 'patriotic' expression in your face?"

"It is not a thing for caricature."

"No. I'll paint you as a heroine, a sword in your hand and a dead Cossack at your feet, and I'll call it '*Kasimir the Avenger!*'"

"Do you know that my mother has been in exile?"

"Oh! I did not know it. So you will never come to my house?"

"Perhaps, if I knew you were very sick."

She looked so blooming that it seemed as if there could be no danger of an immediate visit.

Having afterward emigrated to the new Julian's studio, Rue Vivienne, I lost sight for a while of Marie Bashkirtseff, and when I returned to the Passage des Panoramas in 1881 she was not there. They said she was traveling in Spain. One day M. Julian entered the studio with a distressed face, saying: "Mesdames, Mlle. Bashkirtseff is dying!" It was indeed a shock, for it was but a little while ago that we had seen her looking so strong and healthy that it seemed as if she would live longer than any of us. Even those less friendly toward her were moved. "She has taken cold working out of doors in Spain," were the further details, "and she is now in the last stage of consumption."

I went to her house, wishing to leave my card in order that she should know she had not been forgotten by her comrades. The servant who opened the door was the "Rosalie" whom I had often

seen coming to the studio. She confirmed the sad news of consumption, adding, "You know how difficult it is not only to persuade her to take care of herself, but to let the others take care of her." I left the message in the name of all the students, and was about to withdraw, when Rosalie ran after me, calling, "Mlle. Marie wants very much to see Mademoiselle." I expected to see a sick-bed and an emaciated face on the pillow, and I was faint at heart; but there, in the open door of the parlor, the young girl was standing in a white surah tea-gown, decked with flounces and laces, the wide open sleeves showing her arms to the elbow, and her low satin slippers disclosing hose that were open-worked. A reassuring sight!

"You have kept your promise that you would come to see me when I should be very ill," she said. I had quite forgotten my words and the little incident to which she alluded; I could only answer that I was glad to see her looking so lovely. She was indeed very pretty; the long dress made her seem taller and more slender, her movements were not as abrupt as before, her white arms were exquisitely shaped, and her cheeks quite rosy.

"I am not sick," she said, "it is simply a cold; have you been told I am dying? Were the girls happy to hear it?"

I answered that we knew of her return from Spain, and of the cold which prevented her from going out, and we were anxious to know when she would be back in the studio.

"Oh! these are your polite ways; will you not tell me that S— (the owner of the poke-hat) is crying after me?"

"You would not believe me if I told you that."

(Mlle. S— had really cried on hearing the sad news; whether her tears were sincere or not I could not say.)

She had a fit of laughter—sad, nervous laughter, ending in a cough, which brought in the room her cousin Dina, who held a pill stuck upon a long silver pin. It was a difficult matter to make the patient take the medicine, and I was glad afterward to read in Marie's journal the words: "Dina is so good!" for indeed she was good, and Marie was such a sadly spoiled child!

I was anxious to leave, but she cried: "Oh, no, stay! I'll show you my sketches from Spain and my photographs. Stay! stay!" So I remained, and we looked over the sketches. Among them I remember well a study of a convict in his prison, and who "was to be put to death in a week," a fact which she added as an interesting item. It was a face to haunt one in dreams, with its pale olive tint, its hollow cheeks, and its thick, colorless lips. The man was knitting a sort of band striped blue and white, and this feminine work in the hands of the possessor of such a bestial face, the blue and white colors in contrast with the olive complexion, were something so horrible that in truth it gave me a nightmare.

I asked if she enjoyed making the study. "Oh, yes," she answered, "it was so interesting! Does he not look like a murderer, and such a beast?"

These words, spoken with enthusiasm by a young lady clad in white, even to the satin slippers, and with soft, dainty hands, seemed strangely incongruous. But it was characteristic of her that, though in her surroundings she loved and required luxury, refinement, and even poetry, she admired the most brutal realism in art and literature. Her own drawings, although well studied, correct, and even strong, had no charm, and she preferred always the ugly to the pretty models, as having more character.

In her short life she had made a collection of photographs of herself. There were as many as four or five albums full, in all kinds of costumes and postures, with appropriate expressions. I could not help exclaiming: "What a comedienne you are!" "Yes," she said, "my first dream was to be an actress."

One of these photographs showed her as Mignon, bare-footed, in a short skirt, and her hair falling loose upon her shoulders. One was Ophelia, with vacant eyes; another, a Roman girl dancing with the tambourine; another, a powdered marquise; still another, a Russian peasant girl in the national costume. Some were on horseback; some lying down, perhaps on a tiger skin. One, which amused her intensely, showed her in a nun's dress, her hair covered with a hood, and her finger pointing at the name "Marie" engraved upon a rock, as upon

a tombstone. She offered me a copy of this, but I refused, preferring one in an Empire dress, reproduced here.

I left her, quite reassured that there was no immediate danger for her life, except in the eyes of her loving family, and, when the winter had passed, we saw her again in the studio. She did not come regularly, as she had her own atelier; but from time to time she spent a few weeks with us, trying to work harder than ever. At each return she was thinner, with deeper blue circles around her eyes, and she was growing deaf, sad, and silent, such a ruin of the former "la Russe"! Her work was far from what it promised to be, although she worked with a desperate will, and even that will would sometimes give out and she would leave her easel and go and lie down in an arm chair in the cast room.

I remember that one day, in March, I had been out for my luncheon. There was a delightful feeling of springtime in the streets; Paris is so very beautiful in spring! The trees on the boulevards were green, the carts of the flower venders filled with violets and lilac, the people looked happy, and there was so much life, gaiety and perfume in the air that, when I came back to the close room, which smelled of turpentine and oil, and I saw the poor girls, red in the face, in dirty blouses and with those soiled hands, I gave way to an explosion of indignation and cried with my whole voice: "We are the greatest fools this earth has ever produced." The girls were startled, the work stopped, the doctor's wife proposed to take "Casimire" to the asylum, if she could be accompanied by some of the others, and amid cries and laughter I explained: "Why? There is God's world outside, sun, birds, flowers; and we sit here like animals in a menagerie, when there is only one spring in the year and one youth in a life. Come away, all of you! Let us go to the country!" In one moment the studio was in a state of frenzy. "Hurrah! Let us go to the country!" And the aprons were thrown away, the liberated model leaped from the table, and even "la Russe" jumped from her arm-chair. "Yes," she said, "you are right, we are fools, we shall never be young again!" But she was not strong enough to go with us, and

some of us took her home, joining the party afterward.

I saw her for the last time in 1883, at a competition, in which she was not successful, and after that she did not come any more to our studio. It was said that she was working under the direction of Bastien Lepage and even that she was in love with him; but on this subject her journal gives more details than I can.

I was not in Paris at the time of her death. I heard afterward some painful details about the grief of her mother, who, they said, went out in the streets, her head uncovered, calling to the passers-by: "They say that Marie is dead! It is not true, is it? My child could not die!"

The girls, according to the touching custom in our studio, carried a white wreath to her funeral and spoke of her with sympathy, until her journal appeared. That book, published apparently

according to the author's wish, expressed in the preface—a wish which the loving mother felt it her duty to fulfill—did more harm than good to the young girl's memory. It is in detail a curious psychological study, but the work as a whole leaves upon the reader the impression of a monstrous young being with no feeling in her girl's heart but hatred, with no aim in her life but ambition. Were an author to depict such a heroine in a novel, the whole world of womankind would protest against it and deny the possibility of the existence of such a character. But what shall we say when we read that it is a "sincere confession"? One, at least, who knew Marie Bashkirtseff, would like to quote Victor Hugo's words to Louise Michel, when before her tribunal she said to the judges:

"I did more than you accuse me of!"

Victor Hugo replied:

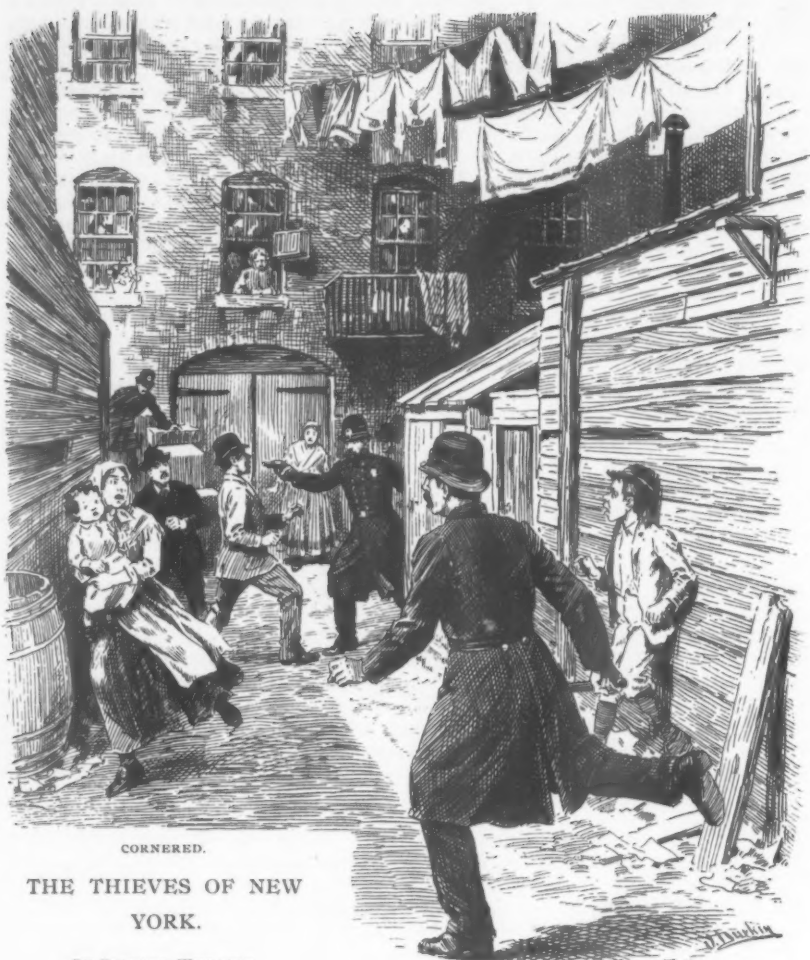
"My poor child, you calumniate yourself!"

THE VIKING.

BY MINNIE BUCHANAN GOODMAN.

Leafless and gray the young birch tree grows by the border
Where leans in sadness Harald Hardradi the Viking:
Sombre and gray the skies and the thoughts that invade him,
Thoughts of defeat and memory of illness and sorrow.
Like to the rocks piled high for the altars of Druids,
Shutting from air and from sunshine the flowers and the verdure
Lying beneath, so the memory of loss in young Harald
Crushes within him the flowers of love and affection.
Gone are the thoughts of the maiden he loved, and his mother;
Loves he naught now save his hate and his vows of avenging;
Cherishes most his good sword and his vigor returning.
Tawny of hair like a lion pauses he, musing,
Feeling new strength rise, like the sap in the birch tree,
Filling his lithe young limbs and his sinews with promise—
Filling his heart with pow'r for revenge and for victory.

Heavy the sword, but his anxious right arm shall uphold it,
And the rocks and the sea and the sky and the people behold it
Cutting a way through long years of victorious achievement.
Through the long centuries books shall relate and the pen
And the pencil shall bring up the fame of the raids, and the victories
Somberly planned 'neath the gray young birch by the border
Where leans in musing Harald Hardradi, the Viking.



CORNERED.

THE THIEVES OF NEW YORK.

BY RICHARD WHEATLY.

REGISTRATION of the predatory classes has not been, nor is it likely soon to be, attempted in the city of New York. The number of professional thieves, permanently or temporarily resident therein, is estimated by persons intimately acquainted with current crime to be considerably in excess of six thousand. Besides these, there are numerous speculative boys and girls, men and women, whose thefts are incidental to want, violent temptation, or faulty idiosyncrasy. The professionals rarely

enter the ranks of the incidentals, but the incidentals do frequently descend to the moral plane of the professionals. Life then becomes predacious on principle, studious of expert methods, practised in evasion of justice, always subtractive but never contributive to the aggregate wealth of the body politic.

Thieves constitute a costly curse to the commercial metropolis. Miss Carpenter, an eminent English sociologist, in a work entitled "Our Convicts," demonstrated that a gang of the least expensive

pickpockets, numbering fifteen, in their brief career of crime had each cost the community £265, or \$1,325, annually. But this estimate did not include the expense of police, law courts, and prisons. These added, the average cost of each pilferer would be at least \$1,500—saying nothing about the loss of surplus contribution to national wealth had he been an industrious and honest producer.

Estimating the yearly cost of each thief in the city of New York at \$1,600, and multiplying this sum by 6,500, as the probable numerical average of the class, gives the startling total of \$10,400,000. That the thieves cost the civic community 50 per cent. more than the education of all the honest classes is the opinion of students who have bestowed much careful attention upon the question of social amelioration. The cost of incidental peculations raised the gross amount to enormous proportions.

The value of property, lost or stolen, delivered from the Property Clerk's office at Police headquarters from January 1st, 1883, to January 1st, 1889, reached the sum of \$6,015,221. The value of stolen property not recovered can only be estimated approximately.

Of the 85,049 arrests for various offences effected by the New York police in 1888, twenty-five were for assault with intent to steal, 25 for attempt at burglary, 21 for attempt at robbery, 742 for burglary, 13 for carrying burglars' tools, 22 for embezzlement, for gambling 177, grand larceny 1,684, petit larceny 3,261, person larceny 195, robbery 287, receiving stolen goods 86—in all 6,538. Of suspicious persons 3,577 were arrested, and of vagrants 3,072—6,649 in all, and all constructively, or possibly, thieves. 52.61 per cent. of all arrested persons were of foreign birth. About the same percentage of thieves are of transatlantic extraction. Ireland, Germany, Italy, England, and Russia supply the largest contingents. Crime throughout the country keeps pace with the relative growth of urban population. Thus the N. Y. Census Reports show that in 1850 the number of criminals in this land was 1 in every 3,442 of the people; in 1860, 1 in every 1,647; in 1870, 1 in 1,172; and in 1880, 1 in 860. Single criminals are to the married as 2 to 1, and those of no education to the offenders who

can read and write as 1 to 20. Over 60 per cent. are under 40 years of age.

How this locust array of depredators became what they are is one of the profoundest problems of sociology. The desire of having what will gratify animal appetites is the fountain and origin of nearly all enterprising activity. Within the limits imposed by the rights of others this is perfectly proper. When it invades the rights of others it is improper, obnoxious, and justly repressible by social force commensurate with its strength. "Abject want is the first and foremost of all crime causes" is the deliberate opinion of Mr. W. Delamater, who has given long and close thought to this subject. In circumstances of urgent need—circumstances beyond present control—as in the case of starvation, desire overpowers all considerations of abstract right, or of prudence, and impels to illegal appropriation. The act is not without extenuation, but in the judgment of the law the actor is a thief. Except in cases where the judiciary would admit application of the maxim that the public good is the supreme law, the unauthorized taking of property for the relief of others is no less a theft. Illegal appropriations for personal or other use, or for destruction, when the offender is intoxicated, are also thefts, because offenses within the individual responsibility of the criminal. So are pilferings, purloinings, robberies, and stealings prompted by sudden temptation, kleptomaniac tendencies, and solicitation of evil companions.

The conditions of life with the dense, down-town tenement population of the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth and Eleventh Police Precincts, in which more than 27 per cent. of the arrests in 1888 were made, are frightfully promotive of vice and crime. Complaints of these to the number of 11,896 were made by the sanitary police in 1888. A census of the dwellings in these sections, not including apartment houses, taken in the same year, showed that there were "32,390 tenements, occupied by 237,972 families. . . . composed of 937,209 persons over five years of age, and 142,519 under that age." What the effect of this on public morals is may be estimated by the alarming numerical excess of commitments for

crime in urban over rural districts.* Family privacy is almost impossible, beneficent home influence is neutralized, contact with vice inevitable, and incitement to crime against person and property persistent and pressing. Bad air, bad diet, and bad lodging poison the physical system, while the horrible herding of men, women and children, with and without family relations, in these shameful sties, brings to the surface and into pernicious indulgence all that is wicked and reckless in human nature. Larceny is common in such surroundings, and is often the commencement of a life disfigured by gross crime. Expertness in theft is lauded as an enviable accomplishment. Concealment is easy. Assaults on citizens, and especially on the police by the "Whyo" and "Dead Rabbit" gangs, and crime in all its ramifications is popularly held to be commendable. Compared with the tramp the thief is a hero in general estimation.

In many thieves, as in other classes of criminals, is hereditary predisposition to special forms of crime. Like produces like. Herbert Spencer is justified by facts in the statement† that minor specialties of organization are transmitted from one generation to another. Structural peculiarities, acquired modifications, directions of energy, special abilities—as in men of brilliant musical powers—are inherited. Sex may limit the inheritance to itself—father to son, mother to daughter. Ancestral traits are recurrent, atavism is of constitutional, mental, and moral characteristics distinctive of forgotten forefathers. Men are largely what progenitors have made them, and this without loss of individual freedom and responsibility. Thus, for a hundred years, between 1692 and 1819, one of the Sewall family had a seat upon the bench of highest judiciary in Massachusetts and Maine. The Sewalls seem to have had a prescriptive right to the bench and bar and places in court. Nor were they much less conspicuous in the church. Heredity in the Deweys, Winthrops, Adamses, and other New England families, whose genealogical records have been carefully kept, is scarcely less marked. While some families have been

and are hereditarily judicial, others have been and are hereditarily criminal. Neglected girls, abandoned to the play of circumstances, have multiplied themselves by hundreds in the persons of their progeny. Special prominence has been given to one such unfortunate on the upper Hudson by the *New York Times*, and by specialists in social science. Her 623 descendants, at the latest census, included 200 criminals, and a great number of idiots, imbeciles, drunkards, lunatics, paupers, and prostitutes. The cost occasioned by all these was over \$100,000; to say nothing of immense damage to property and public morals.

The "social evil," in its various phases, is a prolific cause of outrage and wrong. Woman's ruin is fearfully avenged upon the opposite sex. Prostitution luxuriates pestiferously on the ill-gotten gains of embezzlement, breach of trust, clerkly and domestic theft, and burglary. It poisons and corrupts society at its sources. It is believed by some students that eighty per cent. of the female offenders were reared in tenement houses, and that the strongest primary impulse to leprous vice was starvation. Indolence, temperament, and false ideals of happiness have also played an important, and not always secondary, part in this terrible degradation. Certain it is that young men, "sowing their wild oats," by participation in it, often begin a course that lands them in the category of felons and outcasts.

Intoxication, in which the poor so often seek to drown their misery, and the guilty or fearful their apprehensions, gives added strength to immoral proclivities. The practised thief may be, and ordinarily is sober, clear-headed, and quick-witted while engaged in nefarious pursuits; but his plans are commonly laid in conference with associates over liquors whose fiery potency stimulates to desperate resolve.

Gambling is a kindred vice, and one through which the highest class of thieves—such as bank officers, cashiers, and confidential clerks—are lured to destruction. When the run of luck is continuously against them, the insidious hint of temporary abstraction is too often followed by what proves to be unmitigated theft. The connection between

**North Am. Review*, May, 1885, p. 456 et seq.

† *Biology*, Vol. I, p. 239.



RIVER THIEVES.

gambling and thieving is indicated, but not measured, by the 276 arrests and 27 convictions, the fines aggregating \$3,940, the seizure of \$3,428.09 in cash, and the forfeiture of a large quantity of gambling apparatus in 1888.

Few, indeed, is the number of thieves who do not ascribe their criminality to causes other than their own unbridled desire to satisfy appetite and passion by luxury, lechery, sporting, and gambling, without regard to the rights of others. One noted convict, whose name for obvious reasons is withheld, attributes his own career, and that of most of his class, not to any desire for it, but to the compulsion of disappointment. He euphuistically writes that "a man of good family origin, who has been accustomed to the better things of life, finds it impossible to become subservient in menial

walks, as the remuneration is inadequate to meet his habits, tastes, etc. Consequently his dietetic, gastric, and saporific inclinations develop skill . . . worthy of a better cause . . . in a wrong direction."

The personal characteristics of professional thieves are by no means always what fancy and romance have painted. The low-browed, sullen brute, with stealthy glance and hunted air, is common, especially among

river thieves. So is the prim, genteel, and intellectual malefactor. The Rogues' Gallery contains abundant photographs of both, and of other classes. All burglars are not Bill Sykeses. Some assume modest and gentlemanly mien. Physiognomy is not an infallible guide to character. It is a bad thing to judge by appearances, and not always a safe thing to judge against them. Clownish and hang-dog faces, also bright and intelligent ones, present themselves in the ranks of evildoers. Nearly all the great criminals lead double lives. Some of the most unscrupulous rascals are said to have

left their villainy outside their own doors. Habits tend to uniformity of skulking, fear, cowardice, malignant desperation—when entrapped—extravagance, profligacy, recklessness, and utter moral depravity.

Thieves' resorts are scattered over the city. Elective affinity brings the light-fingered into more or less close association. Below Fourteenth Street, in the more crowded, wretched, and immoral sections, they are most plentiful. New York has no Alsatia like that of Eighteenth Century London. It has badly-lighted, crooked, and perilous thoroughfares, and alleys in which are buildings tenanted by outcasts, merciless as beasts of prey. In concert and drinking saloons of differing grades, from the poisonous

five-cent groggery to the elegant establishment where criminal vice wears the garb of social respectability, they congregate in changeful numbers. Each is a motley group. Facial contour and aspect are as widely contrasted as clothing. Passion, apathy, *abandon*, limned in many countenances, tell of a career in which sin eats out the heart, the future holds out no hope, and the mind despondently refuses to think of aught better. Drifting, smitten, corrupting and corrupted, deterioration is rapid, and perdition seemingly sure. Language is incompetent to express the gnawing want, fetid shame, and noisome loathsomeness of the cheaper lodging-houses in which the petty thieves, indolent rascals, and dead failures of society—de-

bauched men and women—are wont to herd. Of these, in 1888, there were 267, containing 10,439 rooms, in which night's lodgings to the number of 4,649,660 were provided. Add to these the 150,812 lodgings furnished in the station-houses, and the suggestive total of 4,800,872 will convey some idea of the destitution, and also of the danger to society, prevalent in the metropolis of the Western hemisphere. More than fifty per cent. of the cheap lodging-houses ply a busy trade in the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth, and Eleventh precincts, and furnish nearly seventy per cent. of the lodgings enumerated. The 58 lodging-houses in the Eleventh precinct, providing 1,243,200 lodgings in one year, and to a great extent centres of putrid parasitism, in which the sufferings



A LEAF FROM THE ROGUES' GALLERY.



A DIFFICULT SUBJECT.

of the unfortunately impecunious are far more poignant than those of the predacious whose infraction of all law has reduced them to the muddiest depths of society. The average of 13,152 persons, without home or family, sleeping nightly in police station-houses and pestilent dormitories within the city of New York, offers more momentous subjects for discussion than revision of creeds or enrichment of liturgies. The lowest deep is reached by abandoned and homeless women, such as those who in London have fallen beneath the fiendish knife of "Jack the Ripper," and by depraved and broken men, who seek nocturnal shelter in cellars, hallways, carts, and dry-goods boxes.

To theoretical acquaintance with metropolitan thieves Chief Inspector Byrnes* is the best and most accurate conductor; brainy, educated, adroit culprits, sur-

* Professional Criminals of America.

rendered to predatory crime, often come to the front as expert bank burglars. Their rare qualities employed in worthy pursuits would achieve marked success. Ingenuity, craft, and persistent study are marvellous. Implements are commonly made by collusive and skilful mechanics. Tools, like methods, are various. Those who do not care to use scientific processes employ simple machines, technically called "drag" and "jack-screw." Dynamite and other explosives are also pressed into service. In picking combination locks, the delicacy of feeling, dexterity of manipulation, and trained judgment of sounds developed are almost incredible.

Bank burglars act in gangs under recognized leaders whose word is law. Keen, artful, and comprehensive, such a leader has been known to lull suspicion until opportunity arrived, or has left his drawings and plans to be utilized by some

able villain, perhaps twenty years after they were framed. The legatee of this concocted robbery may be a bland, pushing individual, who rents a store contiguous to the fiscal institution he intends to assail, hires the best workmen, pays his rent regularly, and seems to be a thorough business man. Under color of this appearance he seeks to converse freely with the bank clerks and to gain their confidence—mayhap to tamper with or corrupt one of them, or of the watchmen. In the latter case his nefarious work is usually consummated between Saturday night and Sunday morning. He then makes off with his booty, and leaves his meanly treacherous tool in the lurch. Other members of this most evil craft aim to compass their object by means of the cashier. They track him to his home, gain access to his bedroom—sometimes by collusion with the servants—and take impressions in wax of the bank keys. From these the duplicates, with which the work of plunder is done, are manufactured. Should the cashier be awakened by the nocturnal intruders, the attack

upon his establishment may follow that same night—two of the burglars remaining to guard him while others break into the bank. In several instances the burglars have forced the cashier by threats of instant death to go with them and to open the vault. Brilliant abilities, wholly perverted, distinguish many of this class.

Bank sneak thieves are less numerous than in bye-past years when notorious characters loitered in the streets, and, it is alleged, purloined cash boxes from bankers' safes while detectives were on the watch outside. They may be men of education, pleasing address, and admirable in appearance as in costume, cool and resolute to the last degree; but, notwithstanding, they are not permitted on any pretense to approach Wall street or its vicinity. Photographic art and telegraphic communication bar them out of the moneyed paradise. Day, not night, serves their iniquitous purpose. While one keeps vigil outside a bank, a second engages the clerks in interesting conversation, and a small-sized confederate



A RENDEZVOUS.



TYPICAL HOMES OF NEW YORK THIEVES.

slinks behind the counter and steals what valuable prize may first offer to his rapacious fingers. These are of the class to which the euphuistic convict belongs. They worm themselves into the best society and spend their evenings where people prominent in financial circles meet to discuss current events. Robbing depositors in front of the counters, and messengers carrying funds along the streets, are also exploits of these feline gentry.

Forgers, with their confederates, constitute a distinct class of thieves. Inspector Byrnes says that "all told, there are not more than two dozen expert penmen and engravers who prostitute their talents by imitating the handwriting and workmanship of others." But these and their tools, by flooding localities with worthless paper, prove themselves to be exceedingly injurious to the commonwealth, because of the ingenuity of their conspiracies and the unique cunning of their procedure.

Hotel and boarding-house thieves of respectable appearance, good address, and cool, daring temperament, are among the most irritating annoyances of locomotive or stationary life. Ingenious and untiring, the hotel thief scans the newspapers for probably wealthy arrivals at hotels, learns what rooms they occupy,

laughs at chains and side bolts, enters their apartments—whose doors he may have fixed previously—and rifles clothing and baggage of the tired and stertorous sleepers. Not infrequently he locks the door on departing. The boarding-house thief is a smooth and polished miscreant, glib of tongue, effusively friendly in manner, hungrily critical of jewels and valuables displayed by the boarders, and bitterly abusive of confidence by rummaging the several apartments while the occupants are at the dining table. When wanted he is seldom found, but when found discovers that retribution comes by the avalanche.

House-breakers and sneak thieves are recruited chiefly from the slums, but often possess qualifications that make them adepts in depredation. Desperate ruffians who enter dwellings at night time, with masks on their faces and potential murder in their hearts, will not flinch from any deed of wickedness or blood to secure booty or impunity. Alone or in gangs they ascertain from the morning newspapers what presents newly married couples have received, and at fashionable balls what jewels the ladies wear, and from observation what presumably rich people occupy flats or houses, and subsequently risk the

dangers of burglary to possess themselves of the prey. Sneak thieves assume the rôle of peddlers, book canvassers, piano tuners, sewing machine agents, etc., to obtain entrance to houses or business places, in which they remain long enough to seize whatever cash, jewelry, or valuables they can lay hands upon.

Store and safe burglars are, in some instances, fairly educated, and even when coarse and dull, not infrequently reveal considerable shrewdness. Secreting themselves in, or forcing entrance into, stores and houses they steal money and portable valuables, or attempt to carry off more bulky booty. Expensive tools, including the "puller" and "hydraulic jack," enter into their outfit. Old offenders in several principal cities of the United States, tired of operating, occupy their time in experimenting and teaching young thieves the art of safe-robbery for a percentage of the proceeds.

Shoplifters and pickpockets are the small fry of the thievish classes. The majority of the first are women to whom the work is congenial. The name of these larcenists is "Legion." Some are professionals of fair apparel and comfortable domicile, which may be shared with another of equally abhorrent ways. Others are kleptomaniacs, possibly of otherwise exemplary life, and are sadly abundant in the city of New York. Male shoplifters are the incarnated torment of mercantile houses and jewelry stores. Male pickpockets, as a rule, dress well and display much jewelry; but female pillagers ordinarily affect humble attire. So perfect were the police arrangement at the funeral of ex-President Grant that not a single watch or pocketbook was taken. The light-fingered were caught and held in durance vile until the pageant had ended. The men are generally self-possessed, dexterous and cautious; the women the most patient and dangerous. Old and cunning offenders, "veritable Fagins," become professors of the art, and teach its several branches to pupils ambitious of distinction and unthinking candidates for the State Prison.

Confidence and bunco men fatten on the cupidity of substantial strangers. Oscar Wilde could not refrain from a speculation into which he was "steered" by Hungry Joe. Several college graduates

are said to be in their ranks. Receivers of stolen goods, knowing them to be such, are equally guilty as the thieves, if not more so.

What shall be done for the deliverance of society from the plague of thieves, and for the reformation of the thieves themselves, is a vexed problem of scientists and statesmen. Most measures looking to these ends are tentative. Police systems aim at repression, and reduction of what is regarded as a necessary evil to a minimum. Therefore professional criminals coming under the authority of police officials are photographed, and what may be learned about each—the "pedigree"—is inscribed briefly on the back of the *carte* that bears his portrait. Details, more or less complete, are preserved in the records of the Detective Bureau. Local surveillance of those at large is more constant and minute than an endangered public imagines, telegraph and mail extend the espionage to the cities whither they migrate, and put the police authorities of other countries on their guard.

Liberation from jail is followed by renewed watchfulness for fresh outbreaks. The class of criminals, and even the criminal himself, is conjectured with wonderful correctness from the peculiarities of the misdeed. Those who are "wanted" are usually the ones needed. "Honor among thieves" is an unknown semblance of virtue. Experienced detectives scout the notion that one will suffer to save another, if by betrayal he can secure immunity or diminution of punishment for himself. Difficulties in the way of reform are many and serious. Not many are actuated by sincere desire to reform. Reformation professed is too often the cloak of secret iniquity. Long experience tinges official expectation with pessimistic hue. One per cent. is the highest allowance for genuine conversion.

Phrenologists hope for melioration, but rarely for complete cure. "The only cure for imprudence is the suffering which imprudence entails." With Herbert Spencer the practical phrenologists coincide. Deprivation of privileges follows minor offenses, solitary punishment treads on the heels of refractoriness, and severe but not injurious physical punishment



HIS FIRST INTERVIEW WITH INSPECTOR BYRNES.

on those of belligerency at Sing Sing. "Reforming men's conduct without reforming their lives is impossible," and this reformation is sought in the same penal institution, through the inexorable connection of rational reward with obedience to law, and of punitive consequence with disobedience. Cultivation of taste for literature by a supply of books, and of taste for music by permission to use instruments, is auxiliary to the same end. So are the elementary education imparted to the illiterate and the occasional visits from friends in the presence of the prison detective. Letters, religious papers, and boxes of delicacies, reviving memories of home, and the influence of former beneficent associations, still further relieve discipline from the suspicion of inhumanity, and encourage self-help on the part of the convict. When sentence is exhausted, and freedom is regained, it is doubtless desirable that some better provision for his new start in life should be made by law.

Whatever is done for the moral reconstruction of the convict must, if success-

ful, be through the wise application of intellectual and emotional forces. But these, in opposition to vicious and self-indulgent propensities, often meet with only scoffing contempt. The self-restraint desired by the evolutionist as essential to adaptation to the social state is precisely what most criminals refuse to practice. In this wilful condition they are incorrigible. To make them *feel* the distinction between right and wrong, to make "virtue *loved* and vice *hated*," to bring dormant sentiment into activity, to cause sympathetic impulse to get the better of that which is selfish, to "produce a state of mind to which proper behavior is *natural, spontaneous, instinctive*," and thus to change the whole character, is, according to the school of Herbert Spencer,* what the state ought not to undertake. That it has been imperfectly, and in some rare cases pretty thoroughly, accomplished is what none who are intimately conversant with the several constituents of society will call in question.

* Social Statics, p. 385.





MOUCHING.

BY DEWEY-BATES.

(Illustrated by the Author.)

THAT a word with such a pedigree as *Mouch*, and expressing as it does that which no other word in the English language can, should be relegated in most people's minds to the realms of slang dictionaries is certainly a singular fact in the matter of word history.

Even the dictionary makers who so carefully save up obsolete words, which nobody uses or cares anything about, are vague or more often silent about this good old word in such general use and about the meaning of which there is little difference of opinion; and so, like some heir dispossessed of his lawful inheritance, shorn of his rightful titles, this ancient and legitimate expression of an action, does its duty in a humble, vagabond sort of a way, which indeed is its fundamental meaning.

Words are feeble enough at the best to convey exact ideas as any student of a language, other than his own, must have soon become aware.

In looking for the foreign equivalent of even the simplest English word there is often such a feast of meanings to choose from, and many so contradictory, as to be quite bewildering, and this bewilderment increases when, as is often the case, the foreign and English side of the dictionary refuse to "balance." But it is certainly more strange to think that an English word, so uncommonly understood and of such legitimacy as the verb intransitive "to mouch," should have English lexicographers. There is no word

We have such words as to lounge, to stroll, to saunter or even to loaf, but to mouch is to do all of these, and more. To do either of the actions described by the verbs just mentioned, no preparation is necessary. At the best they express more the manner of locomotion than anything else. To mouch, however,



A MOUCHER'S FRIENDS.

been neglected by many which can do duty for it.

requires that the mind should be in a certain dreamy impressionable state, which state has been brought about by close application and extreme tension; the results of which have been satisfactory.

Where the dictionaries do venture to give the word it is described as a form of *mich*, *miche*; and defined as living a sort of semi-vagabond life; selling water-cresses and other wild produce, and with-

tions given from old authors hardly bear out these definitions, at all events in their entirety. Thus from Shakespeare we have, "Shall the blessed sun of Heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries?" and in an old play occurs the line, "What! turn micher, steal a wife, and not make your old friends acquainted with it." Spenser seems to approach nearer to the generally understood meaning now-a-days, where he says, "Or miche in corners among their friends

idly," although it would be well if we knew to what friends he refers, for mouching in the most refined acceptation is certainly a solitary function. The word seems to have had its origin in the old French *muchier*, *mucher*, *mucier*, and has a certain equivalent in the modern French reflexive verb *se musser*, meaning to hide one's self, to lurk in a corner; although the word *muser*, to loiter, to trifle, seems to approach even nearer to the modern English understanding of to mouch. So much for the lineage of the word. In its modern acceptation the leading characteristics, such as solitariness and aimless wandering, have been preserved, but a certain refinement has crept in and snatched the word from the vulgar and made it descriptive of certain exquisite mental sensations, which other words are powerless to convey.

There are three absolutely necessary qualifications to refined mouching. It must be done in the country, in a familiar place, and the mind must be at ease.

You may lounge about a place, stroll about a town, you can only mouch in the country, across the fields, along the lanes. In a strange or foreign place the mind is too full of uncertainties and novelties; that peculiar sense of strangeness is too omnipresent.

The moucher must be perfectly at peace



FARMER HODGE.

out a fixed place of abode. A moucher is given as one who lives a semi-vagabond life; selling water-cresses, wild flowers, blackberries and other things that may be obtained in country places for the gathering.

The word *miche* or *mich*, sometimes pronounced *mike*, is defined as to hide, to sulk, to retire or shrink from view, and a *micher* is one who skulks or creeps out of sight, a truant, a thief. But the quota-

with all his surroundings, with no unsatisfied curiosity, no clouds of doubt, no ungratified wants. He is like a ruminant and must re-chew old food.

But also with respect to this, not only must the place be familiar but the area must be circumscribed, and of a simple, rural nature. To think of mouching in the Alps would be quite as absurd as to think of using an alpenstock in crossing the Berkshire hills. To mouch along the Appian Way, amongst the ruins of the Campagna, would be akin to sacrilege. As to the state of mind necessary in



THE OAK-BEAMED COTTAGES WITH SLUGGISH PONDS IN FRONT,
SPOTTED WITH DUCKS AND GESE.

mouching it should be like a stomach, not empty, but capable still of receiving a tid-bit, like a camera full of innumerable sensitive plates ready to receive any impression.

There must be no thoughts of unsatisfied creditors. If such there be, they must be banished. There must be no dwelling

upon secret grievances, no love sickness, in spite of one of the dictionary definitions that to mouch means to carry on an illicit amour. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is the true moucher's motto. There is no mouching possible with the toothache: one might as well expect to enjoy an oratorio under such circumstances.

The mind, in fine, must be like a bright, clean canvas, only

waiting for the touches of that master-painter, nature. And now, with all these qualifications, stick in hand, and perhaps a trusty dog—one, in fact, who can read the signboard in yon copse, that "all dogs found straying will be shot,"—with pipe and tobacco, the refined moucher starts forth on his purposeless,

objectless wandering, and the hardworked brain, with task unset, riots in the delight of fresh sensations. Unguided the footsteps wander where they list, the stick twirls through the air, knocking off the thistle tops and sending their down-like seeds floating away like wild geese flocks.

The mind is enjoying that sweet consciousness of rest like that of the body when it seeks repose after long fatigue. The dear old elms seem to look down approvingly, nodding their heads to the gentle breeze as if in friendly recognition. At their feet the brambly hedge, with its twisting, twining confusion of growth, tempts, like a well-spread table, to taste of its many good things. Here some great tree, an old, familiar landmark, has fallen to the inevitable greed of man. Its great limbs have already been removed, but the twining ivy still clings to the prostrate trunk. No more will the hurrying winds make sad music through its leafless branches; no more with the spring will the swelling buds burst in their freshness; no more in the summer's heat will it cast a grateful shadow; no more will it please the eye with the russet hues of autumn. Its great trunk is some four feet through. Its rough bark is covered with lichen and mossy green. Already the gap in the hedge where the great stump, with its gnarled roots, is left to rot, has been filled in. Then arises the wonder—who planted it? Why have they cut it down? What will be done with it? What use will be made of the trunk? to whom does it belong? Do each of the rings really represent a year of growth? Why does it give such a resonant sound when struck with a stick? What must it weigh?

But this apparent curiosity wants no satisfying. The presence of a practical mind would spoil all. And this is another feature of mouching—a wondering which wants no satisfying.

Just here the narrow lane turns, and over the hedge, looking so beautiful in its muzziness of straggling brambles, a very confusion of prickly, madder-colored stems and leaves, some red, some green, and splashed where the under sides are turned up with silvery grey, is revealed the tiny village nestling in the shelter of the hills.

How near the quaint cottages seem, so plain and yet so small compared with the great elms in the foreground. They look more like toy things than the abodes of men.

How suggestive of all that is homelike that blue smoke curling gracefully from the chimneys. It is for the mid-day meal that the good wife is plying her fire-place and playing her great and important part in the world's economy, while the children skip merrily home from school and the husband and father trudges along the moist road toward his modest repast.

How plainly the voice of the carter calling to his team rises from the valley, and now they come into view all in miniature. From the door of a cottage a woman appears with a plate. The movements are just discernible as she throws its contents to some little brown and white specks which are evidently fowls.

Past the oak-beamed cottages, with the sluggish ponds in front, spotted with ducks and geese, winds the road, losing itself in a muzzy and mysterious breath of copse, above which, against the sky line, rise the goodly array of ricks and comfortable home of farmer Hodge. Farmer Hodge, who may be seen any day wandering about his fields with stout stick and gaitered legs, looking after his ploughmen and his crops, is a decent enough sort of fellow, but woe betide the unlucky wight who defies his warning to trespassers, and ventures in search of primroses in his favorite copse. But your moucher of the dictionary order cares little for notice boards, even if he could read them. He is like a certain English legal functionary, who, speaking on the matter of footpads, said that directly he saw a notice that trespassers would be prosecuted, he felt an irresistible desire to disobey the injunction, knowing as he did how little such a notice really counted for.

And now, borne by a freshening wind, comes a whiff from the valley of that pleasantest of smells, more delicious than all the artificial distillations which, in kid-covered bottles, glitter on chemists' or perfumers' shelves, the smell of burning wood. It is a smell always to be associated with rural wanderings. What a delightful odor! An incense from an altar which appeals to all men of what-



PRIMROSE GATHERERS.

ever religion, of whatever race, of whatever country—that altar to which all owe their first duty, that of home!

No doubt, for the nostrils of the celebrated dictionary-making, dogmatic doctor of Fleet Street this smell had no

charm. They revelled rather in the sulphur-laden fumes from London chimneys.

Rural delights are as likely to prove attractive to a blind man as to one who can see nought but sameness in green fields. If there be one quality more than another

suggested by a study of nature—it is that of individuality. This can surely not be said of man's work, wherein imitation and repetition are the crowning characteristics.

Every tree, every shrub, every brambly hedge, every field, the birds, the sheep, the cattle, all have their faces and features as distinctly varied as those of the human countenance.

Men have been known after certain festive occasions to furtively insert their latch keys in their neighbors' doors in mistake for their own. But he would be a poor shepherd indeed who did not know every sheep, every lamb and ewe in his flock; and sheep are certainly not noted in popular estimation for possessing among themselves any re-

markable points of distinction. Take for an example a field in cultivation. What wonderful changes in its appearance in the course of a few months! What different aspects it presents from day to day, nay, from hour to hour, with the ever varying effect of cloud and sky, of day and night! In the late autumn, when the rains, the gales, and the early frosts have sent the poor dead leaves shivering to the cold earth, and left the trees blue and bare, when the skies are leaden and dull, the great field of wurzels or swedes, with their great pink and blue roofs projecting, like giant tops, from the earth, rejoices the eye with the green so dear to it; dearer now that the face of nature is sombre and sad. And now the old cart, with its great clumsy wheels,

coated with soil of many a muddy lane and field, arrives with its load of hurdles, and with his long iron pike the shepherd begins at one corner of the field to drive holes for the stakes and with ropes or withes he deftly binds the hurdles together and soon into the enclosure is driven the flock of bleating sheep. These, like an army of hungry locusts, lose no time in devastating the spot allotted them of every green thing, and then, gnawing the succulent roots, leave the place as barren as a desert, until, in due time, the shepherd has marked off another enclosure into which, when the dividing hurdle is removed, they rush with like eagerness. As the winter comes on the



THE OLD ROAD SCRAPER.



AFTER WORK.

shepherd erects a sheltered nook of thatched straw for the ewes and their lambs, and when the rest of the world sleeps he may be seen in the most inclement weather looking after his charge, his clumsy lantern twinkling in the darkness like a great star.

What a picture a sheep fold presents—with, perhaps, a full moon rising majestically over the darkening Eastern horizon, into the deep blue evening sky, while yet the rays of the departing daylight illumine with a strange light the foreground objects—the old shepherd scarcely distinguishable in his earth-soiled garments from the ground—the dim outlines of the hurdles—the sheep with a line of light separating them from the falling gloom—the bleating lambs, with their strange, awkward shapes, and the half-eaten roots telling out as spots of white on the barren soil.

But now the sheep are gone, the hur-

dles have vanished, and in their place has come the ploughshare, its blade glittering in the light as it turns the clods to the slow, lengthened tread of the sturdy team, the plough boy with his brass-bound whip calls out cheerily his yo! ho! whoa! back! and the ploughman bends to every pulsation in the steady progress. And so they go to and fro, to and fro, resting a bit perhaps at each turn to adjust and clean the plough, or at the luncheon and dinner hour, until, with the waving light, the plough is left in the last furrow and slowly the toilers jog back from their labors to their cottage homes.

Then comes the harrow fining down the rough clods for the drilling machine, or if it is to be broadcast sowing, which is infinitely more picturesque,

the sower comes with his bag of seed swung round his body, and with measured stride paces the long furrows, swinging his right arm with clock-like regularity, scattering at each long sweep the life-giving seed, while the harrow follows to close over it the needful soil, from which in a few weeks will spring the fresh green blades, and the lark will rise to sing his tremulous song, and with the strengthenings talk will come the blackbird's and thrush's notes, and then the cuckoo's mournful cry, and the nightingale's heaven-born song when the yet green stalks are bending with their weight of coming fruit in graceful undulations to the summer winds. Then when the birds are still and the grain is golden, will come the reapers, their sickles flashing in the summer sunlight as the harvest falls to their cutting sweep, and the sheaves will be gathered into shocks and then into the barn, and the women and

children will go a gleaming or a leasing, carrying home with merry laugh their treasure-trove. Then, from the stubble will sound the whirr and the piping cry of the partridge, ere yet the plough plunges once more into the earthy depths and buries what is left of the last harvest for still another. And such, roughly sketched, is the life of a field for one small, small part of its lifetime; disregarding the ever varying aspects of sun and shadow, of storm and brightness, which with each recurring

ine him separated from his clothes. They are as much a part of him as the grass is of yonder slope.

He must take them off sometime; but imagination must have its bounds. Now take this man, this son of the soil, of the earth very earthy, Madder Brown, the artist, makes a picture of him with his stick and mud and general earthiness, and the world applauds—that world which if it came in contact with the reality, would turn as from an infectious thing. This world hangs it up in its drawing-room, its gallery, and says, How wonderful, what poetry! This world knows the points of its horses, its prize sheep, of its short-horns, of its parks and estates, of its copses and its wooded hillsides,



day brings endless change. Now here comes a toiler of the fields, a laborer in his rusty hat, his dirty smock and clay-covered gaiters, stumping slowly along, his hoe over his shoulder. His hat, his smock, his gaiters seem as unalterable as the great hill yonder. It is impossible to imag-



A SLEEPY HOLLOW.

but what they really look like it knows not. But, on the other hand, the poetry of this toiler is not in himself, but in his appearance. He is as much a part of the landscape as the field, the hedge, the melting distant hills. In the ordinary effects of nature there is nothing grander than a storm at sea seen from some rock-bound coast; the dull roar of the wind, the crashing of the waves, hurled with thundering sound upon the resisting shores and, as if it were furious at the resistance, dashed into a cloud of angry foam; the leaden sky with the hurrying cloud rifts, the leaden waters seething here and there, and perhaps with the human interest of some barque scud-ding along before the fury of the tempest. This is grand and impressive seen from *terra firma*. So are the great Alpine heights, floating in ethereal roseate hues seen from the verdure-clad plains of Italy.

But go not on the howling waters, seek not to wander amidst those snow-clad peaks so soft and dream-like with the blush of the dawn upon them, as not to let that sense of grandeur change itself into some vulgar fear or dread.

And thus go not too near the rustic of whatever nationality, lest you lose that sense of poetical mystery which surrounds him. As children we all have longed to reach those distant blue hills, thinking them lands of fair delight, but after the weary toiling, with the gratification of the wish has come the painful recognition that there were still left blue hills beyond which seemed to elude the grasp, to dare the possibility of attaining.

If there be one element of poetry more predominant than another in the peasant, it is that of sadness. There is the old road-mender at work. What an ineffable sadness about that not badly featured, grey-bearded face. That face can surely never break into a smile. It seems burdened with some heavy sorrow. You feel an irresistible desire to straighten yourself up when you see him out of pure sympathy for his deeply arched back, bent by years of continual stooping. It is soothing to watch him slowly scraping the road with his hoe.

What can be his thoughts after such long and earnest contemplation of earth, dead leaves and stones, or does he think at all?

Just past him, down the narrow road, is the sign of the "Jolly Farmer." It stands on the common, exposed to all the winds. It is a great post, with a square board at the top, on which the rustic sign writer has inscribed in questionable characters a title which, as far as the jollity is concerned recent experiences fail to bear out. Of a dark night with an east wind blowing, this sign gives out gruesome sounds, reminding one of the good old days of malefactors and the like, hung in chains and creaking and jibing to the eddying gusts. But the good old days are gone. The snow gusts, however, still drive as of yore across the open stretch of ploughed land; the wind still sighs solemnly among the creaking boughs; still does the rain with steadfast fall make leaf and path glisten with mirror-like brightness; still does the sun with its defining rays pick out the light and shade on field and farm, on rick and barn, on cottage and copse, and still at the "Jolly Farmer" is there good cheer for the moucher; good cheese, good ale, and that delightful sense of mental repose which makes the true enjoyment of a mouch.



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

THE GYMNASIUM OF A GREAT UNIVERSITY.

BY D. A. SARGENT, M.D., DIRECTOR OF THE HEMENWAY GYMNASIUM.

THE Hemenway Gymnasium, at Harvard University, was completed in December, 1879, and opened to the students in January, 1880.

Prior to this year the University offered few facilities for physical exercise and systematic training, and the young man who was so unfortunate as not to be an athlete found little opportunity or encouragement to develop his physique. It must have been a realizing sense of the physical needs of the great majority of students coming to this seat of learning, that prompted Augustus Hemenway, of Boston, to give this gymnasium to the University.

The building of this fine structure, costing over One Hundred Thousand Dollars, and dedicated to the cause of physical training, awakened at once an interest in the subject throughout the country, which has continued to increase from year to year until gymnasias and athletic club buildings can now be numbered by the hundred, and those who enjoy their privileges

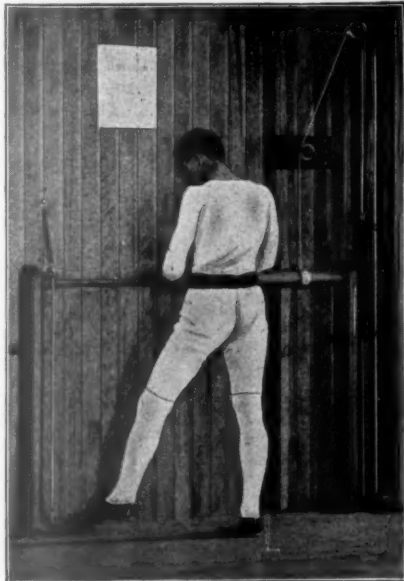


TRAPEZE PULLEY.

and profit by their use are hundreds of thousands.

The main hall is one hundred and thirteen feet long and eighty-five feet wide, with a height of fifty feet to the ridgepole. The cross beams which support the roof trusses are thirty-one feet high and rest upon walls about forty-five feet apart, which are supported by fourteen large arches, formed twenty-five feet from the floor, and by massive pillars that go down to the foundations. Through these pillars, at a height of twelve feet, run iron girders to the outer side walls. These girders are also made to support the gallery or running track, which sweeps around the main hall inside of the pillars.

Just off from the east side of this is a large dressing room, ninety-five feet long and seventeen feet wide, containing four hundred and seventy-four lockers, which



WRIST ROLLER.

the architects thought, when the gymnasium was planned, would be enough for all time. Still further to the east of the dressing room are three bath rooms.

The shower room, which opens off from the centre of the dressing room towards the east, contains shower baths, needle, douche, sitz, and spray baths, and a number of hose sprinklers. When the door is closed and all the hot water faucets are turned on, a Russian vapor bath can also be added to the bathing facilities.

Beneath the main hall there is a basement of equal size superficially, with a height of twelve feet. The principal part of the basement is occupied by eight bowling alleys, and by the numerous clothes closets or lockers that have been added since the gymnasium was completed.

At the north end of the basement is the base-ball cage, an enclosure eighty-five feet long and thirty feet wide, surrounded by wire netting. One part of this cage has never been floored over, and pitching, catching, sliding to bases, "picking up grounders," etc., can be practiced through the winter on an earthen foundation. The other half of the cage is floored over, so that the valuable practice of hand-ball can be added to the base-ball training.

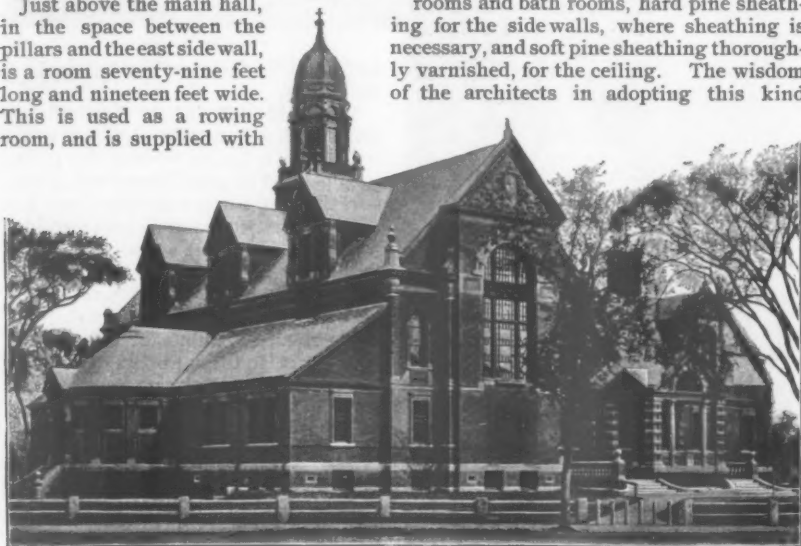
Just above the main hall, in the space between the pillars and the east sidewall, is a room seventy-nine feet long and nineteen feet wide. This is used as a rowing room, and is supplied with

seventeen hydraulic machines for winter practice.

On the same story, over the northeast wing, is the Director's office. This consists of three rooms which are used for physical examinations, keeping the records, and for consultations, etc. Here also may be found a collection of measurements, charts, photographs, books and other data, pertaining to physical training, that are probably not surpassed by any other gymnasium.

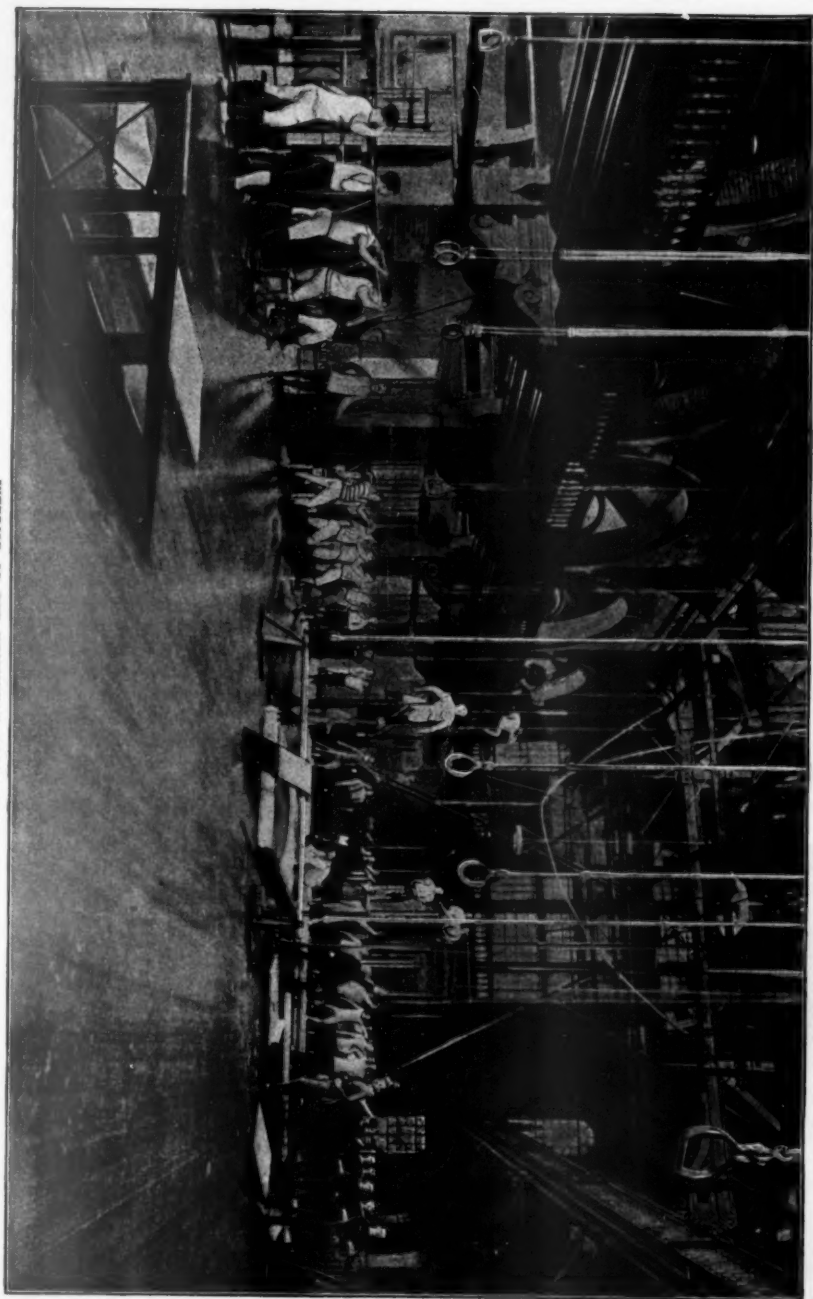
In the other end of the building on the same floor over the southeast wing is the trophy or meeting room. This is twenty-six feet long and twenty-two feet wide. The walls are lined with the photographs of victorious crews, ball teams and athletes, and with tablets giving the names of the Harvard students who have broken the college records in running, jumping, and other athletic events. Here also are the base-balls that have been won in games played since 1860, and the flags that were won in boat-races. The whole building contains an area of over thirty thousand square feet, one-fifth of which is now used for dressing rooms alone.

The interior finish of the building, a matter of no little importance for a gymnasium, is of pressed brick thoroughly oiled, porcelain brick for the dressing rooms and bath rooms, hard pine sheathing for the sidewalls, where sheathing is necessary, and soft pine sheathing thoroughly varnished, for the ceiling. The wisdom of the architects in adopting this kind



THE HEMENWAY GYMNASIUM.

INTERIOR OF THE HENNEWAY GYMNASIUM.



of finish has been verified by experience.

The lighting of the main hall, another important factor to be considered in constructing a gymnasium, is by two large end windows, six dormer windows, and by forty ordinary windows of different dimensions around the two ends and sides of the room. This gives in all about two thousand square feet through which daylight is admitted. Although this light is ample for the ordinary uses of the gymnasium, it would have rendered the use of the swinging apparatus much safer, if two-thirds of the light from the end windows had been let in through the roof. The difference can best be appreciated by those who use the swinging apparatus at night, when the room is illuminated by four large gas chandeliers that shower down their light from above, without the glare of the large end windows which confuses one's judgment of objects and distances.

Perhaps this fact can best be illustrated by reference to the experience of the Harvard base-ball nine, after practicing batting all winter in the cage. It was observed by the captain of the nine some few years ago that those students who excelled in batting while practicing in the cage had great difficulty in hitting the ball thrown by the same pitchers when out of doors. Investigation showed that the eyes had greatly accommodated

themselves to conditions in the cage that did not exist out of doors, and that the manner by which the light had been admitted to the room had impaired the accuracy of the player's perception and judgment, and incapacitated him for the very thing he had been training for.

The ventilation at the Hemenway Gymnasium is, probably, as perfect as that of any similar institution in the country. This is obtained by means of a large cupola in the centre of the building, which has an opening of thirty-seven square feet, sixty feet above the floor, through which the air can pass out, and eight openings through the outer walls near the floor, which allow the cold air to enter immediately under the steam radiators. Then the dormer windows are so arranged that they swing inward from the top, and as they are also high above the floor, this allows the air to circulate freely through the top of the room before coming in contact with the individual. Perhaps the best source of ventilation lies in the large cubic capacity of the main hall.

As intimated before, the gymnasium is heated by steam, but this is rarely turned on in the exercising hall; the custom being to keep this room cool and the dressing rooms and bath rooms as nearly at a temperature of seventy degrees as possible.

The equipment of the Hemenway Gymnasium is unique, or was so, ten years ago. The old fashioned gymnasium was supplied with parallel bars, horizontal bars, vaulting horses, etc., the patterns of which had come down to us from a former century. Whoever desired to use the gymnasium had to adapt himself to these crude appliances, or lose the benefit of the gymnastic training. Those who were naturally strong and enthusiastic, got along very well and became expert performers. But the proficiency of the few only widened the gulf between them and the many. Finally our gymnasia became simply training



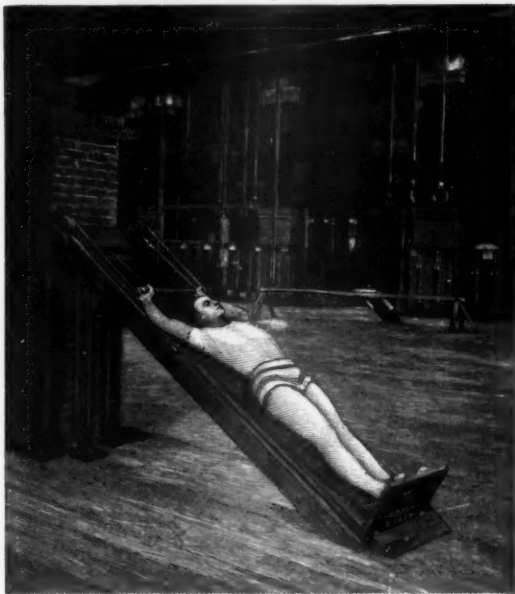
BOAT CREW PRACTICING.

places for specialists, and our young men went there to see the performances, not to participate in the exercises. The result was that these institutions were not self-supporting, and one after another failed for want of patronage.

Soon after the war it began to dawn upon certain individuals that the object of the gymnasium was not to make gymnasts and acrobats as such, but to develop men, in order that they might better perform their life work. As far as the practicing of feats in the gymnasium could accomplish this object, they were well and good, but it must have occurred to many, as it did to me, that there is a large class in the community to whom feats and all competitive exercises are distasteful, and that they will not use apparatus requiring a high degree of skill, or engage in manoeuvres that will bring them into unfavorable comparison with the performances of others. This is human nature. Moreover, there is another class, equally large, that could not go through the regular exercises on the parallel bars and the other pieces of heavy apparatus without doing themselves harm, or failing to get the benefit they should. To accommodate this great class, who are the majority, it was evident that some changes should be made in the apparatus of the gymnasium.

With this end in view, I began experimenting with a system of developing appliances in 1872, and finally introduced them in nearly their present form in my private gymnasium in New York, in the fall of 1878. The next year many of these appliances were taken with me to Cambridge and placed in the Hemenway Gymnasium.

At this time I made many improvements in the old apparatus, and introduced several new developing appliances. The old fashioned gymnasia were usually furnished with a row of vertical timbers through the centre of



BACK MACHINE.

the room, which frequently extended from the floor to the ceiling. Cross-beams were placed between the vertical timbers at different heights, and many pieces of the swinging apparatus were suspended from the cross connections. In this way the centre of the room was lumbered up with obstacles that could not be moved, and the whole floor was frequently monopolized by the few men who happened to be using the swinging apparatus that vibrated from side to side across the hall. Then, the parallel bars, vaulting horses, spring boards, ladders, etc., were all bolted to the floor, so that it would take half a day to remove them. Now, all is changed. In the modern gymnasium there are no heavy timbers in the centre of the floor, all the heavy apparatus can easily be removed, and the trapeze, ropes, parallels, rings, etc., can all be pulled out of the way at a moment's notice. This is accomplished at the Hemenway Gymnasium by means of a system of cords that run up through pulleys attached to an iron frame-work overhead, and then drawn to a fife rail at the end of the room where they are made fast.



QUARTER CIRCLE.

As the frame-work is supplied with sliding beams and adjustable bolts, any piece of hanging apparatus can be suspended from any point within the area covered by the frame-work, which is two thousand square feet.

The developing appliances, so-called, are made mostly on the pulley weight plan, and are so arranged that they can be applied locally to any part of the body. Many of them, however, require considerable general strength to operate and in this way contribute to constitutional vigor. All can be adjusted to the strength of the strong and the weakness of the weak. They can be attached to the walls of the room, or placed at the sides, or in the corners not occupied by other apparatus.

It would be futile to attempt to describe the developing appliances, as it would take more time and space than can be devoted to this article. Some of them are herein illustrated. Beside those which can be seen in one form or another in any of the large Athletic Clubs, Christian Associations or College Gymnasias, there is special apparatus for the development of particular parts of the body, chest expanders and developers, a back machine, an abdominal table, leg

machines and foot machines, both flexor and extensor, wrist rollers, finger and neck machines, shoulder and head lifting machines, training devices for wrestling, paddling, sculling, balancing, and bicycling, with dynamometers for back, chest and hand, pirometer, manometer and sphygmograph.

The thoughtful reader will naturally ask, "Is this fine building with its complete equipment appreciated by the students?" My only answer at the present time is that while the number of students attending the college at large has increased fifty per cent. during the past ten years, the number attending the gymnasium has increased over one hundred and fifty per cent. during the same length of

time. There are one thousand two hundred lockers in the dressing rooms, all engaged. Some students use the gymnasium who do not have lockers, and many lockers are occupied by more than one student.

It is estimated that about ninety per cent. of all the students living in Cambridge use the gymnasium more or less regularly, under a voluntary system. The only inducements that are held out to the student are the offer of a physical examination, the opportunity to use fine apparatus, and the hope of getting on to one of the athletic teams.

That you may know a little more about the system carried out at the Hemenway Gymnasium, let me ask you to follow me through one of the physical examinations of a student and see what we do for him. Every student who enters the University is entitled to an examination, and about eighty per cent. of the whole number avail themselves of this privilege. As soon as the student presents himself at the Director's office, he is given a history blank, which he fills out, giving his birthplace, nativity of parents, occupation of father, resemblance to parents, natural heritage, general state of health, and a list of the diseases he has had, all



HYDRAULIC SHOULDER LIFT.

student is then asked to make certain tests of the muscular strength of the different parts of his body, and to try the capacity of his lungs. He then passes into the measuring room, and has his weight, height, chest-girth, and fifty other items taken. His heart and lungs are then examined before and after exercise, and a careful record made of the condition of the skin, muscles, spine, etc.

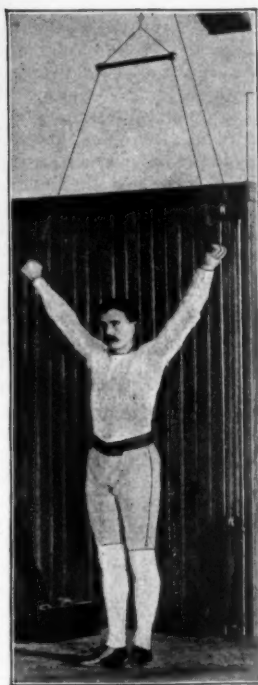
All the items taken are then plotted on a chart, made from several thousand measurements, and the examiner is then able to know the relative standing of this individual as compared with others for every dimension taken, also his deviation from symmetry and the parts which are in special need of development. To confirm the plotting of the chart, and to awaken in the young man a genuine in-

terest in his physique a photograph of each student desiring it is taken in three positions, and preserved for comparison with those to be taken of him later.

From the data thus procured a special order of appropriate exercises is made out for this student, with his measurements and specifications as to the apparatus he may use. At the present time this special order consists for most students of an illustrated handbook, in which the apparatus, the weights for it, and the

times to use it are carefully prescribed, together with such suggestions as to exercise, diet, sleep, bathing, clothing, etc., as will best meet the needs of the individual under consideration.

It will be observed that the fundamental idea is to arouse in every student a genuine interest in his own physique. This being accomplished, the next



SPREADING ARM WEIGHTS.

desideratum is the opportunity to realize his expectations. This opportunity is provided in the Hemenway Gymnasium. It matters very



HEAD LIFT.

little what the condition of the individual may be; if he is able to walk about, he will find some piece of apparatus that will do him good and help him to grow stronger.

The student is no longer compelled to compete with others in the programme of feats that are beyond him. The developing appliances have opened up new possibilities to him, and he can now compete with himself, that is, with his own physical condition from week to week and from month to month. If he is not strong enough to lift his own weight, the apparatus can be adjusted to a weight he can lift. If he is weak in the chest or the back, he can spend his time and energy in strengthening those parts without fear of straining or injury. In fact, he can work for an hour, going from one piece of apparatus to another, keeping always within the circuit of his capacity, and adding slowly and surely to his general strength and powers of endurance. If the heart is weak, the lung capacity small, the liver sluggish, the circulation feeble, or the nervous system impaired, etc., special forms of exercise can be prescribed to meet these conditions.



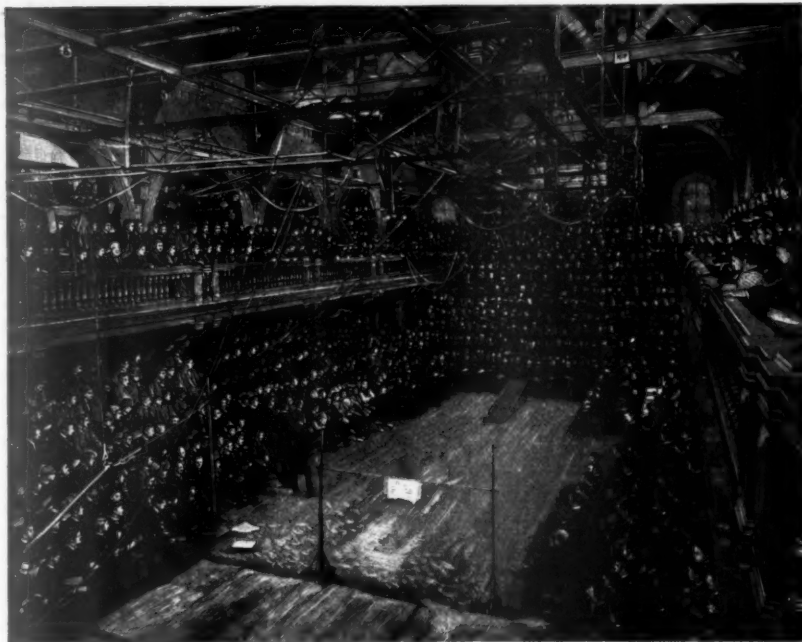
ADJUSTABLE TABLE.

If the young man is naturally strong and vigorous and simply wishes to take exercise enough to keep him in good condition, he need not confine himself to a prescription, but can have a wider choice of apparatus. A gentle run is usually advised as a constitutional exercise for all of those who can take it. This is usually severe enough to start the perspiration and make a bath of some kind desirable. A tepid sponge or shower bath is generally advised, and in my opinion the bath which regularly follows the exercise at the gymnasium, and the habit of bathing established thereby, are almost as valuable as the exercise itself.

After a period of six months or more, the student returns again to the Director's office, and has another examination, in order to ascertain what improvement he has made, and to receive any new suggestions. This, in brief, is the educational part of the system of physical training carried on at the Hemenway Gymnasium.

The system of athletics and heavy gymnastics carried on at the college during term time the authorities are in no way responsible for. An exception might be made to track and field athletics which are carried on under the supervision of a man employed by the college, but the other athletic interests at Harvard, such as baseball, foot-ball, boating, etc., have been managed by the students themselves. In many respects it would have been better for the athletic interests of the college if these sports had been managed by older and wiser heads. But this raises the question of responsibility and authority, which is not an easy one to settle.

The different athletic organizations put their men through different exercises with the dumb bells, Indian clubs, chest weights, etc., for such general training as is necessary to get them in good condition. If a man has any special weakness or is training for some particular event requiring special powers he uses such developing appliances as are necessary to help him attain the desired result. But for the special training of athletic teams as such, no officer



ATHLETIC MEETING IN THE HEMENWAY GYMNASIUM.

of the college is at the present time responsible.

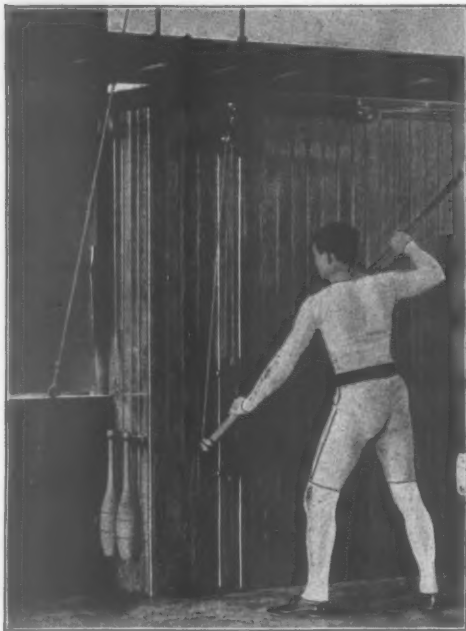
The Faculty exercise a conservative influence, in requiring every man to be examined and get a certificate from the Director of the Gymnasium before he can enter as a competitor in athletic contests. By taking this precaution, many a student, whose zeal for athletics was in excess of his ability, has been undoubtedly saved from injury, and the character of the sport has been maintained. The authorities believe that athletic sports, kept within bounds and carefully regulated, are a valuable adjunct to our system of physical training, and they are constantly making endeavors to increase Harvard's facilities in this direction.

Some of us believe it is more to the credit of a university to have one hundred men who can do a creditable performance in running, rowing, ball-playing, etc., than to have one man who can break a record, or a team that can always win the championship.

The great aim of the Gymnasium is to improve the physical condition of the

mass of our students, and to give them as much health, strength and stamina as possible, to enable them to perform the duties that await them after leaving college. How well this work is being accomplished may be inferred from the fact that we have to-day on our record books at Harvard the names of two hundred and forty-five students whose test of general strength (of arms, chest, back, legs, lungs, etc.) surpasses the test of the strongest man in 1880. (The Gymnasium was opened that year, it will be understood, and few of the men then in college had been in the habit of taking systematic exercise.)

Perhaps the most important work at the Hemenway Gymnasium in the way of physical training is at its Summer School for Teachers. This has only been established three years, but within that time we have had one hundred and thirty students. The most of them were teachers in physical exercises at colleges and secondary schools in different parts of the country. Among the list were several physicians, thirty-two college gradu-



PADDLING MACHINE.

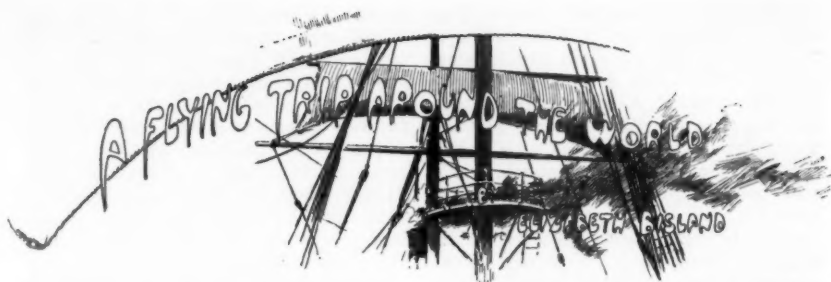
ates, army officers, school superintendents and principals, and teachers and professors in other branches, who attended for their own improvement or in the interest of the institution which they represented. The list of instructors last

summer comprised seven physicians, six specialists, and seven student assistants. The theoretical work of the course comprised lectures and recitations in the elements of applied anatomy and physiology and in personal hygiene; also lectures and practical talks on anthropology, anthropometry, physical diagnosis, methods of prescribing exercise for the individual, physical exercise in the treatment of spinal curvature, testing for normal vision and hearing, and massage and its applications. The practical work of the course consisted in free movements, calisthenics, light gymnastics, marching, methods of conducting squad, class and division exercises, gymnastic games, heavy gymnastics, track and field athletics, physical examinations, practice in measuring, and the use of testing and developing appliances, boxing, fencing, swimming, and voice training. From this school have gone out teachers who are now scattered all over the country, directing college gymnasia, superintending athletic clubs, teaching physical training in public and private schools, and so multiplying the work of the Hemenway Gymnasium a hundred fold.

THE DAYS.

BY ELIZABETH WORTHINGTON FISKE.

They pass, mute figures, through a sombre gate,
 When Time, the Warder, turns the noiseless key,
 Veiled are their faces, and a mystery
 Of grayest robe enfolds their cloudy state;—
 In single march they move, nor soon, nor late,
 And gifts, joy, good, the fruits of life's fair tree,
 Love the crown, the cross of pain, and poverty,
 Their full hands hold, these Almoners of Fate!
 For some, they wake glad bells to chimings soft;
 To some, they bear the chrism of sweet death!
 Vainly we strive to bar their footsteps oft,
 Or, eager, call on them with quick-drawn breath.
 They pass, unmoved, to join the shadowy train
 Of vanished days, that shall not come again.



SECOND STAGE.

AMID my dreams has always been a carefully-elaborated and favorite picture of the day upon which I should at last set out on my travels. I had thought out all the details of this episode, and what my emotions should be—a tasteful mingling of regret and exultation—as I bid my unfortunate home-staying friends adieu, and the great Cunarder swung free from the docks, bearing me away to the delights and mysteries of foreign lands. Even in my childhood my sympathy for the heroes in the fairy tales was always keenest at the moment when they waved their hands in farewell and turned their faces at last towards the magical adventures that stalked about impatiently awaiting their advent in the strange countries where their havens lay. So it was a matter of active regret to me that by leaving America from the other side of the Continent, this long dreamed of incident on

the Cunard pier was forever robbed of the salt of novelty.

The White Star Steamship *Oceanic*, of the Occidental & Oriental line—Charles H. Kempson commander—sailed from San Francisco at three o'clock Thursday afternoon of November the 21st, and I found it even under these circumstances a very exciting thing to leave one's country for the first time. It was much as I had imagined the other picture. The cabin full of ornate flower pieces, luggage thumping down the companion way; people running back and forth with the apparent purposelessness of ants in a hill, and the friends of the departing standing about in that helpless discomfort and uselessness that makes even those whose hearts are torn by the separation long to be gone and put them out of their awkward misery. Many of the pleasant acquaintances I had made in this short visit to San Francisco had come to bid me God speed, accompanied by a delegation who had got wind of my



STEAMER WHARVES, SAN FRANCISCO.

eccentric performance and came with no other credentials than a desire to gape. This was a figure not in my original picture. The whole army of martyrs to curiosity had afflicted me sorely in those two days on the Pacific Coast, sending up their cards in the hotel with urgent messages, and on admission confessing with placid impudence that their sole excuse for this intrusion was a desire to look at me—presumably as a sort of inexpensive freak show. Experience demonstrated, however, the high and delightful effectiveness of an elaborate and astonished civility—that never failed to reduce their robust self-confidence to limp and writhing embarrassment in exactly three minutes, after which discovery I put the heathen to the edge of that manner and smote them hip and thigh. . . .

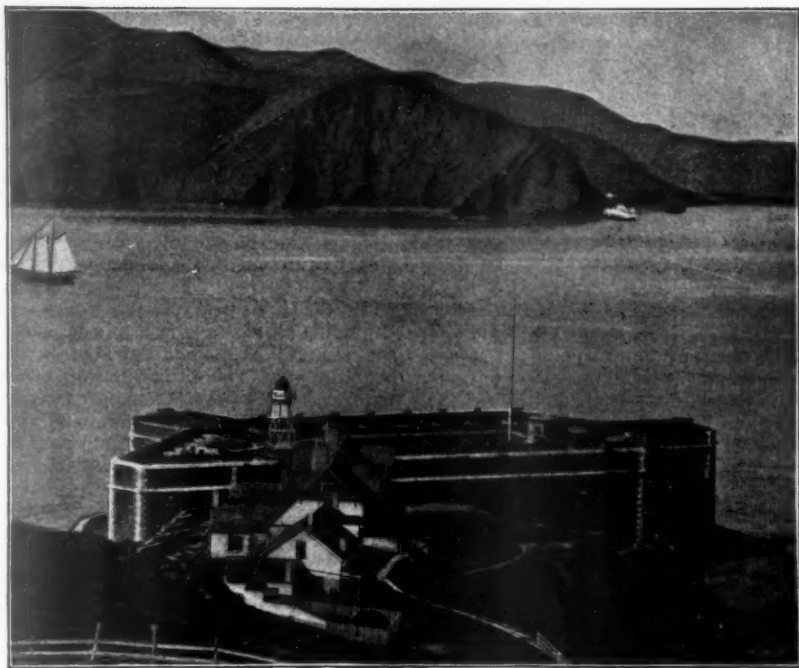
It must be admitted that my emotions on the occasion of this departure were much less tastefully mingled than I had planned they should be, low spirits and loneliness being such active ingredients that they disguised all other flavors, and it is to a little incident I shall forever remember with pleasure that I did not leave America quite unmixedly miserable. At the moment when the gong had warned all visitors ashore there was handed up to me from the wharf a great nosegay of white chrysanthemums and roses, to which was attached a card inscribed "J. M. Prather," and bearing "good wishes" and "New Orleans" pencilled in the corner. A hat was lifted from a handsome grey head, and two kind dark

Southern eyes gave me a smile of such friendliness and good-will that it warmed my heart like a greeting from my own people. This unknown gentleman taking the trouble to bid me this silent, fragrant farewell seems to me the most delicate and charming impulse of that much-misinterpreted and scoffed-at Southern chivalry, and should he ever see this I wish him to know how pleasant and lasting was the perfume of his flowers and kindly thought.

Perhaps this is the proper moment to speak of a feature that was to me one of the most interesting of this unusual voyage. I was a young woman, quite alone, and doing a somewhat conspicuous and eccentric thing, yet throughout the entire journey I never met with other than the most exquisite and unfailing courtesy and consideration; and if I had been a princess with a suite of half a hundred people I could have felt no safer or happier. It seems to me this speaks very highly for the civilization existing in all traveled parts of the globe, when a woman's strongest protection is the fact she is unprotected. I owe a gratitude beyond all adequate expression for the good-will shown me everywhere. It would require many pages to catalogue the names of those who gave up their comfort to ensure mine, who considered no trouble of consequence if it secured me from annoyance and disappointment, and who spared no exertion to make my journey speedy and comfortable. In every port I touched I found the kindest of welcomes, and I believe I have put a



THE SEAL ROCKS, SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR.



LOOKING ACROSS THE GOLDEN GATE.

girdle round the earth of warm and generous friends whom I shall always remember with affection and gratitude. The staff of the San Francisco *Examiner*, T. D. McKay, the Burlington Passenger Agent, the owners and officers—especially the late Mr. Frederick Fuhrman—of the *Oceanic*, Lieutenant Mitchell McDonald, the Norddeutscher Lloyd people and my fellow passengers everywhere, are among those who assisted me by every means in their power to effect my object and make my journey agreeable. . . .

The last wooden link with the shore is withdrawn. There is a fluttering storm of handkerchiefs—a brief space of water in the beautiful bay—and then we pass away to the west through the Gates of Gold. . . .

America sinks out of sight, slowly—a vision of green hills in level sunshine. We are divided from it now by a long ridge of whirling foam—the bar, where we began to rise and fall with the first pulse of the sea. Even that vanishes at last and we plunge forward lonely on

the heaving, dusky plain. The wind of the coming night is cold, and the fluttering paper prayers the Chinese passengers cast overboard to ensure a safe voyage it catches and whirls sharply away, like Autumn leaves falling in the November night.

Not yet have the four hundred pigtailed in the steerage composed themselves. They run to and fro with queer-colored parcels of strange shapes and keep up a ceaseless, shrill, guinea-fowl chatter, very cheerful in tone. Most of them are going home to settle down upon money made from the "foreign devils," and whatever happens they can laugh. Even up on the hurricane deck the chill sea wind is tainted with that clinging, pervasive odor that one comes to recognize as "the Chinese smell." No cleanliness can combat it. The ship from stem to stern is wonderfully clean, yet never in the whole voyage is one quite free from the sense of it. Pierre Loti declares it can be smelled on the coast, while the ship is still miles at sea. On analyzation it appears to be



LAST VIEW OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

compounded of the bitter fumes of opium and the smoke of incense sticks. An object once permeated by the odor is never rid of it again, and all China reeks of these strange stifling fumes.

I smelled it first in the Chinese Quarter of San Francisco—a place that left a sinister, menacing impression upon my mind, . . . a sense of this being the first gnawing yellow wave of an overwhelming flood—forced forward by the irresistible propulsion of an over-population behind. One more of those huge, blind migrations of hunger which, like a tidal wave, have obliterated flourishing peoples and races in the full flush of power and civilization, who have vanished as herbage vanishes before the gigantic, myriad voracity of desert locusts; conquering by the mere dead weight of numbers—filling up interposing gulfs with countless dead that bridge all moats between food and that pitiless, relentless famine.

China has 500,000,000 of population, each unit trained by generations of bitter struggle for survival to an industry and economy almost superhuman. California has already nearly 100,000 of them; 30,000 living in San Francisco. Every westward going steamer carries from three to four hundred home; men who have in a short time secured a competence, and are returning to enjoy it; and yet their number in America apparently suffers no diminution. Fenced out by law from California, the wave flows around this obstacle into British Columbia and trickles back, drop by drop, into the United States. We do not assimilate them as we do our other immigration. They hold to their own national dress, manners, and food. That part of San Francisco abandoned to them grows daily like a Chinese city. They gut standing houses and reconstruct the interiors to

suit their needs. Outside, lanterns hang in front of doors that have Chinese signs, and above these, frail balconies are strung about the windows where jars of chrysanthemums droop their ragged blossoms over the sill. The air is thick with Oriental odors. Street stalls expose for sale vegetables and fruits unknown to us, and the tiny shops with their Chinese furnishings and inscriptions sell wares which no American seeks.

At eleven at night this transplanted city of Cathay is still all alive; the streets crowded with a moving stream of black blouses and yellow faces—every one cheerful, chattering, and wide awake. The shops stand open, and workmen continue their labors as if it were still high noon. In a basement, a few steps down from the street, gold workers toil in a little black room seven by ten; a wheezy gas jet flares above their heads, and directly in front of each, on the work bench at which they sit, is a small bowl of coconut oil in which smoulder faintly a handful of thin white racines. The flame from these, with a blowpipe, softens and fuses the metals in which they work. Though the place is so narrow and squalid the bracelets and clasps in process of manufacture—ornamented with ingeniously varied chisel marks—are of considerable value. The workers are impassively indifferent to our curiosity. They work without raising their eyes as we handle their goods, and do not even glance up as we leave, toiling on unharriedly though the night is half spent. Here, as everywhere, tiny corkscrews of pungent smoke curl up from a bunch of smouldering Joss sticks stuck in a little earthenware bowl of sand.

Plunging through a narrow door we grope along a low tortuous passage, descend to the cellar by rickety, greasy stairs; thread more back corridors where,

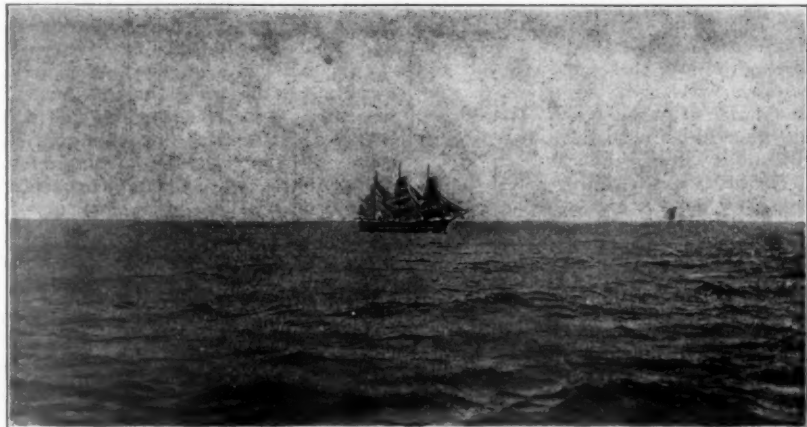
in little branching rooms, somnolent bundles lie motionless on shelves—sodden with poppy fumes, . . . past greasy, hot kitchens and cackling cooks, with hissing midnight meals in preparation—and emerge at last into a crowded apartment where men with hideous masks and flaming dresses—like mediæval devils in a mystery play—stand idly about waiting for a cue, and others radiant and befeathered as tropical birds, pass to the stage by the two doors.

A hideous din of banging, scraping, and clashing of brass . . . above all a shrill monotonous chant in a penetrating falsetto. It is the green room and wings of the *Dom Quai Yuen*—The Elegant Flower-House—where the gems of the classic drama of China are enacted, and where the actors lodge, eat, and smoke their opium. . . . The performance began at four in the afternoon and has gone on without intermission ever since . . . It will end at twelve. Rapid changes of costume—stiff with gold needlework—are taking place. Faces are being painted—those of the fiends with Oriental ingenuity of hideousness—huge beards are assumed, and gorgeous head-dresses with flags and long pheasant feathers waving above them. We go through the left door and sit on the stage, as if it were the time of Queen Bess and this was one of Will Shakespeare's new plays. The play goes on, undisturbed by our presence, the actors carefully stepping to one side as they pass us. The auditorium is packed tight

as a sardine box with standing Chinamen who listen as long as they find it amusing and then go away. Up in the gallery two or three sheep-faced Chinese women lend a somewhat indifferent attention. . . . The heat is frightful. . . . There are no windows and but one door, and the smell is overpowering. . . . No stench of unwashed bodies, as in a low class Caucasian crowd, but this same strangling mixture of opium and incense. By contrast even the ill-smelling streets are delightful, and we escape.

The detective, who bears himself with amiable scornful courage in this resort of highbinders, leads the way through fetid, crime-stained alleys. A loud warning note sounds from somewhere near us, and in an instant the street swarms with men passing composedly with their hands under their blouses. The detective turns into a low room with a double, nail-studded door. A table covered with a strip of matting and two benches are the only furniture. The owner is calmly smoking a cigarette, apparently engaged in some remote and subtle ratiocinative process. Ten seconds ago in this room and fifty others the game of fan-tan was in furious progress. That one note emptied them all. . . .

We mount stairs to a dingy Joss house where more incense sticks burn before a Trinity of calm-eyed idols—the God of the Sombre Heavens . . . the God of the Southern Seas . . . and the God of Happy Wealth—and stroll through the rooms of a restaurant beautiful with



carvings and silk hangings, Kakamono and marble and ebony furniture. . . . But the night wanes and our heads are giddy with this clinging, sickening odor. We will go back to the hotel.

. . . The smell of the Chinese sailors and passengers wakes the memories of the strange sights and sounds.

. . . The night is cold. Top-gallant sails are being set to catch the rising evening wind and the cries of the pig-tailed yellow seamen are shrill and raucous, more like cats on a back fence than anything I know. . . . It is time to go below and prepare for the first night at sea.

For the next four days my only memory of the Pacific Ocean is of a foaming flood of emerald that roars past my port-hole, making a dull green twilight within. I see only this and the slats of the upper berth. There are six of these slats. Of this I am unwaveringly sure—though I am not usually accurate about figures—because I counted them several thousand times. It was the only mental process of which I was capable during the long nights while I lay and listened to the loud combat of the thundering squadrons outside, whose white plumes flashed into sight again with the first grey gleam of day—the battle still raging. Every plank in the ship creaked and groaned, and shrieked without once pausing to take breath, and I regarded with contemptuous indifference the frantic tobogganing of my most treasured possessions all over the stateroom. What were the fleeting things of this world to one to whose unexampled sufferings death must soon put a period. It was comforting to think that one's last will and testament was made, but hateful the contemplation of burial at sea. It was such an unnecessarily tragical end to this ridiculous wild-geese-chase.

The fifth day the boiling pot of the sea subsided, and I began to take beef tea and a resolution to live. Other women were also beginning to straggle back to life on deck—pale, wan, and with neglected bangs tied up in lace scarfs. They lay in steamer-chairs swathed in rugs, and were indifferent about their appearance and to the charms of conversation. The week was nearly done before the whole ship's company assembled at table,

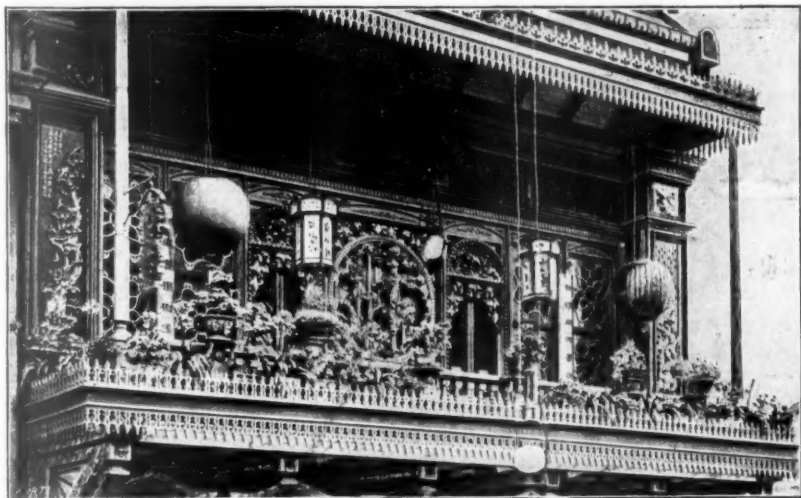
and we began to take note of our fellow voyagers in this water *caravanserai*.

It was a cosmopolitan crew—Norwegians, Russians, English, French, Japanese, Americans, Germans, Hungarians, and even one Manx-man—our chief-engineer, with a pleasant "out-country" flavor to his speech, and full of tales of a profoundly esoteric humor—a kindly, mellow nature; such William Black pictures in his Old Highland lairds. There is the Englishman who has made his fortune in China and retired, and is bringing a new made wife out, by way of America, to see the East, where he had lived so long—an angular English girl, containing the potential British matron, who knits grey stockings and keeps herself carefully aloof from acquaintances that might be detrimental in the future. The typical American girl is traveling alone—greyhound waisted, tiny of foot, clad with tailor-made neatness, and armed with an amateur photographer's outfit. She is on her way to visit the American Minister to Japan. And a couple from Georgia, who have lived twenty years in Los Angeles, but have lost nothing of their genial old-fashioned Georgia ways and looks, and still speak with a soft Southern drawl.

We have a full cargo of missionaries—fifteen in all—mostly young women, and, on this occasion, all Presbyterians. There is much missionary travel back and forth on this line, for the work of proselytization in China and Japan goes briskly on. Among them is a young doctor, who has just taken her degree, and is going to the East to save both souls and bodies. She wears "reform" clothes, and has a strong well-cut face, from which the heavy hair is brushed smoothly back. She regards the ten years exile into which she is entering as merely the apprenticeship of her professional career, and is likely to consider the physical welfare of her patients of more importance than the acceptance of her creed. She is the plain, wholesome product of Northwestern life and a Northwestern female college—speaking the dialect of that region with a broad and burring R. . . . Her future is simple and pleasant to guess at. One is less sure of the handsome, slim girl of twenty with deep set grey eyes, and the delicate

pointed fingers of what the palmists call "the psychic hand," said to indicate undue spiritual intensity of nature. In a spasm of the romantic exaltation to which young women of her age are subject, she has condemned herself to a decade of lonely exile in a remote Japanese town, but a pair of enchanting dimples in her fresh young cheeks war with the maiden severity of her earnest eyes, and she is not indifferent to a young girl's natural joys, though she mentions them loftily as things in the remote past appealing to her—now forever put away. It would be

color to mar its perfect hue. It *flames* with unspeakable, many-faceted splendor, under a sky that is wan by contrast with its profundity of tint, and the very foam that curls away from our wake is blue as the blue shadows in snow. The cutter-like prow of our ship flings up two delicate plumes of pearl, and the sunlight shining through these has wrought upon the blue floor beneath us a rainbow arch that encircles our onward path, moves with our moving, and shimmers upon the waving flood as the iris shimmers upon a peacock's breast. . . .



BALCONY OF CHINESE RESTAURANT, SAN FRANCISCO.

pretty and amusing, as a girl's *exalté* fancies are sometimes, were not the sacrifice of her best young years to indifferent heathen not so real and so melancholy to think on. One is tempted to pray that some Cymon may come to rescue this Christian Iphegenia from her squalid little Oriental altar before the knife of distaste and ennui murder her youth and charm.

. . . The sea is becoming very blue. The emerald fades as we pass into these vast liquid fields, and the blue deepens and deepens until one finds no words to express, no simile to convey the intensity of the burning azure. Sapphire would be pale and cold beside this sea—palpitating with wave shadows deep as violets, yet not purple, and with no touch of any

It is here enormously deep. The longest plummet line ever let into the sea went down here, and only found bottom at the depth of 4,000 fathoms. If one should choose this place to be cured of the wound of living he could never reach the firm earth beneath it all. He would hang forever in these soundless, icy depths, moving scarcely at all with the slow, obscure flux of the deep sea tides, surrounded by strange, formless, protoplasmic life, blind, senseless and inert.

The voyage is a lonely one. In all these many thousand miles we never see a sail or any shore. There is no sea life about us, save of the sword-winged birds that follow us from San Francisco to Japan without sign of fatigue, wheeling easily after us as we plunge onward at

the rate of three hundred and fifty miles a day, and having quite the appearance of loafing along and waiting for us to catch up. It fills one with a sort of despair, to get up every morning and see the same sea, the same horizon, the same birds—nothing to mark our progress except the figures marked every day at noon on the map hanging over the companion way. Our small, circumscribed world daily grows in importance in our estimation. We know intimately the characters, tastes and histories of our companions. We take each others' photographs, and exchange warm professions of friendship, we advise each other about the future, and confide the incidents of the past. We play draughts and quoits and cards; we get together in corners and criticise the missionaries and are

criticised by them—and all the while go steadily westward and westward, driven by wind and steam. . . . With all our brown sails spread, we fleet through the moonlight with stately curtesyings. Calm mornings dawn behind us. We sail under the vast arches of rainbows that rise out of the water but half a mile away from the ship and span the whole heavens, and at evening the sun falls into the sea, straight before us, amid unimaginable flames and glories, where for an hour we rise and fall on the heaving bosom of the ocean in a great dream-world of jewelled splendor of sapphire and gold, of purple and pearl. . . .

This lonely vessel swarms with life. Down in the steerage are over four hundred yellow people. . . . All sorts and conditions of Chinamen going home with their earnings. Many are merchants who have a merchant's pass, which enables them to return to America when their business across the water is finished. One old gentleman, with an iron-grey pigtail, is a "Forty-niner." He came to California during the gold fever, and is now going home to die in China, having thriftily calculated that it costs less to cross the waters alive than it does in a coffin. He was rich in those early days, but, as he explains in fluent and profane American, fan-tan, poker, euchre, and horse races have reduced his store to an immodest competence. However, as he nears the Chinese shore, he feels he can afford to wear a magnificent and lurid pair of breeched trousers, of the sort popular in China when he left, and still—after forty years—of the very latest fashion. Down in these Chinese quarters, placed where he can catch the best of the healing salt breezes, is a young fellow of six and twenty, who lies motionless



ON THE PACIFIC STEAMER.

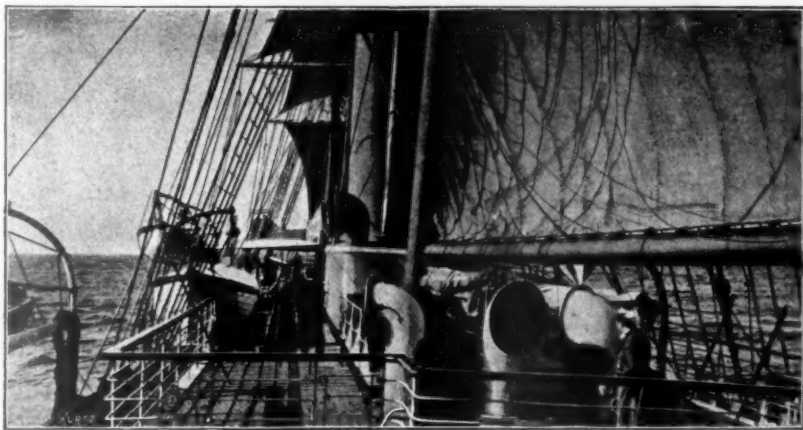
all day, with crossed hands and half closed eyes. These hands and the sunken face are the color of old wax, the latter quite as impressive as if indeed it were cut from such substance.

It is common among the emigrants to America to fall sick with a consumption and to struggle back in this way to die at home. He seems afraid to breathe or move, lest he should waste the failing oil or snuff out the dying flame before he reaches his yearned for home—the Flowery Kingdom—the Celestial Empire.

On the after-deck fan-tan rages all day long; also an intricate game of chess, or

as the white Jack Tar, is the victim of fraud and oppression.

These ships, like those of the Merchant Antonio, voyage to the east for cargoes of tea, silk and spices. There are three lines between China and America; two, the Oriental and Occidental—controlled by the Central Pacific Railway magnates, Huntington, Crocker, and Stanford—and the Pacific Mail, which have their termini in the United States, and the Canadian Mail which sails from Vancouver. They carry out to China returning subjects of the yellow Emperor, passengers for the East, flour, Connecticut clocks, hats, shoes, and such select assortment of



THE PROMENADE DECK.

dominoes, when a less dangerous amusement is desired. Forward there is a space for women, where five or six *re-troussé* eyed females find a temporary home. They are gentle, mild faced little creatures, who are quick to give smile for smile and answer English amiabilities with what appears to be equally amiable Chinese. All the sailors are Chinamen, and are popular with the commanders. They are obedient, not given to strikes at inconvenient moments, and are under the control of a boatswain, one of their countrymen with a keen, shrewd face and an air of unquestioned authority. He hires them and pays them their wages, and the owners reckon with him alone. He is a person of consequence and wealth, and owns much real estate in San Francisco, sufficient proof that the Chinese

Yankee notions as are required by the Barbarian.

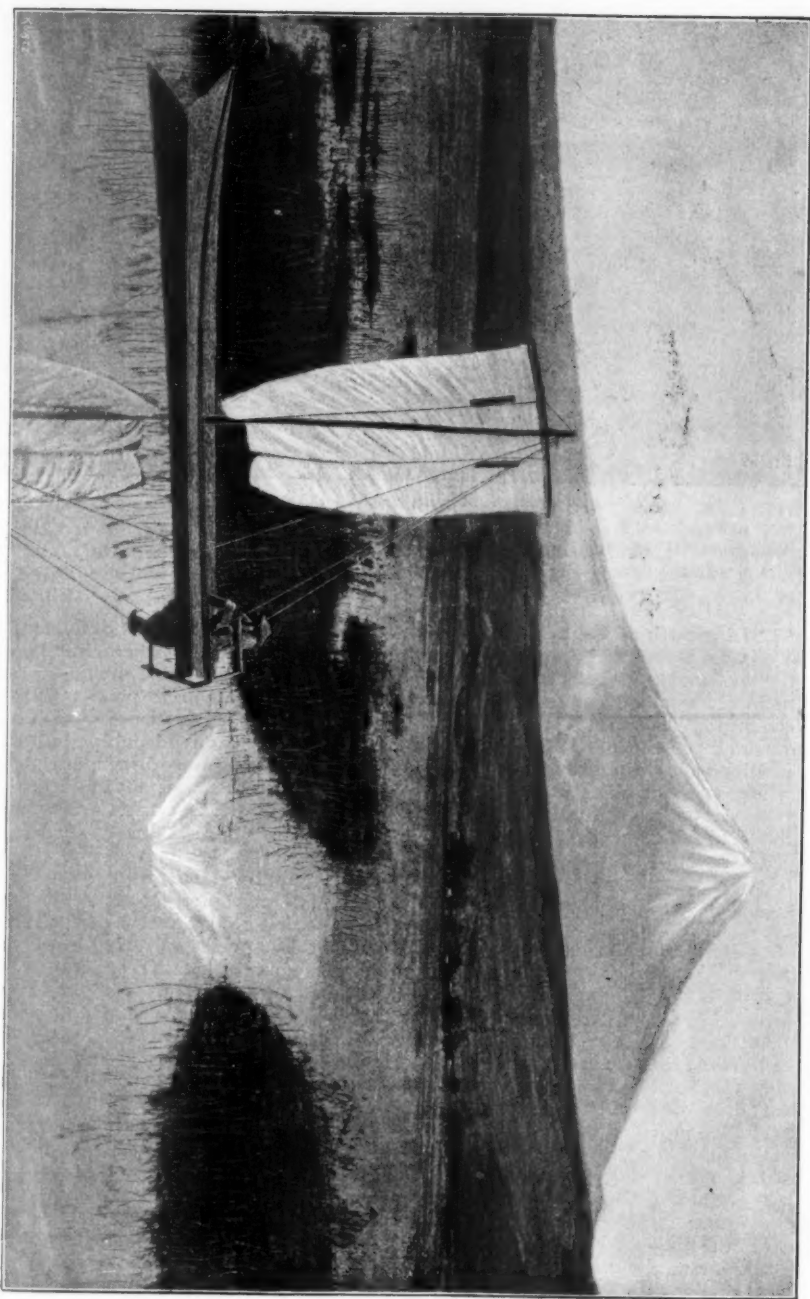
Returning they fetch hundreds of bales of raw silk, worth \$700 apiece; which must be rushed across the Continent immediately upon arrival, and have left the ship and are on their way across the country to the Eastern Mills before the passengers have landed. The usual cargo is from 1,200 to 1,300 bales, and in June the tea trade begins, 1,700 to 2,700 tons in every ship—The whole of the Formosa crop, some 6,000,000 tons comes to us. The English will not drink the light, perfumed Oolong. They demand something coarser and stronger. Spices, pepper and tapioca come from Singapore, and gambier in great quantities for coloring American beer, with thousands of bales of gunny-sacks from Calcutta for American



wheat, and from Manilla, hemp and jute. At last there comes a day when one rises in the morning and the sailors point to the horizon and say, "That is Japan," and one cries with cheerful excitement, "Yes! yes!" though there is nothing but the same monotonous sea and sky visible to the unpractised eye. The missionaries all land here and are full of happiness at arriving at the scene of their labors to save immortal souls. The Chinese steerage clatters more noisily than ever, pleased to behold this outlying portal of their home. The Japanese poet Kachi, returning from travels in America, where he has been arranging for translations of his works into English, lifts his head again. He is a grave, mysterious-eyed person, who has not spoken to any one during the voyage and has usually had his face—his dark, smooth, mask-like face—hidden behind a French novel. This face is lit now with a fine patriotic glow as a delicate grey cloud grows up along the edge of the water and slowly a vast cone-like cumulus, a lofty rosy cloud, takes shape and form, gathers clearness of outline, deepens its hue of pink and pearl, melts softly into the grey cloud

beneath, soars sharply into the blue above and reveals—Fujiyama . . . the divine mountain!

Having seen it, one no longer marvels that it dominates the Japanese imagination, that every fan, screen and jar, every piece of lacquer and porcelain bears somewhere its majestic, its exquisite outline. Twelve thousand three hundred and sixty-five feet high, it rises up alone and unmarred by surrounding peaks; alone in fair calm beauty—the highest mountain in all the islands. In the old Aino tongue—the Ainos whom the war-like Japanese conquered and drove northward—"Fuji," signified "Mother of Fire," and the Japanese added the word "yama," their general term for all mountains. For more than two hundred years the Mother of Fire has been clad in snows and has made no sign. Traces of terrible ancient rages lie along her ravaged sides, but her passions are all passed—peace and purity crown her, and he who hath seen Fujiyama's fair head lifted out of the blue sea and flushed with the dream of the coming day, layeth his hand upon his mouth and is silent—but the memory of it passeth not away while he lives.



FUJIVANA.



VIEW OF DENVER, LOOKING NORTHWEST.

A MODERN CITY'S FACTORS OF GROWTH.

BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

THE growth of the new cities of the West is an interesting study to both the sociologist and the capitalist. One finds much upon which to base hopes for the greater health and comfort of future generations; the other the data upon which to place capital in that form of investment which for a hundred years in this country has proved more profitable than any other.

The growth of the United States through increase in population, owing to favorable conditions of life and immigration from Europe, has been of such an extraordinary character as to render certain the populating of every desirable portion of the continent at a day fixed in the immediate future. Mr. Gladstone estimates that in 1985 there will be nearly nine hundred millions of English-speaking people, and that the North American continent will contain more than six hundred millions of these—provided the ratio of increase maintained for the past fifty years be still kept up.

If but half of Mr. Gladstone's estimate prove true, it follows that the first quarter of the nineteenth century will behold cities of a million or more inhabitants of which we now think merely as prosperous

towns. Where is this mass of humanity to be packed? Find where life exists under the most favorable circumstances, and one will be able to predict with a certain amount of confidence.

The newest city on the continent is Denver. Its existence, superb in architecture, and with all the most advanced appliances of civilization, beyond the most arid stretch of our continent, and at the foot of the great Rocky Mountain chain, is almost startling to the globe traveller. Mr. Murat Halstead, who recently visited it for the first time, said to the writer: "When I found four great lines of railway, one more in number than those which connect London with Liverpool, reaching between Denver and Kansas City, I was filled with astonishment." The year 1860, and a few newly erected tents near to some wigwams. The year 1890, and the best built and most beautiful city on the continent, with a population of 140,000.

It becomes interesting to study the growth of the newest large city of our continent, to which have flocked people from all the older communities, representing all the states and territories. After a passage of weeks in the early days, when the prairie schooner was the

only means of locomotion over the prairies which stretch out beyond the Missouri, they arrived at the foot of the Rockies. It was impossible for the Kentuckian or Ohioian who camped on the site of Denver thirty years ago to insist that his laws and his customs and his methods of town-building must be chosen for the government of the new community. The instant he advanced superior wisdom in these matters he was met by a shower of criticism from the people from New England, or the townsmen from New York, or the men from Illinois, while the Californian, with his, at that time, latest improvements, was there in numbers sufficient to demand a hearing for the more modern methods of the Golden State.

If the gold excitement had not served to bring together all these different elements, the result might have been very different. Supposing that the entire colony had been sent out from Virginia and Kentucky, one would find there to-day the laws and methods of those states.

Scarce one of these men present at this new founding but had suffered from some law or custom. One man, perhaps through the leaving out of a portion of the rigmarole which in older states the law makes compulsory in a conveyance of real property, had lost his farm and home. When it came to the question of conveying real estate in this new country, he declared that the form must be of the simplest character, something that an honest man could draw himself, if need be, something that would render the legal exactions of the older states impossible. Another man, who, in searching up a title where half a dozen or more courts of record serve to confuse the unwary purchaser, had neglected one of these and so overlooked an important flaw, declared that he wanted but one place of record for all transactions, so that the least intelligent citizen going there and finding nothing against the property he contemplated buying would know, without the costly intervention of an expert, the justice of his title.



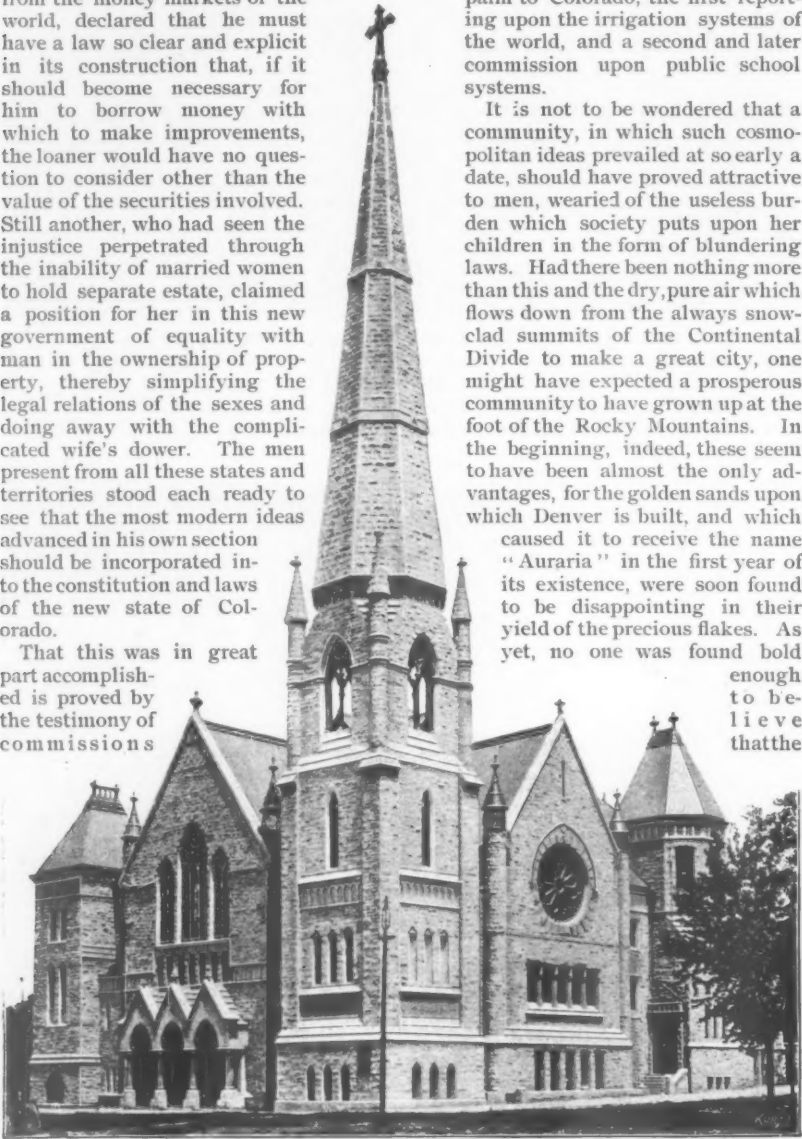
A DENVER STREET.

Another, who had seen in some Southern State the laws framed to prevent the collection of mortgages, in the interest of those who are already debtors, and the consequent shutting out of that section from the money markets of the world, declared that he must have a law so clear and explicit in its construction that, if it should become necessary for him to borrow money with which to make improvements, the loaner would have no question to consider other than the value of the securities involved. Still another, who had seen the injustice perpetrated through the inability of married women to hold separate estate, claimed a position for her in this new government of equality with man in the ownership of property, thereby simplifying the legal relations of the sexes and doing away with the complicated wife's dower. The men present from all these states and territories stood each ready to see that the most modern ideas advanced in his own section should be incorporated into the constitution and laws of the new state of Colorado.

That this was in great part accomplished is proved by the testimony of commissions

from other lands which, from time to time, have been sent around the world to report upon progress in certain branches of civilization. Two Australian commissions have in this way given the palm to Colorado, the first reporting upon the irrigation systems of the world, and a second and later commission upon public school systems.

It is not to be wondered that a community, in which such cosmopolitan ideas prevailed at so early a date, should have proved attractive to men, wearied of the useless burden which society puts upon her children in the form of blundering laws. Had there been nothing more than this and the dry, pure air which flows down from the always snow-clad summits of the Continental Divide to make a great city, one might have expected a prosperous community to have grown up at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. In the beginning, indeed, these seem to have been almost the only advantages, for the golden sands upon which Denver is built, and which caused it to receive the name "Auraria" in the first year of its existence, were soon found to be disappointing in their yield of the precious flakes. As yet, no one was found bold enough to believe that the



TRINITY M. E. CHURCH.



A CHURCH INTERIOR.

dry cactus-covered prairie—what was then known as the “Great American Desert”—could be turned under the freshening influences of water into one of the most productive soils of the whole world. By chance, however, it happened that this first encampment took place midway between where five great cañons debouche—then factors not recognized as likely to play any part in its growth, but afterwards destined to furnish the most important element in the building up of a great city. For from these cañons poured the waters which were destined to make this northern half of the Colorado foot-hill regions fertile as the plains of Lombardy.

Meanwhile, mines had been found in the mountains, and Denver became simply a resting place for people just arriving, or about to set out on the long and dangerous return trip across the plains. At that time the traveler was liable to be harassed by Indians at any moment, and not a few were those who, setting out with glowing hopes for this new country, left their corpses to dry on the prairie, while their scalps dangled in the wigwam of some Indian. Indeed, after 1860, nearly 2,000 Arapahoes camped in the streets of Denver, which then had very

little semblance to streets; in fact, the question of asphalt versus sandstone had not even begun to be discussed.

There was unimportant but gradual growth for some years. The completion, first, of the Union Pacific Railroad to Cheyenne, and later on the Colorado Central and Kansas Pacific, gave access to the outer world without fear of a chase by hostile savages, but even before the day of railroads, the reputation of the country as a sanitary resort had gone forth, and not a few consumptives, tramping slowly behind ox-wagons over the plains, reached their destination to find lungs restored and life once more filled with pleasure. There were no pamphlets giving description of these advantages, but private letters went back East and the word was passed by friends to other invalids, and so, at quite an early day, the immigration from motives involving health-seeking became of consequence.

As the Indians retreated over the range and into the interior valleys of the Rockies, and the prospector, following at their heels, scratched the surface of the cliffs, new mines were discovered and the product of gold and silver increased. In “California Gulch” had been discovered rich gold placers, and the thousands that



NEWS BUILDING.

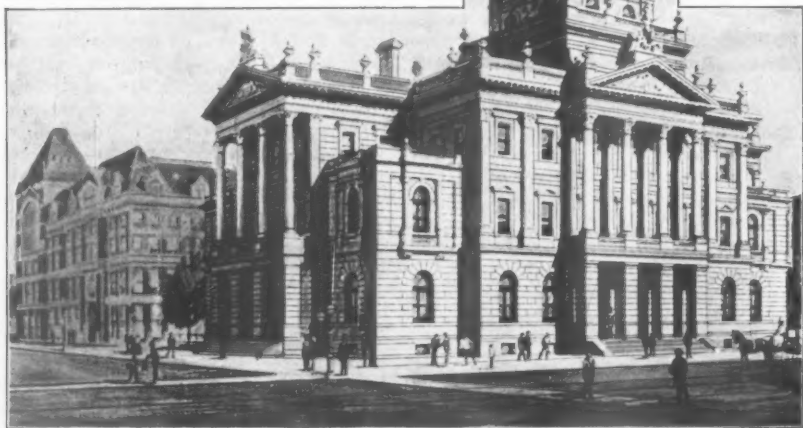
went thither sent back treasures, until finally the last nugget was extracted, and one by one miners departed, leaving the gulch almost as deserted as it had been ten years before. One of those who still remained had the courage to spend a few dollars on the assaying of a curious rock, which had been found the day before. The assay showed an extraordinary percentage of silver, and suddenly, after the search had been only for gold, came a digging for silver ores, the ores which

looked like common clay and stone, and over which, because they gave no sign of their value, the gold-hunters had been contemptuously tramping for years. This was the beginning of Leadville, and in a few months the owners of prospect holes had taken out millions of dollars, and there were millions upon millions in sight. This was in 1877. Denver had by this time come to be a place of about 20,000 inhabitants, and the territory of Colorado had been admitted to statehood.

Hitherto, Denver and Colorado had possessed no capital of its own. There were no rich residents, and eastern capitalists had hesitated to loan upon a stretch of country which seemed so far away. The men who took

the millions mostly Colorado to love of their being disturbed altitude of the softer plains homes. of the cited nifi-

from Leadville were radoans, who had the air and sunshine state, and who, not posed to leave it, from the greater the mountains to climate of the for permanent The attention world was ex- by such mag- cent discov-

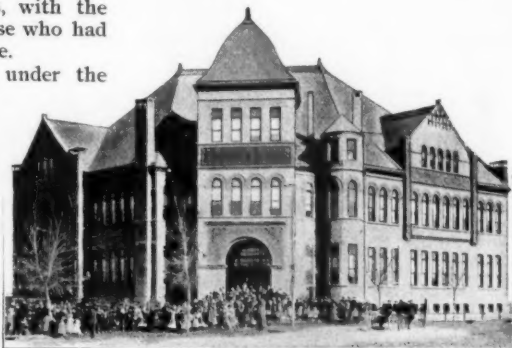


TABOR OPERA HOUSE AND POST OFFICE.

eries of the precious metals, with the usual result of a rush by those who had fame and fortune still to make.

A little before this time, under the patronage of Horace Greeley, a colony had gone to the north of Denver, and set itself to diverting the waters of the Cache-la-Poudre into the open cactus plain. The running water killed the cactus and the soap plant, which are the product of dry soils, but in their stead came to flourish grains, giving a wonderful number of bushels to the acre, root crops of the most extraordinary quality and yield, and small fruits equally unexpected. Visitors to the village of Greeley had reported the wonderful yields of the soil which they had witnessed, but the people in the towns and in the mines were simply incredulous. "That sandy cactus soil rich? Impossible!" One by one, however, men who had been farmers in the East, and some who had not, were attracted by these stories of the soil, and experimented for themselves. In a short time a great agricultural interest was in a fair way to be developed, and eastern implement houses began to establish branches in Denver.

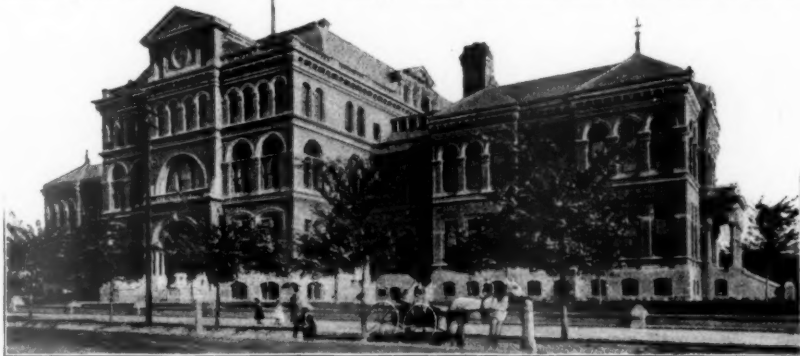
The discovery that the alfalfa plant, which sends down its roots or twenty feet, under favorable conditions, was well adapted to this soil, and nowhere world grew more luxuri-



A SUBURBAN SCHOOL.

gave a fresh impulse to agricultural life. Three crops from the same soil, in gathering which the farmer might work from the latter part of May till the end of November—a clover admirably adapted for fattening cattle—meant in itself a vast source of wealth, especially in view of the fact that, since the Indians and the buffaloes had been driven from the plains, cattle by the hundred thousand had been turned loose to graze.

It had been known for some time that there were deposits of coal in this state, but it had been described in the geological surveys as a valueless lignite, and not much attention was given to the subject. As the demand for heating power increased, the geological examinations by the government were begun, and it suddenly became whispered that, from being a state dependent upon its mountain timber for fuel, Colorado was probably the most nobly provided of all the



THE DENVER HIGH SCHOOL.



A TERRACE.

states of the Union, not only abounding in a light kind of coal which resembles charcoal, and which is delightful for open grates, giving out neither dust nor smoke, but was amply provided with the most superior qualities of coking and steam coals, and had even two large deposits of anthracite, the only ones in this country outside of Pennsylvania.

As building operations became more important in character, clays were found for brick-making, and at the same time there were established kilns for the manufacture of fire-brick. These latter

had become already an important item, as the smelting furnaces were increasing so rapidly in dimensions as to bid fair to rival shortly the largest plants of the world. Building stones were at first brought by railway from the East until quarrymen, venturing out into the hills, were astonished to find almost every known variety of building-stone, including granite and marble of the most beautiful grain, while, at a short distance below Denver, was discovered a curious lava stone, very light of weight and easily worked when fresh from the quarry, and of half a dozen pinkish gray and brown tints that make it one of the most

desirable and most beautiful building materials used in any country.

Meantime, the demand for new and unusual forms of machinery in the mines had created the germs of manufacturing establishments in Denver, which were destined, within a few years, to produce mining machinery that would be in demand throughout the Northwest, along the Pacific coast, in Mexico, and in South America. The growth of the building interest had caused manufactures of lumber to take



PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

root. Works making cement, soap, paper, and glass, which bear but badly the tariff of a long journey across the plains, had come into existence, while the discovery of iron ores and fluxes in great abundance had led to the establishment of extensive bar, nail and

of the state one its been unthirty much yearsof — has

themselves, as one by many resources have folded. The result of years of age—not more than twelve actual growth resulted in the



WOLFE HALL, YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY.

rail mills at Pueblo, farther south. The early residents of Colorado did not even suspect the possibilities of the future. The first idea was simply that of delving for gold and silver. Probably no one in the country has been more surprised than the people

establishment upon an enduring basis of one of the most beautiful cities on the continent, containing somewhere from 130,000 to 150,000 inhabitants, with more churches than any city of its size in the United States, with the finest pub-



PRIVATE RESIDENCE.



PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

lic-schools in the world, with superb opera and club houses and hotels, with thousands of beautiful homes (and no city has more beautiful homes than Denver, from those of the mechanic to veritable palaces), and numbers of great business blocks that would do credit to Boston or New York.

"What is there to make enduring so large a city away out here on the plains?" a stranger asks when, after many hours of plains traveling, he wakes up in surprise in Denver. Let us see what answer can be made. There are:

First:—SUNSHINE AND DRY PURE AIR.—A climate of which the Signal Service reports only twenty-three cloudy days in a year, which is undoubtedly the best all-the-year-round climate to be found on the North American continent, and which has already attracted and cured thousands of consumptives. It must, in future, be recognized as the Mecca of those afflicted with pulmonary diseases, who have no heart disease—the altitude is unquestionably injurious to those affected with troubles of the heart. Thousands have already sought Colorado because of health; and as the years go by, and the class of those having sufficient money to live at their ease increases, the number of those who will make their homes in Colorado because of climate alone will mount up into hundreds of thousands. They are not generally so regarded in

Colorado, but the sunshine and pure air are unquestionably the greatest of her natural resources, and are here placed first.

Second:—THE PRECIOUS METALS.—Every year between twenty and thirty millions of dollars in gold and silver coin is being shoveled down out of the mountains into the streets of Denver. This is not a crop of uncertain value, or of which there is a difficulty in disposing. It is enough in itself to make a state prosperous beyond fear of panic, but this is only the beginning. This output is no merely temporary affair. It has been increasing steadily every year for twelve years, and those familiar with the subject know that each year counts among its discoveries many new and valuable mines.

The following brief table gives each year's production since 1870, and demonstrates the stability of the mining industry:

Year.	Total. Gold, Silver, Copper and Lead.	Year.	Total. Gold, Silver, Copper and Lead.
1873	\$2,680,000	1880	23,500,000
1871	2,059,026	1881	23,500,000
1872	3,790,000	1882	22,544,170
1873	4,028,000	1883	21,470,000
1874	5,262,383	1884	20,300,000
1875	5,434,387	1885	24,290,351
1876	6,191,997	1886	22,655,823
1877	7,216,283	1887	23,390,500
1878	10,558,116	1888	27,197,160
1879	19,110,862	1889	30,066,089

Third:—THE MINES OF COAL, IRON AND STONE, which are now supplying



VIEW OF DENVER, LOOKING NORTHWEST.

many states and territories, north, south and east of Colorado, and the value of whose output must, at some not very distant day, exceed that of the precious metals themselves.

The increase in yield of coal is shown in following table :

Year.	Tons.	Year.	Tons.
1873.....	69,977	1882.....	1,061,479
1874.....	87,372	1883.....	1,229,593
1875.....	98,838	1884.....	1,130,024
1876.....	117,666	1885.....	1,398,796
1877.....	160,000	1886.....	1,436,211
1878.....	200,630	1887.....	1,791,735
1879.....	322,732	1888.....	2,185,477
1880.....	375,000	1889.....	2,373,954
1881.....	706,744		

Fourth :—THE AGRICULTURAL RESOURCES which, to the acre capable of irrigation, are greater than those of any other state, excepting California.

Fifth :—THE CATTLE INTERESTS which, though, owing to the combinations among the great slaughter houses of the East, have been less prosperous than any other in the state, still foot up a large annual revenue.

Sixth :—MANUFACTURES.—In Denver alone there are ninety-five mills and fac-

tories, which employ 5,908 men. Nearly eight million dollars is invested in the various plants ; the weekly wages exceed \$100,000, and the annual output is valued at over thirty-four millions of dollars. Their growth is healthy and keeps steady pace with the general progress of the state, while the range of products is wide and annually takes into its embrace several new branches before considered as belonging exclusively to other states.

Seventh :—RAILWAY AND TERRITORIAL CENTRALITY.—While the country tributary to Denver embraces the least thickly populated and least improved states and territories, there can be no question that the city is the metropolis of an area covering more than one-fifth of the entire United States. To Denver, the people of this area come for educational advantages, which are of the best, for society, and for a place of winter residence, where the amusements at the opera houses embrace the leading public attractions.

Denver is also the monetary centre of



THE DENVER CLUB.



MAIN HALL, DENVER CLUB.

this region, the deposits of eight leading banks aggregating nearly nineteen millions of dollars, while great English and New England financial companies have their headquarters in Denver and supply millions for the development of the surrounding country,

Eighth.—RAILWAY FACILITIES.—This region is permeated by no less than thirteen railways, which radiate from the Union Depot in Denver like the spokes of a wheel, and reach north, south, east and west. The travel and traffic which pass through this depot is of immense proportions and numbers in its figures a large class of tourists who annually cross the continent, no one deeming that he has seen the West without seeing Denver.

There is much discussion as to the effect which the completion of the line to the Gulf, bringing Denver almost as near to tidewater as Chicago, will have upon the wholesale mercantile trade of the city, many claiming that it will eventually rob the Lake City and St. Louis of a valuable portion of their traffic.

One of the marked indications of Denver's progress is its systems of cable roads which, under the control of two companies, reach from the centre of the city

into the remotest suburbs, and furnish means of travel so convenient and cheap that conveyance by carriage becomes as little sought for as in New York along the lines of an elevated railway. Undoubtedly the most interesting factor in Denver's progress is the population itself. It has already been mentioned that every state and territory has contributed its quota in making up this wonderful city. Nowhere on the continent are there so few poor and so many generally prosperous, and no other city can at all approach the aggregate of general intelligence.

The causes which have led to this superiority are two. In the first place, the young man who leaves the older sections of the country to seek a new home is generally of a more energetic character than his brother who is contented to remain at home and plod along. The second cause is the result of climate. Many a distinguished man at the bar, or in the ministry, or belonging to other avocations in life, has been compelled to seek Colorado on account of health. The consequence is that it is not an unusual thing for half a dozen sermons to be delivered in the Denver pulpits of a Sunday, all of which are considered well

worth reporting in the daily press, while the bar contains among its number not a few men whose names are well known to the country at large and who have been distinguished before coming to Colorado.

Colorado has gone through the stages that all American communities pass through, of having, from time to time, corrupt men gain political power. It is a disease that all commonwealths, under our political system, and perhaps under any other, are subject to. In some of the older communities, when thus attacked,

able character. While the Republican party has a working majority of from 5,000 to 10,000, its tenure of power is always in jeopardy from poor nominations. Twice it has been overthrown, and a Democratic Governor elected, when the man nominated by the Democrats has been of high character.

The citizens of Denver march elbow to elbow. They are in touch upon all questions of public advancement. The men of brains and character are recognized, and, notwithstanding the many

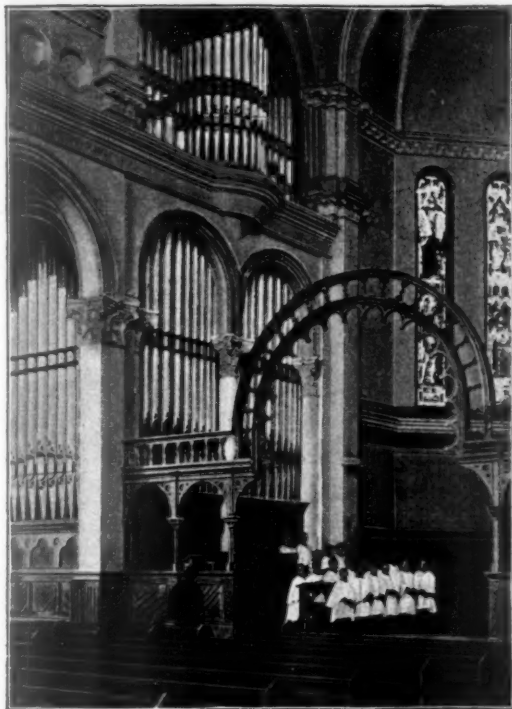


CLUB DINING ROOM.

the unhealthy body has been unable to throw off the blood-poison, and the sore has become chronic. Not so Colorado. First one breaking out has occurred and then another, but the tide of live, healthy blood which flows through the body politic has been strong enough to expel the humor, and a cure has resulted. It is coming to be generally recognized that the place-holder who makes a corrupt use of his power in Colorado is destined to overthrow, sometimes quietly, sometimes with incidents of a most disagree-

new fortunes, a citizen must have something besides a bank account to entitle him to esteem. Very curiously, the *nouveau riche* of Colorado is the most in-offensive of his kind. There is a rude humor in the people which quickly detects sham. From club life in Denver to log-hut life in the cañon, the real thing is demanded, and the imitation is greeted with good-natured chaff.

There are precedents in the world's history for the growth of a great tableland city. Ray, which was located



IN THE EPISCOPAL CATHEDRAL.

it was located on a plateau about five thousand feet above the level of the sea, and, in common with the Colorado capital, enjoyed delightfully cool nights in summer and bright, sunshiny days in winter. It was on no natural high-road. Its agriculture, like Denver's, was by irrigation; but, unlike Denver, it possessed no great mineral resources. Yet it grew to have a million people. There are some Denver men who confidently expect to see their city reach half a million if they live another twenty-five years. What an intelligent, energetic people, blessed by such marvellous natural advantages, may accomplish, it would require a prophet to foretell. That the "Midway Metropolis" of the continent will be a constantly growing, constantly improving city, using its wealth to beautify and embellish, extending the usefulness of its already great schools, attracting people of refinement and

near Teheran, the present capital of putting down political abuses with determination, none who have watched a million of inhabitants. Like Denver, its progress in past years may doubt.



DENVER'S AIR AND WATER SUPPLIES.



CHO PYONG SIK.

AT THE HOME OF A COREAN NOBLEMAN.

BY COLONEL CHARLES CHAILLÉ-LONG,

Ex-Secretary of Legation and Consul-General to Corea.

ON the twenty-first of the Korean third moon, in the year 497 of the present dynasty, which corresponds to the first day of May, 1888, I received an invitation to breakfast at the house of His Excellency Cho Pyong Sik, the President of His Korean Majesty's Foreign Office. The invitation included the several representatives of the diplomatic and consular service in Seoul, and a number of other foreign residents and many Korean officials of high rank.

The letter of invitation was written in the Chinese, the polite language of the court. The figure of a female upon it, seated beneath branches of the ever-loved chrysanthemum, and holding in her hand a lute, although not ordinarily significant, as it is one of the many forms prescribed by Chinese and Korean etiquette, seemed of special significance in the present instance, for we had been informed in advance that *Kisang* or dancing girls were to be a prominent feature of the entertainment. The Korean houri, therefore, on the card of invitation, seemed to have been chosen with reference to the pledge of His Excellency that his guests should

be regaled with the presence of the *Kisang*, and thus it is needless to add there were few or none of the invited who failed to appear. The invitation, translated, reads thus :

"The red is turning pale, the green is growing fat, and the pleasant color of the springtime has come. It is the season of joy! Will you not, then, give me the pleasure to join me and my friends in the feast of good things which I have prepared for noon of the 1st of May?"

"Signed. CHO PYONG SIK."

"The red is turning pale and the green is growing fat." "What," I asked of my interpreter, "can Mr. Cho mean by such a figure of speech?" Mr. Wo thereupon called my attention to the fact that in Korea the flowers always bloom before the leaves have budded, and, even as I looked from the window I perceived the truth of the assertion, and the metaphor therefore was but the iteration of a plain matter of fact.

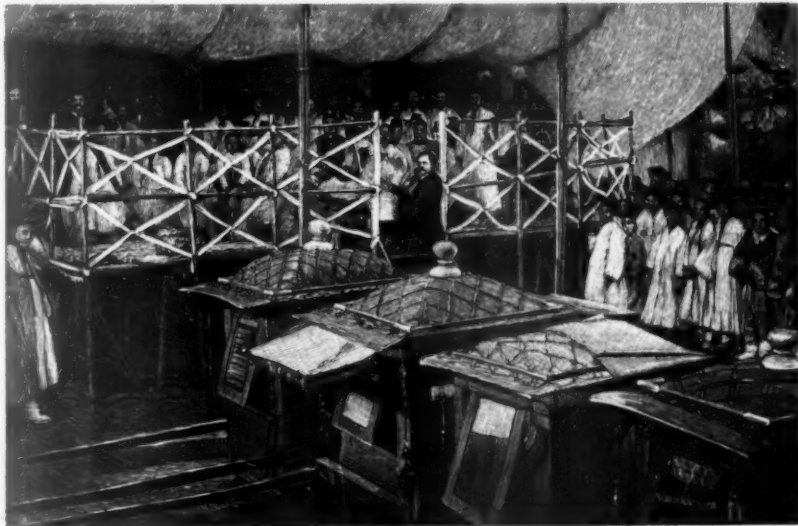
Now, one word just here for the delectation of the reader who may be inclined to know just who and what are the *Kisang*.

Woman, it must be understood, in Korea is subjected to a much more rigid seclusion than in any other part of the Orient. From the age of eight or ten years she disappears entirely from the world, nor does marriage even permit her to re-enter its portals. The two exceptions to this implacable law of custom are the horrid, ugly old women of the Coolie class, and the *Kisang*, to whom in the exercise of their vocation is given almost entire liberty there. The *Kisang*, as the name implies, is an actress and a *dansuse*. She is the afterpiece of almost every official fête or entertainment. They are few in number, and subject to Government control, which may order them at any time to appear at the palace or elsewhere—an order which must be obeyed, it matters not when or where engaged. As the only specimen of the Korean woman who may present herself to public gaze, the *Kisang* is a subject of no little interest to the foreigner who may be anxious to have a look at the sex.

The *Kisang* girl is perhaps the best specimen of the Korean woman, who is, by parenthesis, never pretty, and not even graceful. In common with the Korean people they are more or less strongly pox-marked, that disease existing throughout the country—endemic in

form; and the general system of inoculation by the nose, as practiced, either kills or leaves the subject quite as badly disfigured as though it had passed through all the stages of the disease *ab initio*. There are some who escape the dreadful malady, but the number is very few indeed.

The dress of the *Kisang* is far from being graceful. It consists of a gown of almost any color, descending to the feet from high up under the arms, where it is confined by a ribbon. The dress is distended in a most unbecoming way by a quantity of ill-fitting under-garments, which gives the wearer almost the shape of a bottle. Around the body a very diminutive jacket of silk is worn, although its exact utility is by no means certain, since it leaves both the back and bosom bare and exposed to the elements, even in the coldest weather. The hair is very black and coarse, and being profusely oiled and plastered closely to the cranium brings out in painful prominence the somewhat ungraceful lines of that part; parted in the centre, the hair is carried back and confined at the back of the neck in a knot, which is held in place by a large coral or silver pin. The feet of the Korean woman are her pride and glory. They are small and beautifully shapen,



BEFORE THE DANCE.

and are usually encased in the tiniest shoes, turned up slightly at the toes after the fashion of the Turks, and made of embroidered white and mazarine blue cloth. The hat is of two kinds. One is composed of coarse felt with bell crown, to which is attached, pendants of horse hair, either black or dyed green and red. The other is a jaunty cap not unlike the stable fatigue cap of the French cavalry, ornamented with red cords wound in tasteful loops and giving to the wearer a certain military air.

Promptly at noon, on the 1st of May, I found myself with my colleagues at the house of Mr. Cho, where we had been taken by the usual mode of conveyance, namely, the Sedan chair, borne upon the shoulders of four or more coolies; and being an official he was preceded by a guard of soldiers. Mr. Cho is a man quite sixty-five years of age, a fact of which he is quite proud, for the Corean esteems himself most happy when he has reached old age, and this may be understood

when it is known that the best compliment a Corean may render you is when he assures you with uplifted arms, the hands held the one by the other, that "your Excellency is looking quite aged to-day." A very doubtful compliment in the western world certainly, but the very best of all polite forms in Corea, *autres peuples, autres mœurs*.

Mr. Cho received me with many smiles and the usual salutations and led me at once into the banquet room, where we were followed by the numerous guests and the eight *Kisang* girls in attendance, who were given position at intervals at the table, in order to be equally distributed among the convives.

The table was ornamented with a profusion of flowers, or rather of peach and plum blossoms, which lent an air of elegance to the board, and at the same time emitted a grateful perfume to the room. The Corean does not take kindly to European *chow*, but in the matter of liquids he has few, if any, prejudices, and his capac-



MR. CHO'S FAMILY.



THE DINNER.

ity is simply boundless. Addicted to the constant use of *sul*, a very strong liquor, brewed from rice, he can absorb champagne and other wines with impunity, and the mixture is occasionally only strong enough to put him under the table. The *cuisine* on such occasions is European and is prepared by the Chinese cooks employed at the palace or elsewhere, and who have learned passably well the profession whilst acting as servants to Europeans in China, and who have come to Corea, where they command much higher wages.

A Corean banquet is never, under any circumstances, much of a feast of reason and a flow of soul, depending as it does upon the interpreters, who sit near by the foreigner, who has not and perhaps never will get beyond the Coolie language, which, even if he should know, he would scarcely be so imprudent as to attempt to speak in a so-called polite society. The Corean, be it said, is extremely conventional, but rarely ever polite; and this is especially so when he is feeding, when his eructations and expectorations are by no means pleasant.

Mr. Cho is, however, a genuine jolly

host, and what with continual healths, which he drank by signs, and the caresses bestowed upon the fair but frail creature whom he had chosen as his companion *de table*, the time passed merrily enough. Finally, the interminable courses were safely passed, and with repeated healths to Mr. Cho we left the banquet table and adjourned to the piazza, overlooking the yard, where a stage had been erected upon which our *Kisang* were now to give us an exhibition of their art. In the interval of preparation I seized the opportunity to photograph the banquet table, the *Kisang* being excepted by request of Mr. Cho, whose ideas of dignity drew the line for them at a semi-official banquet—at least their reproduction at table in photography. In order to present a better view from the interior, the windows or doors were taken out or hooked up, as in the case of all Corean houses, to the projecting eaves.

A trapeze had been erected in the courtyard, on which a lad of sixteen years, perhaps, disported himself with somersaults to the great amusement of the thousands collected, and who, undaunted by the presence of high rank men, were, with

difficulty, pushed back and prevented from overflowing Mr. Cho's home and guests.

The boy accompanied his vaulting on the tight rope with grimace and story telling, which, unintelligible to the foreigner, was received with great laughter and merriment by the natives. When the patience of the audience had become well-nigh exhausted with the prolonged entertainment, the *Kisang* appeared upon the stage amid the acclamations of the assemblage. The orchestra, composed of several men who played upon strange-looking stringed instruments which emitted a deal of soul racking sounds, was seated upon the floor of the stage, upon which two *danseuses* now advanced and with extended arms and slow steps moved forward and backward alternately touching heels and toes to the floor and keeping time in a solemn swaying movement to the loud twanging of the *cumingo* and the lugubrious beating of a drum, not unlike the *darabon'k* of the Arab and Soudanien. These two *danseuses*, my interpreter informed me, were named *Miung-Chu*—Cluster of Light, and *Kum-Wha*—Silken Flower, famous as the two best dancers of all Corea, and who

were to execute the sword dance, to which the movement being executed was the prelude. The swords were then placed upon the floor between *Miung* and *Kum*, who each in turn seized one, and to the quickened time of the music they whirled them about each other's head in mimic combat, growing furious with the ever-increasing music, which was made more hideous by the addition of the *piri*, a wheezy sort of flute; and this was continued until the combatants, no longer able to stand, sank exhausted to the floor and the sword dance was finished. The *Sung-mu*, or dance of the nuns, was executed by *Ok-Chin*—Beautiful Jade, and *Kum-Hong*—Red Silk. Neither the jade nor the silk seemed to be very great favorites, and the pantomime which distinguishes the dance seemed incomprehensible and tiresome, save to the natives, as it certainly was to the foreigner, and these ladies were quickly asked to step down and out.

Kuk-Ki—Happy Autumn Flower, and *Kuk-Hi*—Happy Crane, proved a more happy combination and caused some hilarity, the intention being to imitate the happiness of the crane in seeking



FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF THE GUESTS.



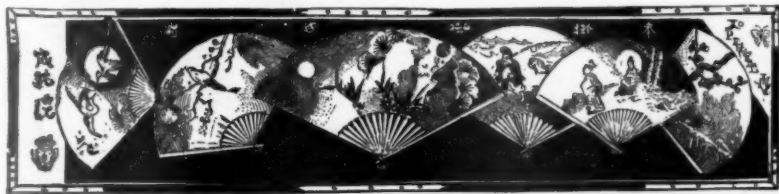
AFTER THE DANCE.

shelter under the protecting branches of an autumn flower. The dancing of these latter was prolonged and tiresome, but finally gave way to a grand combination dance in which the preceding artists were joined by *Cha-Whei*—Happy Color, *Kum-Wha*—Red Velvet, and *Kiung-Ok*—Happy Jade, in which they all distinguished themselves, judging from the uproarious approval of the native element. As for me, I inwardly resolved that I had quite enough of Corean dancing, and in the future should carefully endeavor to avoid a spectacle which was a severe tax upon both time and patience. The occasion, however, was improved by me in taking the views here presented which will serve to convey a more intelligent idea to the reader than a description.

The day was far spent when the jar and

screech of music was hushed and the entertainment was finally concluded. Musicians and *Kisang* disappeared quickly, and, amid the loud cries of the ever boisterous coolie who awaited us with our Sedan chairs, we bade adieu to the hospitable Mr. Cho, thanking him warmly for the glance he had afforded us of the inner life of a Corean nobleman, to whom these fêtes are of no little importance, for in the absence of all literary or mental resources they serve as the only resort to vary the monotony of an existence but little more elevated than that of the most primitive peoples.

In recognition of my parting salutation Mr. Cho raised his clasped hands gracefully to his head, after the manner of the country, and said, *Pan-anyi Kassio*—Friend, go in peace.



THE RISE OF THE TALL HAT.

BY EDWARD HAMILTON BELL.



THOUGH the universally execrated tall chimney-pot or stove-pipe hat is a modern affair, yet there have been throughout the centuries foreshadowings of its stiff hideousness; and some of these it may not be unamusing to

glance at. Until after 1840 hats were made of beaver and had been so worn in England, at least since the time of Chaucer, who, towards the end of the fourteenth century, describes his merchant riding to Canterbury as wearing

"On his head a Flaunderish beaver hat."

Which may have been something like this from the portrait of Jean Arnolfini, by Johann van Eyck, which the date inscribed on it informs us was painted in the year 1434. This being, without doubt, a Flanders beaver hat. Among the entries in the inventory of the effects of Sir John Pastolfe, in 1459, is "a hatte of bever lyned withe damaske." At the same time "Fine felt hats" are mentioned in Lydgate's "London Lyck-penny," temp Henry VI., 1422-60. Then, for a time, caps and bonnets of every conceivable shape and size adorned the heads of Europe; but in the reign of Queen Elizabeth we once more find hats coming into fashion. Stubbs in his "Anatomic of Abuses" girds at the steeple-crowned or sugar-loaf hat, which alternated with flat, broad hats, and indeed with other shapes as various as their colors, which he declares to be "now black, now white, now russet, now red, now green, now yellow, now this, now that; never constant with one color or fashion two months to an end."

Out of this variety I have selected a few that seem to have some affinity to the tall hat of to-day.

The hat of the Greek nobleman from Vecellio reaches by far the most aspiring height the stove-pipe has yet soared to. Stubbs, too, notes the recurrence of the perennially fashionable "bever hats, of twenty, thirty and forty shillings apiece fetched from beyond the sea."

Though, as we have seen, hats were occasionally worn throughout the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, they did not become a constant and invariable portion of the out-o'-doors dress of men to the almost total exclusion of caps until the commencement of the seventeenth century.

Here is a hat of the year 1603, from a portrait of the Lord High Chancellor too, which may be taken for the starting-point of the rise of the tall hat. Its companion, from a portrait of the first Earl of Exeter, is even more chimney-potted.

And the fashionable material is vaunted in this song of Heywood's, which, though it dates from the end of the preceding century, holds good for the period we are considering:

"The Spaniard's constant to his block,
The French inconstant ever:
But of all the felts that may be felt,
Give me your English beaver."

In the reign of Charles the First the hat had become tall and conical, "sugar-loaf" as it was called, and was worn with a rich hat-band and a feather in the well-known cavalier fashion on one side of the head. They were worn by women of all classes and have survived on the Welsh women to the present day.

I can dimly remember, as a child, that the milk-women in London wore a



Duchess of Somerset



Portrait of Henry VIII



French 1585

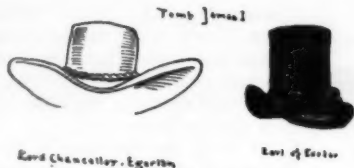


Lord Darnley 1567



Greek Hat from Vecellio





man's tall hat over their white caps as they went their rounds.

Ladies also wore men's hats for riding from this date on. The Puritans, again seizing upon the most rigid and uncompromising feature of the costume of their day, clung through all changes of fashion to the sugar-loaf hat, even in the wilds of their New England refuge, where it can scarcely have been a convenient head-piece.

The Puritan discarded the feather, as a matter of course, and it would appear from a celebrated description, of Oliver Cromwell speaking in the House of Commons in 1640, that the band savored of vanity and was put away; "his hat was without a hat-band."

So much attached were the Cavaliers to their hats that in the time of the civil wars they had them made of iron; here is one of the collection at Warwick Castle, which belonged to no less a person than King Charles the First himself.

The high-crowned hat went out of fashion for a time with the Restoration, and the low, broad hat of the French Court, covered with feathers, came in.

Mr. Pepys tells us of his "velvet hat, the first that ever I had," and in 1661 he rushes into the wildest extravagance, "a beaver which cost me £4 5s." He records a new hat at least once a year; and in 1664 says that he caught cold by "flinging off his hat at dinner." Lord Clarendon on the subject of "Respect due to Age," records that he never kept his hat on before his elders except at dinner. This custom maintained into the following century.

The brim of the hat grew wider and wider, till at last it would not support itself, especially under the weight of feathers which it had also to carry. So about the year 1667, and probably as usual, a little earlier in France, one portion of the brim was turned up or "cocked," as it was called. At first this was at the back, but for some time fashion does not seem

to have concerned herself much with this detail and every man cocked his to his own fancy; persons who were sufficiently conspicuous giving their names for a time to the style in which they wore their hats.

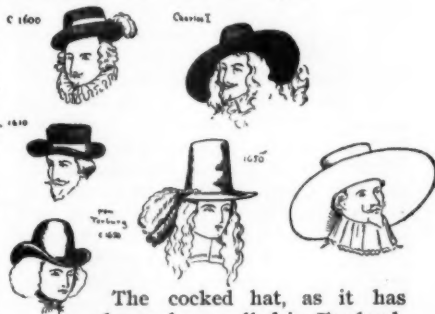
Here are one or two varieties of cocked hats—showing its gradual development to the *tricorne*. In the reign of William III. of England all three sides were turned up, and this fashion found so much favor that it persisted all over Europe for more than a hundred years, and may still be seen on the heads of State coachmen in all the capitals of Europe and on the old Chelsea pensioners in London.

Mr. Planché notes that in his recollection it was called from its three equidistant points, "Egham, Staines, and Windsor," as if it were a finger-post directing one to those places.

But this is anticipating.

In the last illustration we have the first real *tricorne* or three-cornered hat; it is very large, the brim not being over wide, narrowed by its elevation.

A corner or one of the sides was indiscriminately made the front; and the crest of feathers was worn until 1710.



The cocked hat, as it has always been called in England, seems to have been much smaller than in France; in the reign of Queen Anne, which began almost with the century, the hats were small and laced with gold and silver galloon; and a haberdasher of hats in *The Tatler* suggests to his customers, that "by wearing their hats upon their heads, instead of under their arms, they would last so much longer."

The Spectator, some years later, directs a haberdasher of hats, one John Sly, "to take down the names of such country gentlemen as have left the hunting for the military cock on the approach of

peace," and the same John Sly announces that he is preparing "hats for the several heads . . . with cocks significant of their powers and faculties."

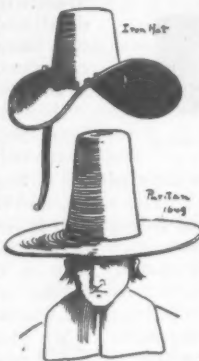
In 1712 he notes "French hats of a prodigious magnitude." Out of a selection of twenty-five various cocks fashionable in Paris in 1727, I have selected a few. Here we see that, at the same time, hats were worn with a little trimming of feathers and without; laced or not, according to individual taste.

We seem to trace a dawning of the high hat in the following announcement from *The Weekly Register* of July 10, 1731: "The high-crowned hat, after having been confined to cots and villages for so long a time, is become the favorite mode of quality, and is the politest distinction of a fashionable undress."

Certain it is that the high-crowned uncocked hat when it first claims our attention in Paris, in 1785, is known as the *chapeau à l'Anglaise*. But there are fifty years yet to be glanced at. In 1753 "The Adventurer" describes the metamorphosis of a greenhorn into "a blood." "My hat," says he, "which had been cocked with great exactness in an equilateral triangle, I discarded, and purchased one of a more fashionable size, the fore corner of which projected near two inches further than those on each side, and was moulded into the shape of a spout. But fashion changed again, and he had to shorten and elevate it considerably, so that it no longer resembled a spout, but the corner of a minced pye."

In the middle of the last century the cocked hat was considered a mark of gentility and professional rank, in distinction from the lower orders who wore them uncocked, and was again carried under the arm.

In 1762 "hats are worn, upon an average, six inches and three-quarters broad in the brim. . . . Some have their hats open before like a church spout, or the tin scales they weigh flour in. Some wear them rather sharper, like the nose of a greyhound, and we can distinguish by the taste of the hat the mood of the



wearer's mind. . . . While the beaux of St. James's wear their hats under their arms, the beaux of Moorfields-Mall wear theirs diagonally over the left or the right eye."

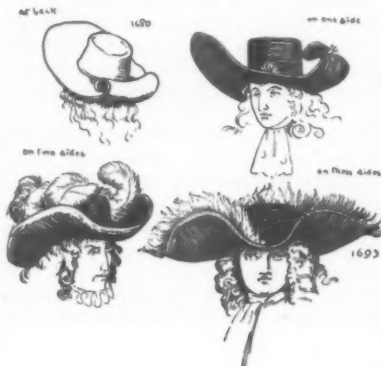
"With the Quakers it is a point of their faith not to wear a button, or loop, tight up. Their hats spread over their heads like a pent-house, and darken the outward man to signify they have the inward light."

In 1770 the Nivernoi hat was all the rage; it was exceedingly small, and the flaps fastened up to the shallow crown by hooks and eyes. Gold-laced hats were fashionable in 1775 and in 1778.

Before proceeding to consider the downfall of the *tricorne* there are two historic hats of which I must give a sketch. The two greatest generals of the last century were both little men, and both were conspicuous, among other things, for the enormous size of their cocked hats. Frederick the Great of Prussia seems almost lost in his, while, if we may believe the English caricaturists of the time, Napoleon the Great was not much better off.

The cocked hat, together with so many other ancient and aristocratic institutions, fell with the French monarchy at the revolution, but a flat-folding, crescent-shaped beaver hat, called a cocked hat, but more correctly an opera hat, was worn by men of the first fashion in full dress until 1840, or thereabouts. It is the military cocked hat of to-day, dear to the

CROWNED HATS 1700-1750



Georgiana XVIII - Cont



parading Knights of Labor of New York. The *chapeau-de-bras*, a triangular silk object, much too small for any use, was slipped under the arm in court dress until well within the present reign, but has given place to a plain cocked-opera hat, which likewise is hardly ever worn. In 1785-86 the round hat made its appearance in Paris as the *chapeau à l'Anglaise*, or *en jockey*, moderately high and immoderately broad in the brim, but they soon began to cut the brims, and by 1790 the *élégants* had abandoned the cocked hat entirely in favor of the conical high hat, wound with a silk cord which, during the reign of terror, was of the national red, white and blue. In the full swing of the revolution, we find ladies adopting these as well as other mannish attires.

The *Incroyables* seem to have resumed the cocked hat in some cases, wearing them both absurdly small and outrageously large, but the chimney-pot conquered at last. The Empire, with its military court, revived the cocked hat, at any rate for full dress, but the subjoined series of beavers will serve to exhibit the growing predominance of this fashion during the first years of this century.

The conical hat of the revolution has

reappeared at intervals, even only the other day, but the chimney-pot has never lost its hold.

About 1830 the hat takes on a very familiar form, and, except that it was still made of beaver, might pass for a hat of last year or next. In about 1836-7 a hatter in the city of London, named Townsend, produced a silk hat which was sold for four shillings and ninepence—a little over a dollar—and the beaver hat was crushed.

A ballad sung about the streets at the time of Queen Victoria's marriage, 1839, commemorates this great historical event:

"When Albert comes to Britain's isle
We'll dress him out in the first of style,
With a shirt and a four-and-ninepenny tile,
To marry the Queen of England."

About the same date the crush hat supplanted the opera hat, and it became impossible for even the most superannuated beau to go to an evening party, as Colonel Newcome did, with a white hat. The low Derby hat seems to have begun to be fashionable in about 1865, as far as I can ascertain, but its origin is wrapped in obscurity; one or two of its ever varying shapes we have seen foreshadowed, but, like the sack coat, it is a modern convenience and has no pedigree. The *sombrero*, or Spanish hat, of soft felt, first adorned the heads of Europe in the sixteenth century. As we have seen, it must have modified the shape of the broad cavalier hat of the seventeenth century, but the nearest approach to a

fashion it ever gained among us was when it was most sensibly adopted as the head gear of the officers in the Civil War of 1861-4, in this country.

Among the higher clergy of the Roman Catholic Church the hat has long been a badge of dignity, the various ranks being distinguished by the color.

The red hat was granted to Cardinals by Pope Innocent IV., at the Council of Lyons, A.D. 1245. The *green* hat of the Archbishop and Bishop originated much later, while the *black* hat of an Abbot needed no special order, as it has been

Frederick the Great



Napoleon



After Goring



from time immemorial the clerical color. The Cardinal's hat took its present form in the sixteenth century, and the foreign heralds further distinguished the rank of the wearer by the number of tassels appended to the cord of the hat, those of a Cardinal having fifteen tassels, a Bishop's ten, and an Abbot's three.

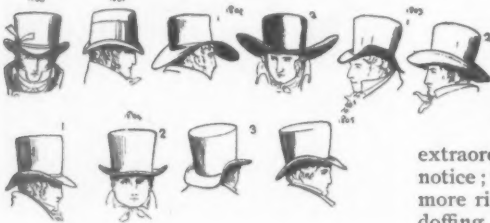
But Mr. Planché, to whom I am much indebted in these articles, says that this rule does not appear to have been strictly adhered to even by the heralds themselves.

The hat has been, also, among the laity, a badge of authority at various times, and the cap of maintenance of estate, which was really a hat, and is used still in heraldic achievements, originated in the fourteenth century, when it appears to have been worn as an outward and visible sign of the wearer's royal or noble estate.



In all probability, the uncovering of the head by inferiors in the presence of their betters was only the antithesis of this custom. The courtesy of doffing the hat to an equal was already in use in the sixteenth century. The bas-relief on the Hotel du Bourgthéroulde at Rome, representing the meeting of Henry VIII. of England and Francis I. of France on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, shows those monarchs uncovering with the utmost politeness as they approach one another.

But this fashion does not seem to have been universal even in France; two pictures in the Louvre of the court of Henry III. show gentlemen dancing with ladies, and in the presence of royalty too, wearing



their hats. A Dutch picture of the following century, by Dirk Hals, presents us with a social gathering of both sexes, in which all the gentlemen wear their hats, even one who is being introduced to the company by a lady. And the



same custom is observable in almost all the numerous pictures of domestic life by the Dutch masters of the seventeenth century. Louis XIV. seems to have been more exacting; the attendants on his progress in the picture, from which I gave a sketch in the first article of this series, are all uncovered in the open air. He himself, however, wore his hat on all occasions, even when receiving the Papal Legate; to this fact we may perhaps trace the astonishment of the courtiers, when having been caught in a rain-storm together with the ladies of the court, he actually removed his hat to shelter Mlle. de la Vallière, while the raindrops sacrilegiously took the curl out of the royal periwig.

George Keith, one of the early Quakers, wrote about 1640 or '50: "The preachers in Germany, and especially at Hamburg, use such gross partiality in their salutations that commonly they have two caps under their hat; and the poor, except extraordinarily, they pass by without any notice; to others they doff the hat; others more rich in the world they salute with doffing the hat and one of the caps; and



to those whom they most honor, or rather flatter, they doff the hat and both caps."

It was in protest against such servility that the Quakers refused to remove their hats even in the presence of the Almighty.

In the eighteenth century courtesy of all kinds ran mad, and though for many years they could not take them off, the old fashion survived and was resumed with the resumption of the hat.

The courtesy of the hat at the present day has various degrees in various countries. In France and Germany no one would think of entering even a railway carriage without temporarily removing his hat—a politeness acknowledged by every man present.

The only form of public conveyance here in America in which it is necessary to remove one's hat is the Elevator; in a shop you will walk among ladies, or even with one as a companion, covered, but to ascend from one floor to another you must doff your hat; and so in the halls and corridors of a hotel.

In contradistinction to this apparent impoliteness there be those of our gilded youth who, in the open air, will persist in remaining bareheaded despite all the rigors of our New York winter, so long as they hold discourse with one of the fairer sex.

In stageland, beyond the temporary uncovering customary on greeting a lady, the hat is invariably worn as in the street, except in the *Theatre Français*; there everyone who goes behind the scene, be he prince or player, must remove his head covering.

One evening, some years ago, when the company of the *Comédie Française* were playing in the Gaiety Theatre, London,

the Prince of Wales went behind the scenes to call on Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. He naturally followed the custom of English theatres, and, after doffing his hat to the actress, replaced it on his head. Doña Sol viewed this proceeding with extreme disfavor, considering that where the *Comédie Française* played there was the *Theatre Français*; after a reproving glance or two, she said, laughingly, "*Monseigneur, on n'ôte pas sa couronne ici, mais on ôte son chapeau.*" The Prince laughed, too, and took the hint. As to the persistency of our worse than Egyptian bondage to this "Helm of Aweing" as a wag of my acquaintance used to term his Sunday hat, we may comfort ourselves with the reflection that, though the tall hat has celebrated its centenary upon the heads of mankind, other fashions apparently as well seated upon the throne of reason have after as long a reign been consigned at last to that limbo to which we would so willingly cast the last chimney-pot hat.

Its indomitable continuance has been so charmingly epitomized by Mr. H. D. Traill in a recent number of an English magazine, that I cannot do better than conclude with a quotation from his verse. After scoffing at the changeability of fashion in the matter of the dandy's "trousers, vest, surtout, cravat," Mr. Traill continues:

To one thing only could he swear,
The sacred, the eternal hat.

A little higher in the crown,
A little narrower in the brim,
Yet each by other may be known;
He by the hat, the hat by him.

Our restless western fashion-feast
With ever-varying dishes lures,
But changeless as the unchanging East,
Firm amid flux, the hat endures.

Feebly the human brain it shields
From the fierce thrusts of summer's spear;
Niggard and scant the warmth it yields
When winter rules the inverted year.

It thins the hair, the head it cramps,
It weighs upon the throbbing brain,
And on the wearer's forehead stamps
The brand of fratricidal Cain.

Disfigured by its pressure hard,
Plato's broad brow you scarce would know.
It would have singularly marred
The bar of Michael Angelo.



THE DUKE DE MORNAY.

BY MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

ONE night in March, 1865, the great bell of the Madeleine set up a dismal tolling. This always sends a shiver through Paris, particularly when it comes in the dead of night. At the Palais de Bourbon there were great dread, mourning and excitement. At midnight an Imperial carriage with outriders had rolled up to the Palais, and the Emperor and Empress had descended. When they came out the Emperor's stoical calm was broken—he was weeping violently. The Duke de Morny was dying, and the Emperor had taken his last farewell of him.

The Parisians have a superstition that the visit of royalty to a sick person means death. In this case it was true, for before morning the great Duke was dead.

This De Morny, about whom the French biographical dictionaries published under the Empire, are strangely silent, was the half-brother of Napoleon III. He flaunted, rather than was ashamed of his birth. On the panels of his state carriages he had painted the hortensia flower. Wicked it seemed? But that is not half! Listen to Victor Hugo's description of De Morny: "Ugly, good tempered, fierce, well-dressed, intrepid—a deadly free liver, irreproachably elegant, infamous and amiable—in short, a perfect duke. Such was this malefactor!"

But beware of Victor Hugo's rhetoric. Prosper Merimée used to tell a ridiculous story to the effect that, at the *coup d'état*—which was just as much De Morny's *coup d'état* as Louis Napoleon's—Victor Hugo, at first, was frightened half out of his wits, and went and hid himself. But finding that certain eminent men were subject to a mild imprisonment, he began to be desirous that he might be numbered among the "Martyrs to liberty." At



THE DUKE DE MORNAY.

last, after marching about, and preaching red revolution until he was weary, without attracting the slightest attention from "the conspirators," he stalked up to a commissary and demanded why the infamous tyrants didn't arrest him, Victor Hugo. The commissary, who was evidently an *ingénu*, replied that his orders were only to arrest "*les gens sérieux!*" This, Prosper Merimée always maintained, had a good deal to do with "The History of a Crime." Nevertheless, this man whom Victor Hugo called a malefactor made much of the history of his time, and it was not all bad history for France. It is the fashion now to revile the Second Empire; but when the fury of defeat has spent itself, that Empire will be found not so vile as it is represented.

It is not pretended that this wearer of the hortensia was an incorruptible servant of the people—but he was not far off from greatness. Talleyrand said of him when he was a lad of twelve years: "Did

you meet a little fellow on the stairs, holding the Comte de Flahault's hand? Well, one day, he will be minister." Guizot declared him a man of the first order of ability. Emile Ollivier describes him well: "In spite of his indifference, he was capable of friendship. Like all men who have had many love affairs, he was incapable of tenderness. In its stead, he had grace and easy wit, tact, and a seductive charm. There was no *pose* in his manner. He was always affable, and, although very busy, never appeared to be worried. It was impossible to approach him without being attracted at first and then moved by sympathy." Further he says that De Morny was in favor of "a wide extension of civil liberty."

Thus, it will be seen, he was not altogether bad, but rather, like Machiavelli's prince, he was armed with the weapons of his time. But he was true to a few persons, a few principles, and he was tremendously interesting. Read Alphonse Daudet's "Nabob," and in the Duke de Mora behold the Duke de Morny. It seems a strange thing that De Morny, who at least never betrayed a friend, should have been held up to scorn by the hand of one whom he had greatly befriended. The story of Alphonse Daudet is well known—his poverty, his coming to Paris to his brother Ernest, where both starved and froze and wrote in a garret—of the Empress seeing some of Alphonse's poetry, and the next day De Morny's grand carriage driving up to the poet's miserable lodgings—and his fortune was made. Alphonse had to borrow a coat to return the Duke's visit in, and in a trice was made private secretary to the President of the Senate, which was then De Morny's official place. It is generally said that Daudet was the duke's personal private secretary, but he was not. However, this does not in the least extenuate his baseness. He introduced a good many apocryphas in the "Nabob"—such as Mora being in love with Felicia Ruys (Sara Bernhardt), but this did not make the book less interesting.

Like the Emperor, the Duke's name was Charles Louis. He was born on the 20th of October, 1811, and was introduced to the world as the son of the Comte de Morny, who lived in the West Indies,

and as the nephew of the Comte de Flahault, who kept the boy with him as long as he lived. Mme. de Suza, mother of the two counts, was a woman of much brilliance, and had one of the gayest salons in Paris. Queen Hortense had left De Morny an annuity of forty thousand francs, but Mme. de Suza got hold of the principal and gambled it all away.

When, therefore, De Morny was twenty-one, he found himself a sub-lieutenant in the army, with nothing but his pay to live on. For a time he was condemned to the monotony of barrack life. This was his acquisitive period for books, for it was impossible for him not to be acquiring something—power, money, or information. He read enormously, his favorite studies being metaphysics and theology. All knowledge was grist to the mill of this extraordinary sub-lieutenant. Later on he went to Algiers, where he won the Cross of the Legion of Honor for saving the life of General Trezel under the walls of Constantine. It was rather a queer coincidence that Marshal St. Arnaud, afterward, next to De Morny, the moving spirit of the *coup d'état*, should have received the same decoration on the same occasion and for the same reason—for bravery in rescuing his superior officer. It is still more singular that De Morny should have then met, for the first time, General Changarnier, the leader of the Opposition to the *coup d'état*—all three of these men being then unknown in French politics. Changarnier and St. Arnaud were, however, already distinguished as military men, but De Morny, destined to be their master, was, as yet, only a subaltern. His acquaintance with Changarnier came about by the latter generously dividing with him some oranges, when both were racked with fever under an African sun. But that did not prevent De Morny from clapping Changarnier into the Mazas prison on the famous 2d of December. This illustrates very aptly the savage coolness of an epigram made by de Morny—"One is relieved from painful discussions with an enemy by locking him up."

At this time De Morny formed an attachment to that Frederick, Duke of Orleans, who was credited with most of the brains of his family, and who died by

an accident in 1842. Through him De Morny became intimate with the whole Orleans family, and earned the name of Orleanist. He afterward performed the most disinterested act of his life when he resigned the portfolio of the Interior rather than give his official sanction to the confiscation of the Orleans estates. The constant friendship he showed the Orleans princes caused the Emperor's celebrated *mot*: "Nobody can complain that all parties are not represented in my *entourage*. I am a Socialist, the Empress is a Legitimist, Prince Napoleon is a Republican, De Morny is an Orleanist. Persigny is the only Imperialist in the lot, and he is more than half mad."

Upon his return from Algiers, De Morny resigned from the army, and, raising a little money by some occult means, made a series of brilliant *coups* on the Bourse. He misused in this respect one of his greatest gifts. He had an economic and financial genius of the first order, and was connected with some of the soundest commercial schemes of the time, like the introduction of beet-root sugar in 1838. By this he made vast sums. Then was begun his career of sensational operator on the Bourse, of the man of fashion, of love affairs, of the hero of *foyers* and *coulisses*, the patron of the theatre, the buyer of pictures and horses—in short, the dazzling existence which lasted until that night in March, 1865. He was born an incurable gambler and speculator, and he could no more keep away from the Bourse than he could stop breathing of his own will. He was a Monte Cristo for spending money, and he operated as if he had the mines of Mexico and Peru at his back. He was a terror and a perpetual menace to the French speculators, and did more than any man who ever lived to draw still closer the hazardous union between politics and the markets, which is the bane of European politics.

But although he gained distinction as a soldier and a financier, the true bent of his genius was toward political life. He closely observed the drift of politics—this club-lounger, this most charming and popular man in Paris. Louis Napoleon knew all about him, though they had never met; and one of his first acts after becoming President was to send for

De Morny. One night in February, 1849, De Morny was sent for to the Elysée. The whole night the half-brothers remained locked up in the President's private room, and when, at daylight, De Morny left, the President had won the man who was to help more than any other to make him Emperor.

Apparently there was no change in De Morny after this. He was at the Elysée constantly, but oftener in the dead of night than the fullness of day. He carefully refrained from allying himself with any party, and kept on good terms with all members of the Assembly. In the autumn of 1851 he saw the President every day, but his hidden political activity did not prevent his giving dinners and balls, and visiting half-a-dozen theatres in the evening. About that time, Marshal St. Arnaud reappeared in Paris. He and De Morny were often together.

It is at this time that the De Morny of history appears. History then has irrevocably associated him with the *coup d'état*. It is not proposed here to discuss the rights and wrongs of the *coup d'état*, but most thinkers adopt Lord Palmerston's laconic opinion in this great, but bloodless French Revolution—"If the President had not struck when he did, he would have been knocked over himself." A change was inevitable, and Louis Napoleon took advantage of it. The ugliest feature of the *coup d'état* was the arrest of members of the National Assembly. This, to an Anglo-Saxon mind, conveys an impression of the most frightful anarchy. But there is an enormous difference between the French and the Anglo-Saxon idea of constitutional government, of which, it must be acknowledged, the French idea is simply infantile. If the *coup d'état* proved anything, it did the total incapacity of the French to understand moral power, unsupported by physical force.

The detractors of Louis Napoleon have exalted the Duke de Morny at the expense of the Prince President. They could not deny that only a master mind could have conceived the bloodless revolution of the 2d December—for bloodless it was, in spite of the assertions of Kinglake and others, which have been absolutely disproved. More than sixty deputies paraded about Paris,

vainly trying to raise an insurrection. One—Baudin—made a barricade, and was shot, some say, by his own people. To show the tranquillity of Paris, four days after the *coup d'état* Louis Napoleon went to a ball at the Duke of Hamilton's alone, unattended by a single guard, in a one-horse brougham.

Louis Napoleon and De Morny, made between them, one man of surpassing genius. Alone, neither was complete. Louis Napoleon had the wit to contrive and the courage to execute great projects. But he lacked the ability to attend to details. It was here that the exquisite common sense of De Morny came in. It may be noted that all of Louis Napoleon's misfortunes which followed De Morny's death were caused by an ignorance of the actual state of affairs.

Toward the latter part of December, 1851, the air in Paris was full of rumors. Something was impending, and it might be barricades. Nothing, however, disturbed the coolness of De Morny. He frequented his usual haunts, and did not once miss his afternoon ride in the Bois de Boulogne. On the night before the 2nd of December he was at the Theatre Comique. He had just come from the Elysée when, at ten o'clock in the evening, he, Persigny, and St. Arnaud had held their last conference with Louis Napoleon. The proclamations were ready, and across the final draft Louis Napoleon had written the word "Rubicon." De Morny, at the theatre, sauntered smiling into the box of a reigning beauty, Mme. Liadères. Mme. de Liadères said boldly, "Count, it is said there is to be a clean sweep to-morrow. On which side will you be found?" "On the side of the broom-handle, I hope, Madame," promptly answered De Morny.

From the theatre he went to the Jockey Club, where he played whist with Count Daru and others until the early hours. At the club house he enclosed two Jockey Club tickets for the next day to a friend, with a note saying: "If you have any trouble, send for me." Considering what the next day's employment was to be, this ranks as rather a grim joke. To St. Arnaud had been intrusted the easy task of bringing over the army by the magic of the Napoleonic name. To De Morny fell the real post of danger—the

breaking up of the National Assembly. Some of "the conspirators" as it is the fashion to call them, objected to the arrests meditated by De Morny. "Gentlemen," said he, "I risk my head in this affair. Permit me then to take what precautions I think necessary." Again, it was proposed that there should be an overwhelming display of military force. This De Morny's powerful good sense prevented. The force was there, but it was discreetly disguised. Louis Napoleon said: "Let De Morny alone. He has the iron hand under the velvet glove."

At seven o'clock on the morning of December 2nd all was over. The proclamations were posted, the army won over, the National Assembly dissolved. The scenes when the deputies were arrested have been described as sublime, when the truth is, many of them were extremely ludicrous, especially when it is remembered that nothing was meditated against the deputies except locking them up for a day or two. M. Thiers was perfectly terrified, and actually cried in the excess of his agitation; but when he found that he was only to be kept out of the way while a government was formed, in which he not only had no part, but his opinion was not even asked, he recovered his courage surprisingly, and made the *gens d'armes* a lofty speech, at which they grinned broadly. But if the case of those who were arrested was sad, that of those who were not arrested was sadder. Then it was that Victor Hugo's little adventure with the commissary occurred. In vain, the deputies marched about denouncing the "conspirators," especially De Morny, and courting arrest. But that astute person declined to oblige them. He was bent on managing his own revolution his own way, and nothing the deputies could say or do could induce him to give them a grievance. During the whole time, De Morny not only never lost his coolness, but his gayety. An agitated Prefect of Police telegraphed him: "It is said that the Twelfth Dragoons have arrived at St. Germain with the Comte de Chambord in their ranks. I can hardly believe it." De Morny telegraphed back: "And I can't believe it at all." An officer commanding a cavalry squadron, meeting with some feeble opposition, lost his

head, and sent an aide galloping off to De Morny with this message: "The mob is firing through a gate. What is to be done?" "Fire back through the gate, of course," De Morny responded. Two members of the Mountain, more venturesome than the rest, penetrated into De Morny's presence, and ordered him to consider himself their prisoner. De Morny did not even call upon the *gens d'armes* to put them out, but nevertheless they went faster than they came.

In twenty-four hours Louis Napoleon was Emperor, and De Morny was his minister. Then the men who had opposed De Morny in arresting the deputies, intoxicated with success, opposed their release. But De Morny did not intend to let the deputies pose as the victims of outraged liberty. He released every one of them. But here a new difficulty arose. The deputies refused to accept of their liberty. However, De Morny had another *coup* ready for them. One morning the *gens d'armes* appeared at the Mazas prison with vans and carriages. Into them the deputies were hustled, with cut-throat language. The deputies were happy. They embraced and exhorted each other to courage. They were at last martyrs. They were driven out into a large plain near Paris. Their guards changed from ferocity to grinning delight. "Get out!" they said. "You are free!" Rage and curses greeted the ruse, but when the guards began to take the horses out of the vehicles, the martyrs were constrained to accept of their liberty or walk back to Paris. So ended the *coup d'état*.

De Morny's part as Minister of the Interior was to pacify France. He inaugurated the policy of developing French commerce and industries, of giving workmen cheap bread, of Haussmanizing Paris. He had an intimate knowledge of the wants of the middle classes, singular in a natural aristocrat like himself, proud even of his bar sinister of royalty. He had vast power, prestige, and wealth, but by degrees his passion for luxury and vice took fierce hold of him. Perhaps, as his enemies alleged, he was glad when the confiscation of the Orleans estates, which he strongly opposed, gave him an excuse to lay down the arduous duties of a portfolio. He was given a place more brilliant and less laborious—that of life-

president of the *Corps Legislatif*. He had a splendid official residence at the Palais de Bourbon, and part of his duty was the giving of splendid fêtes to popularize the empire with the aristocracy. He was an accomplished parliamentarian, and soon made himself master of the somewhat miscellaneous crew called the *Corps Legislatif*. He was always popular among them, and at critical times could invariably be depended upon to leave his tumultuous pleasures, his literary pastimes, his vast speculations, his luxuries, and his vices, to do yeoman's work in the Chamber for the Emperor. He had what is rare among Frenchmen—an enlarged view of European politics. His friendship with Lord Palmerston, his popularity, and his command of the English language, caused him to be made ambassador to England. He was a strong advocate of the English alliance, and he was a brilliant and powerful ambassador. But he could not stay long away from Paris. He returned and began again that splendid and furious existence in which he delighted. He was an enlightened patron of the theatre, and in the whirl of politics, diplomacy, luxury, and speculation, found time to write charming vaudevilles, which were produced with great applause under the name of M. de St. Rémy. The best known of these is the amusing "M. Choufleury Resterà Chez Lui." He was the founder of the watering-place of Beauville, where the inhabitants erected a statue of him. It is impossible to say where his energies ended, and yet he was a professed man of pleasure. He founded the Grand Prix in 1863, which at once raised the French turf to the level of the Derby. He had one hundred and forty-five horses in his stables at Chantilly, and this one indulgence cost him six hundred thousand francs a year. He had a box by the year at every theatre in Paris. His picture gallery cost him two million francs, and his collection of bric-a-brac one million francs more. The Emperor gave to him liberally, but not all the wealth of all the Rothschilds would have supplied this magnificent spendthrift. De Morny's crime was not that of the 2d of December—it was the taking of money from all sides, all parties, all men. He, the President of the *Corps Legislatif*, received every year a

subsidy from the Viceroy of Egypt. He, with Jecker, the Swiss banker, and Miramon, President of Mexico, organized a gigantic scheme to float worthless Mexican bonds. It is remarkable that of these three men, De Morny was the only one who died peaceably in his bed. But venal as De Morny was, he never swerved from his loyalty to Louis Napoleon. He was bold enough to combat the Emperor when he thought him mistaken. He opposed the marriage with Eugenie until the Emperor asked his advice.

In 1856-7 he went as ambassador to Russia. At the time, it was important that Russia should be impressed with the wealth and power of France. De Morny made it the most splendid embassy of modern times, and negotiated a commercial treaty which is a monument to his genius. But he did not scruple to take large quantities of dutiable goods into Russia under cover of that international courtesy which exempts an envoy's effects from search at the custom house. These goods he sold at an enormous profit. In Moscow he met and married the beautiful Princess Troubetskoi. This woman loved him to the end. In 1862 he was made Duke, instead of the Count de Morny. He strongly opposed the recognition of the Confederacy during the civil war, and is chiefly responsible for Louis Napoleon not committing himself to the Confederate Commissioners.

But De Morny's hour was near. He was only a little over fifty, but life had gone with him at a terrific pace. He was apparently as stately, as graceful as ever when he took his Sunday rides in the Bois on his magnificent English thoroughbred—he was one of the regular sights of the Parisian Sunday. But an insidious anæmia was besetting him. The ruddy color in his face was not his own. Naturally, death and oblivion were abnormally hateful to this man, and he made a grim and uncompromising fight for his life. It was reported that he would not be able to open the *Corps Legislatif* on the 15th February, 1865, but when the day came, he was in the President's chair. His indomitable eye was as clear as ever, his graceful figure as upright, and every resource of art had been called in to conceal the ravages of disease—but nothing could wholly conceal the signs

of the tremendous conflict in which his bold spirit was engaged. On Sunday, the 5th of March, he rode in the Bois for the last time. On Wednesday, he had a terrible paroxysm. Toward the last there was a mystery about his death. It has been alleged that he had become an arsenic eater. Daudet represents him to have died from an arsenical preparation given him by a fashionable quack to keep up a factitious strength. This is severe on the celebrated Véron, who was de Morny's constant medical attendant, but who was not entirely free from a suspicion of quackery. De Morny himself did not suspect his desperate condition, as it was only after his frightful attack on Wednesday that he made any memoranda for a will. That night, the doctors held a secret consultation, and told him of his fate. De Morny received the news with his usual cool courage. He sent for his papers and had most of them burned before his eyes. He would not allow his wife to be told, and she went on with the preparations for a grand ball to be given at the Palais.

He asked once in those three terrible days: "What are they saying of this in Paris?" But after that he relapsed into stupor. Occasionally he rallied and became conscious, when he was the same De Morny—stoical, uncomplaining, full of a fortitude that in a better man would have been called sublime. What passed at that last interview on that March midnight, between these extraordinary half brothers, the Emperor and De Morny, was never known, only that after it was over De Morny was the calmer of the two. And so, in the night of the 10th of March, De Morny died. When the body was embalmed, the weight of the brain was phenomenal.

On the Sunday following his death he was buried. The morning was snowy and sleety and bitterly cold, yet never was there such a funeral in Paris, except the First Napoleon's.

His widow cut off her long yellow hair and laid it on his coffin; bad he might be, but yet he was much loved. Thus was De Morny—a man who in some ways reached greatness, and of whom France need not be wholly ashamed, but of whom one in a century is as much as any country could stand.



ELDER YAMMERLICH.

A SCHNATTERNDORF EPISODE.

A POSTHUMOUS STORY.

BY PORTE CRAYON.

(Illustrated by Geo. Wharton Edwards.)

MRS. KAUFMANN, in her high-topped cap and neat white apron, sat quietly knitting in the back room of her modest but comfortable residence in the village of Schnatterndorf, when she heard a hasty knock at the street door. Before she had time to respond, a female neighbor, similarly capped and aproned, rushed in breathless and threw herself into a vacant broad-bottomed arm-chair.

"What's the news, Sister Ohrenblazer?" asked the hostess, resuming her knitting with a placidity in decided contrast with the sputtering agitation of her visitor.

"What!" exclaimed she, "haven't you heard it? Why, they say Elder Rosenkranz is pretty nigh gone—can't last over night, certain—and I wonder if we hadn't better be gittin' somethin' ready for the supper."

Mrs. Kaufmann was aware of the fact that the Elder was very low, but hadn't thought of the supper. There would be plenty of time for that, she guessed. But perhaps it would be well to think over the matter, and while she fumbled for her keys, half a dozen more dames dropped in by different approaches, Sisters Blumenkohl and Garber entering by the front, and Sisters Knodel, Gansfett, Schnitz and Schimmelpfennig coming by the shorter route of the side-gate—all more or less out of breath—with confirmatory tidings of the Elder's critical condition, and full of suggestions and speculations in regard to the supper.

Dame Kaufmann, who was apparently of a calmer temperament than most of her neighbors, said she didn't see the use of being in such a hurry. Some people didn't go off as soon as the doctors expected, and she'd made up her mind not to begin cooking anything until she knew the Elder was dead and his coffin ordered.

Didn't they recollect old Mrs. Frams? How she kept on a-dying and a-dying for at least two weeks, and, after holding out false pretenses until everybody in the town had got up their best dishes and the supper table even partly set out, what should she do but get well, and is now pert and saucy, making game of her neighbors, who were so anxious to get up her funeral supper, and a-braggin' that she's most likely to set up at theirs.

Meanwhile, half a dozen more had been added to the company, and the discussion became general and diffusive. The dying Elder, it was urged, was none of your old Mrs. Frams, but had always been a man of his word, standing strictly to his engagements, and it was therefore concluded that those who intended to get up salads, soups, cakes, and cold dishes, might go ahead without fear of disappointment, while such as undertook the hot cookery had better wait for notice from the undertaker.

Elder Rosenkranz was reputed the richest, and consequently the most important, person in the village. Mrs. Kaufmann averred that her husband, who knew all about it, estimated his fortune at over thirty thousand dollars, invested in houses and lands which brought him an income of not less than fifteen hundred dollars a year. Notwithstanding this, he always lived plain like his neighbors. Some called him mean, but he was always very liberal to the church, and was, in fact, the financial mainstay of that institution in Schnatterndorf.

About five years ago he had taken it into his head to marry the village beauty, who was young enough to be his granddaughter. But as the girl was poor, dependent, and an orphan, while the Elder was rich and had no expectant relatives to disappoint, the tempest of criticism which such an event might naturally have aroused sizzled out in a few very innocent and commonplace commentaries. The maidens who might have been tempted to do likewise said the Elder was an old fool, and the bachelors who had reckoned the fair maiden as among the fond possibilities, called the Elder's bride a young fool, and so the social disturbance subsided.

It had been confidently prophesied that the presence of the "old man's darling" in the house would bring about a notable change in his style of living, but in this even the most reasonable expectations of the public were disappointed. The new carriage with the spanking pair—even the neat one-horse phaeton—failed to appear. Neither did the newly-married couple entertain as liberally as the village censors had proposed. Two or three preachers were billeted upon them during the sessions of the synod, and between times a chance missionary or travelling Bible agent laid over at the Elder's. The community of Schnatterndorf had been unusually flush in its social civilities and offers of advice and assistance to the young housekeeper; yet, although nobody could complain of a lack of courtesy, there was a certain quiet self-possession about the lady which rather discouraged these neighborly effusions. So the stream gradually dried up.

A few persistent old stagers, indeed,

by dint of watching opportunities, broad hints, and overstaying their time, did manage to ring in at a meal occasionally, but their reports were unfavorable. The old man was always ailing, and the dishes served looked more like doctors' prescriptions than good, wholesome victuals, while the young wife, on her part, seemed quite indifferent to dainty fare at table as she was to the various receipts for making sausages, liverwurst, black and white puddings, head cheese, kraut, and pickled peppers, which the visitors so generously volunteered for her benefit.

The lapse of time did not mend matters, for Providence sent no children to open their hearts and break up their social seclusion; and as the old man grew older, folks said he grew meaner every day, until even the church collectors complained of his pinching subscription. Some blamed her with it, for what motive could that decaying body have for heaping up treasures on earth at the risk of starving his soul in the world to come? She, they said, would inherit his wealth, and therefore encouraged his stinginess.

The very aspect of the house was becoming dreary and desolate. The flowers in the pots ranged in the front windows withered one after another, and were not replaced. The trees planted in the yard died, and the dried sticks stood as monuments of forgetfulness.

The Elder at length became bed-ridden, and the young wife never went out except to church, and then appeared so modestly dressed and so closely veiled that people forgot she was handsome, and Gossip dropped her name from its bulletin board.

But the imminent demise of the old man had chunked up the smothered fires, and the prospect of having a wealthy young widow on their hands had set the whole community in a blaze.

Elder Rosenkranz maintained his character for reliability to the last, and took his departure for the other world about daylight next morning.

CHAPTER II.

It was a busy and important day for Schnatterndorf. The villagers were habitual early risers, and although there were neither electric telegraphs nor tele-

phones, the news got round before half the people were out of their beds.

The leading dames of the gossiping hierarchy hustled on their clothes and hastened to offer their condolence and services to the bereaved widow. Several got there before sunrise, yet found they had been anticipated.

Elder Jeremiah Yammerlich, the nearest neighbor, and pious coadjutor of the deceased, stood at the gate and received all comers with the air of one in authority.

He was a tall, slab-sided personage, with a face of superhuman length and preposterous solemnity, surmounted by a bald head. He was a widower, and acknowledged to sixty, the father of two red-headed, long-necked daughters, who were already inside solacing the afflicted. Elder Yammerlich was poor in this world's goods, and consequently never contributed to anything in specie, but made up for it by his zeal in good works. He was a most persistent collector and manager of the church funds, and esteemed as a useful and respectable member of the congregation. Yet he was not reputed a cheerful companion nor popular at social gatherings.

"Now, in Schnatterndorf, where there was no theatre, where perambulating circuses or itinerant minstrels never appeared, where social gayety was unknown, and fiddling and dancing held as abominations, and nothing considered orthodox which was not consecrated by the usages of the church, a funeral was the pre-eminent social gathering—a sort of universal surprise party, a public picnic to which everybody contributed with neighborly sympathy, and everybody attended as a pious duty. Sumptuous feasts were spread, at which solemnity soon warmed into cheerfulness, and often ended in conviviality. Man is the creature of reactions, and especially among young people; repression provokes merriment, and giggling is twin-sister to tears. So the good people of the village enjoyed their funerals, their big suppers and the spicy contrasts between mourning and feasting, solemnity and jollity, dignity and absurdity, and it was a priceless privilege to have so much fun in the fulfilment of a Christian duty.

Very naturally the success of these

entertainments depended in a great measure upon those who had the management of the feast. Public expectation had been very much exalted on the present occasion, and a committee of notable housewives had already been agreed upon to superintend the supper, and there was considerable jealousy and dissatisfaction manifested when it appeared that so austere and dictatorial a person as Elder Yammerlich had assumed full and authoritative direction.

He had already ordered the coffin and arranged the ceremonies, as he asserted, in accordance with the last wishes of his deceased brother. Those known to be expert with the needle were assigned to the sewing department to get up the mourning for the widow. Several elderly and experienced dames were requested to attend her personally as special comforters. Others were ordered to superintend the spreading of the table, and others to receive and arrange contributions as they came in. The supper would commence at seven o'clock P. M., and no fermented or distilled liquors would be permitted to appear.

The women folks, old and young, listened quietly to the Elder's orders, and then distributed themselves as suited their convenience without paying any attention to them.

Some smiled, others sneered; Gretchen Baumgartner, a pert girl, said the Elder 'minded her of Raw-head-and-Bloody-Bones, and was enough to scare folks away from the funeral. Dame Schimmelpfennig wanted to know if Elder Yammerlich had 'pinted himself 'ministrator of the Rosenkranz estate, widder and all? Mrs. Knodle thought he'd better wait 'till the corpse was out of the house before he took possession—him and his gals.

The Elder was too much preoccupied with the solemnity of the occasion and the magnitude of the responsibilities he was assuming to notice these petty, rebellious manifestations, and as nobody had authority to contradict him, the arrangements proceeded smoothly under his general direction.

The contributions for the supper began to come in about noon, and the first that arrived was a plate of sliced onions, which, one of the younger attendants

A NEIGHBOR BURST BREATHLESSLY INTO THE ROOM.



George Wilkins, Esq.

irreverently remarked, must have been intended to assist the widow in her demonstrations of grief. The malicious baggage was properly rebuked, and thereafter the spreading of the board proceeded with more decorum. Indeed, the supplies began to come in so briskly that there was no more leisure for jokes or comments. Baskets, trays, waiters and single dishes covered with cloths and napkins of exquisite neatness and varied adornments, woven, knit and embroidered, covered the side tables and half the available floor, and the lifted covers revealed the fact that Schnatterndorf had ransacked its larders and concentrated all its domestic skill and experience on the coming festival.

There were pickled pig's feet, cold boiled hams, curds and cream, white and black puddings, cucumber pickles, apple and pumpkin pies, roasted pigs, baked geese, stuffed eggs, stewed tripe, huckleberries in molasses, smoked herrings, beet and potato salads, sausages and sauerkraut, fried doughnuts, head cheese, waffles with sugar and cinnamon, giblet pies, scalded lettuce, veal cutlets and fried cabbage, with such a variety of sweet cakes, fancy breads, pickles and preserves that it would tax the writer's vocabulary to name and the readers' patience to con them.

This heterogeneous but appetizing bill of fare was not served in courses as fashionable folks affect nowadays, but all fairly spread together on the groaning board, flanked by pitchers of sweet milk and buttermilk, with pots of tea and coffee already creamed and sweetened to facilitate service.

As the attendance far surpassed the capacities of any private house or table to accommodate, when it was announced that the eating was to commence the guests were marshalled in by detachments, the elders and most dignified personages being first seated.

After them came another company by selection and haphazard; then another and another, until the half-grown girls and boys, ravenous and clamoring, closed in and cleared the table of the platters.

The serving was done by the spryest matrons and prettiest girls by turns, and when the feast was concluded there was left over a goodly reserve of untouched

dishes held back by discreet managers for the entertainment of the watchers during the night.

CHAPTER III.

On the especial occasion of which we treat, Elder Yammerlich presided as a matter of course, and opened the performances with a grace which, if not eloquent and appropriate, was impressively solemn and tedious. Its conclusion was followed by a most animated clatter of knives, forks and plates, and a gush of cheerful jabbering. As the viands were distributed and appetites began to lose their sharp edge the conversation became more methodical. "How is she and how does she bear it?" asked a high-capped dame that sat at the Elder's elbow.

"Calm," replied he, with some hesitation—"calm, but not altogether in a happy frame of mind."

"Ah! I see—overwhelmed with grief—not acquiescing in the dispensations of Providence—what a pity!" "No, not that exactly," returned the Elder, knitting his brows and endeavoring to weigh his words accurately, "on that subject she has behaved beautiful, and manifests a saintly resignation; but she has showed a degree of stuckupness—a sort of a worldly spirit—carried away as it were by the vanities of eternal pomp and empty observances. Would you believe it? she is discontented with the coffin and is a-grieving unduly because it haint adorned with nickel plated handles and sich like gew-gaws. She can't reconcile herself to the thought of that dear form a mouldering away in a coffin that haint got up in fashionable style. I have tried to reason with her and represent the sinfulness of these repinings."

Here the Elder was somewhat sharply interrupted by Miss Schnitz: "Well! Rosenkranz was rich, and I don't see why the widow shouldn't enjoy the happiness of giving him a respectable funeral. If I had a husband"—(Miss Schnitz was at least sixty-five and hesitated a moment as she observed the quizzical glances of some of the young folks in hearing, but with a counter glance of humorous defiance she resumed)—"Yes, if ever I should have the luck to get a rich husband, you bet, but he should have a funeral

that would be talked about. Such chances didn't come so often that they should be neglected."

The Elder retorted with increasing warmth: "The coffin was the best that could be got up in the place, neat and comfortable—just the style the deceased occupant would admire if he was living—neither too common nor too fine. It had cost twenty-five dollars and fitted to a T."

Several other ladies took ground against the Elder. They had heard the widow herself on the subject. She had looked forward to this opportunity for a long time, flattered by the hope of being able to show her affection and high appreciation of the departed by burying him in a style that his virtues and high standing demanded, and now to be shabbed off with such a coffin as that was both a disappointment and a mortification. Twenty-five dollars! What was that for such a man as Elder Rosenkranz! Why, an uncle of Mrs. Gansfett was lately buried in Philadelphia, and his coffin cost two hundred and fifty dollars—they had it from Mrs. G. herself, who very naturally felt elevated in claiming relationship with so respectable a ceremonial.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars!" exclaimed the Elder, groaning and rolling up his eyes. "Why, that would go a good way toward building the parsonage we are so much in need of here, and to think of spending such an amount in sinful vanities to be put under ground where they could do no good either to the dead or the living."

The discussion waxed hotter and hotter, until Elder Yammerlich finally discovered that his zeal in assuming the management of the widow and her affairs had led him into difficulties from which he did not know how to extricate himself. He endeavored to apologize by stating that no coffin trimmings could be got anywhere nearer than York, which was at least twenty-five miles off, and it would take a day and a half to send for them by the stage. The funeral was set for ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and couldn't be put off, for the corpse wouldn't keep. He hoped his good friends wouldn't make any more fuss over it, but use their influence to calm and console their afflicted sister and reconcile her to the inevitable.

At this point a handsome young fellow who had been busy with knife and fork, apparently heedless of the conversation, suddenly rose and in a rich and sonorous voice recited:

"Can storied urn or animated bust

"Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

"Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,

"Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?"

As he closed he disappeared as suddenly and unceremoniously.

"What has struck Klapper Rhymesmith?" broke from the surprised group.

"One of his crazy notions," replied another; "perhaps some verses for the occasion got into his head and he's gone to finish 'em off."

"More likely," suggested Hahns Wohgelmuth, a red-nosed quiz, "he's choked on this dry supper, and gone to get a drink of something to wash it down."

Elder Yammerlich was thoughtful and solemn. "I was surprised," said he, "to see that Philistine present himself on an occasion like the present, for he is not in the habit of frequenting godly assemblies. But if he is the author of that hymn he begun giving out just now, I'd like to get the tune of it and have it sung at the services to-morrow. It would do good—and moreover, there may be some hope finally for a sinner who can express such sensible sentiments."

By nine o'clock the great body of the company had taken leave and gone home to bed, to undergo their respective indigestions in the form of nightmares, cholics, cholera-morbus, as the case might be.

Half a dozen couples of the younger folks remained behind to wake the body. The remnants of the supper had been concentrated on a side table to sustain the watchers during the night.

The first hours were spent in singing hymns and general conversation, with occasional returns to the refreshment table.

By midnight they had separated into assorted couples, esconced in shady corners, behind window-curtains and opened doors, where in long whispering *tête à têtes* they exchanged gossiping anecdotes, courting and making up love quarrels.

Those that were with their sweethearts stood it bravely—those that were not in

love, or whose doxies were absent, yawned and nodded, and toward the heavy hours preceding the dawn slept outright.

Those who attended the widow reported that she rested peacefully, but woke in the morning still persisting in her discontent with the coffin, and refusing to be comforted.

CHAPTER IV.

The sun was just peering above the blue hills, when the night watchers, having been all waked up, were assembled for the last time around the supper table, now reinforced with hot beverages and re-christened the breakfast table.

Some of the girls affected satiety, but the boys seemed to ignore the fact that they had been eating all night and went in with a will.

Presently they heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs ringing down the stony street, dogs barking and geese cackling as the hard-riding courier passed. Then all sprung to their feet, as with a sort of crash the steed stopped short in front of the house, while the heavy thud of boot heels and jingling of spurs announced that the rider had dismounted.

Before anyone could reach the door, it was already opened, and the handsome poet of last night's supper table stood on the threshold reeling with fatigue and spattered with mud up to his ears, but his face flushed with excitement and his eye lighted with triumph.

The chorus of exclamations he silenced with an imperious gesture. "Exclaim not, gallants! Question not. The impossible is accomplished." Then, his eye lighting on the breakfast table, he flung himself into a chair and swigged a cup of coffee which one of the admiring maidens poured for him. Then wiping his moustache and declining any more solid refreshment, he said in a tone of respectful assurance: "I wish to see the Widow Rosenkranz immediately, but for a moment." That lady was in the hands of her volunteer dress fitters when this rather peremptory and unceremonious summons was delivered.

Her attendants were both surprised and indignant, while the widow's cheeks flushed and her pencilled brows arched. She hesitated a moment and then quietly

observed, "He would hardly have called at this time without some sufficient reason. Tell him I will see him in a moment."

Then she slipped on a very becoming morning wrapper, threw a light kerchief around her neck, made a few little movements toward arranging her hair—rather instinctive and involuntary than premeditated, then quietly presented herself to her matutinal visitor with a mute courtesy and questioning eyes.

Rhymesmith had his speech well conned, and got it off with grace and precision—prefaced with a bow that might have been satisfactory at an imperial presentation.

"Madame, having accidentally been informed of your very praiseworthy and pious wish to have your lamented husband's burial casket properly ornamented, I have taken the liberty to procure what your authorized agent seems to have forgotten or has been unable to obtain, hoping that you will consider the motive as sufficient apology for this untimely visit."

With that he lugged a brown paper package out of each pocket of his muddy overcoat, and, untying them hurriedly, displayed upon the table a full set of silver-plated coffin handles, with screws and plates, all dazzling to behold.

The lady's expressions of surprise and gratification at this unexpected realization of her wishes were frank and undisguised, but not voiced in words. Her cheeks flushed like roses in June, her bosom heaved and her eyes suffused with tears.

Almost unconsciously she extended her white, plump hand, which the bold Cavalier clasped in both of his so fervently that it must have hurt her, for her face glowed still rosier, and, precipitately withdrawing the squeezed member, she murmured her thanks in a few incoherent words and retired.

The undertaker was sent for without delay. The ornaments were screwed on the casket, and at the hour appointed the funeral came off to the satisfaction of everybody, all the assistants agreeing that the silver-plated handles added greatly to the dignity and impressiveness of the ceremonies. And everybody had a good word to say for Klapper Rhyme-

smith. What if he was half cracked and wore long hair like a Philistine, and wrote nonsensical verses about the girls, and never paid his debts, and got into sprees, making night hideous with ungodly songs and throwing empty store boxes round, and made game of the Elders and played the fiddle on Sunday. He certainly had a good heart and would risk his neck any time to do a friendly service. Hadn't he rid fifty miles inside of one night and killed the horse he borrowed from Ferdbower, jist to oblige the Widow Rosenkranz, who was a grieving about them coffin rings? That was like a gentleman.

Elder Yammerlich, however, shook his head solemnly whenever the unlucky adventure was alluded to. He saw things in another light and walked apart, mournfully meditating.

Not that he thought of himself or his own interests, but that he, one of the anointed, should have been even temporarily trapped down by this rattle-brained son of Belial was of itself unfortunate for the cause of virtue and public morality, while even the prospects of the church might be endangered by the triumph of the wicked. But no. The Elder's faith was solid. The green bay tree could only flourish for a while. Fortunately for the Elder's equanimity of mind, certain heterodox notions concerning the place of future punishment had not yet penetrated into the humble parish in which he officiated. So he comforted himself by mentally consigning his enemy to that future abode, where pious people billet all their disagreeable and cantankerous neighbors, exclaiming with a groan: "O Lord, how long?" and then departed to his own house.

CHAPTER V.

"A plague of sighing and grief; it blows a man up like a bladder." This was the experience of the immortal Falstaff, and physiological observers of the present day cannot have failed to remark the effect of a similar régime on young widows. How delightfully they plump up and beautify under the mourning veils, like plants under blue glass!

Married at eighteen, Elder Rosenkranz's bride was pronounced the pret-

tiest girl that had worn the orange blossoms in that district for many a year, but during her five years of married life she seemed to have gone gradually into eclipse—growing thinner and paler from year to year, her erect and stylish carriage drooping, and apparently losing even her interest in dress, which pulls a woman down sooner than anything else.

Now a year and a day had passed since the events we have narrated in one former chapter, and yet the general public had had as yet no opportunity of judging what Falstaff's régime had done for the Widow Rosenkranz. She had never appeared on the streets except on Sundays, on her way to and from church, and then she was orientally muffled in crepe and bombazine.

It is true that this sombre disguise did not entirely conceal the graceful contours of the figure that wore it, and it was sufficiently evident that the feet and ankles on which it moved were not modelled on the Schnatterndorf pattern, and those who followed into church—more intent on watching than praying—might occasionally, by favor of summer breezes through the open windows, or the suffocation of overheated stoves in winter, be rewarded by a glimpse of a little ear, like a bit of pink wax-work, with adjacencies of rosy velvet cheek and alabaster neck, or a momentary flash from beneath the crepe veil, as of a star twinkling through a cloud. But these glimpses of paradise were few and far between, and only fell to those who attended the ministrations of the Reverend Bohrer with untiring patience and assiduity. For the rest, the high-capped coterie who had the Widow in charge kept the outside world informed in regard to her good temper and cheerfulness and resignation, discussing her moral and psychological status from day to day with profound speculations and surmises, as to when and how soon she might be expected to lay aside her sable panoply and smile upon society again, or, as the irreverent expressed it, begin to take notice.

Now, under bloody despotisms and your bloated aristocracies in the Old World, it used to be the rule, and is yet for all we know to the contrary, for the kings, rulers and heads of noble houses to arrogate to themselves the disposal in mar-

riage of all the fairest maids and richly dowered widows in their respective domains; but in this glorious land of liberty and progressive democracy, this, and all other business, public or private, is managed by the people acting through self-appointed committees, gratuitous conventions and volunteer meddling societies. For six months past the managing female Elders of Schnatterndorf had been holding private meetings to propose and discuss candidates to fill the vacancy in the household of the late Elder Rosenkranz.

This august assembly, composed of matured matrons whose children were grown up, ancient spinsters and respectable widows, was of the nature of a close corporation, self-elected and exclusive, only admitting to permanent membership such as stood well in the church and whose long experience in managing other people's business insured their competency to treat the high questions involved.

But the patent weakness of all popular assemblies is their tendency to divide into parties and split up into factions. This evil in male assemblies is partially remedied by the development of bosses by whose ability and adroitness chaos may be resolved into order, and impracticable fractiousness turned to decisive action.

But woman can't be bossed under any circumstances, most especially by one of her own sex. Being essentially autocratic in her nature, she does not comprehend the significance of majorities and won't be voted down. Hence female deliberative assemblies are apt to end in chaos unresolved.

Fatal symptoms of this malady had begun to manifest themselves in the Schnatterndorf circle before the end of the year.

The earliest discussions developed the fact that there were grave differences of opinion if not of interest involved in the proposed administration of the widow's hand and estate, and the supporters of these diverse opinions and interests soon ranged themselves in parties which split into factions, which intrigued, plotted, combined and counter-plotted, back-bit, betrayed and quarrelled as zealously as if they had been patriots managing the affairs of the nation.

There wasn't a quiet household in all the village.

First there was the church party that favored the candidacy of the Reverend Job Bohrer. The deceased Rosenkranz had always been a liberal and reliable supporter of the church—now it was well understood that a parsonage had been long and sorely needed, and it had been generally and confidently expected that the Elder would have made provision for it in his will, but he hadn't—the whole property unencumbered by legacies, or suggestions of charities had been devised to the widow herself. The estate, too, had developed beyond all calculation; what with unknown investments in Western lands and Philadelphia lots, instead of thirty thousand dollars, it was now thought it would exceed a hundred thousand.

Old Lawyer Klosenjaw, the widow's duly appointed business man and legal adviser, who wore a red wig and kept his own counsel, had snubbed some of the church people who undertook to investigate the matter through him, and he was, moreover, little better than a heathen, down on religious charities and contributing nothing himself.

To solve all these difficulties let the Reverend Job marry the widow, step in and hang up his hat in her hall, and lo! the handsomest residence in town will be the parsonage. The congregation will have that concern off their consciences, and besides won't be so pushed from year to year to raise that five hundred dollars of salary they have engaged to pay.

This proposal was received with mingled applause and disapprobation.

Mrs. Blumenkron, a hefty dame, with two marriageable daughters on her hands, opened in opposition.

"It was a fearful thing for young clergymen to have their minds burdened with the care of riches and worldly possessions. A wealthy shepherd must in time come to despise his poor scabby flock. They got the bronchitis and had to have vacations to go off to the watering places and foreign countries and come back with all manner of new-fangled doctrines and heresies. This would not suit Schnatterndorf. To keep your pastor humble and healthy and orthodox you've got to keep him poor as his Master was, at the

same time it is considerably easier on the congregation." Mrs. Schimmelpfennig added, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." If the argument didn't kill the proposition, the text did. Then the moderate wing of the church party presented the name of Elder Jeremiah Yammerlich as a proper and available candidate—a discreet widower, pious and zealous in good works, he was just the man to assume the responsibilities and carry out the good intentions of his deceased brother, Rosenkranz. Indeed in view of their close friendship during life and confidential communications received from the Elder on his death bed, Brother Yammerlich had expected to have succeeded him in the management of the property and the widow both—as administrator "de bonis non" I think they call it—and he was grievously disappointed when

Lawyer Klosenjaw told him his name wasn't mentioned nowhere in the papers, and he'd better go about his own business. But he didn't, and he's been pushing himself in and trying to serve her interests and oblige her in every way he can think of. His disinterested sacrifices in attending to her business and neglecting his own deserved some recognition; and if the widow was to take him (and she might go further and fare worse) she'd be well cared for, and a wealthy Elder, as they knew from experience, was no disadvantage to the church.

The Yammerlich clique was determined and influential, and as the Elder's chances were thought to be good, his opponents hesitated to assail him openly.



One, wishing to create a diversion, named Squire Schafstall, a well-to-do farmer, who wanted a wife and who had gallantly intimated that he was flopping around and waiting until the Widow Rosenkranz came out of her hole. The Squire had a very dingy trap of a house, to be sure, to tempt so fair a bride withal, but he had the most magnificent barn in the county; with its white walls, red roof, green Venetian window-blinds, ventilators and belfry, glittering with lightning rods, it resembled a first-class female seminary. His horses and cattle were the sleekest and fattest, and his hogs took the premium at the Harrisburg fair last year.

But it was objected that as his barn was finer than his residence he might treat his animals better than his wife, and as for liberality for charities and church purposes he was little better than a hog himself.

There were a number of other names proposed and discussed, but a full report of the proceeding would be simply tedious and little to the point, for here, as elsewhere, when all the parties, factions and interests had manifested themselves to each other's apprehension, nothing that was said thereafter in public had any significance, but all the serious business was transacted in whispers and underhand.

Meanwhile divers individuals as representatives of cliques or simply on their own hook had, by watching and dodging each other, managed to interview the widow herself, each in turn endeavoring to elicit from her some expression or sign which might be interpreted as favorable to the designs of their respective parties.

But the pretty widow was calm and inscrutable as the Sphinx; she sweetly begged her dear friends not to distress her by alluding to such a possibility. If by persistence and adroitness they forced or trapped her into any additions to this formula, she was so artless that her reported speeches only served to increase the general mystification, and all Schnatterndorf continued in a sizzling stew.

Was she so artless, after all, or was there a spice of malice in it? Who knows or will ever know?

CHAPTER VI.

It is high time we were making closer acquaintance with a figure which has once or twice skipped across the stage of our homely drama, kicked up a passing rumpus and then disappeared, leaving a slightly sulphurous odor behind and followed by comments rather indefinite and uncomplimentary.

Klapper Rhymesmith was a mystery to the good folks of Schnatterndorf, and mysterious people may begin by being interesting, but they generally end by being distrusted and disliked.

In the first place, nobody knew how he made his living. He boarded at Kroesen's tavern, but was always in arrears for his board; yet he encouraged the bar, and his frolicsome disposition occasioned the consumption of much beer and whiskey, so that the landlord tolerated his backwardness in settling. He wore dandy clothes when he could get them on credit, and when they gave out he went seedy. He was a dashing horseman and fond of showing off when he could hire or borrow a horse, but his credit had run out at the livery stable, and he had closed the question of borrowing when he rode for those coffin handles, so he was constrained thereafter to forego equestrian exercises.

From time to time, however, and at regular intervals, he did receive remittances from somebody, and then he would make partial payments to the most importunate of his creditors, give suppers, get on sprees and make presents to his friends, upon which his credit would advance and he would wind up deeper in debt than ever. He was reputed to have had a college education, and knew Latin and wrote poetry and got up an occasional funny editorial for the village newspaper.

Besides these occupations and accomplishments, Klapper gallanted the girls, made game of the elders and kept a dog and shotgun with which he amused himself occasionally in the adjacent mountains. None of these pursuits were lucrative, however, and hence, the ever recurring question as to how he got his living. This was the practical mystery. The other was rather psychological in its nature.



AS SHE CROSSED THE FLOOR SHE WAS OBSERVED
TO STOOP.

With no business or profession, or visible interests to fix him, why did this waif continue to dawdle away his life in such a stupid, staid, practical, hard-working, church-going community, one which was so entirely out of consonance with his tastes and habits, and which was further from understanding or appreciating his supposed accomplishments? Schnatterndorf had no use either for gentlemen or poets, especially of this type.

As a leading member of the congregation and exponent of pious doctrine, Elder Yammerlich considered it his duty to make a tragedy of life, while Rhymesmith seemed bent on turning it into a farce. So there was mortal antagonism between them at least.

Federfechter, the editor, countenanced the poet, because he occasionally got something lively out of him for his stupid paper. Hahns Wohglemuth and others of his stripe, fraternized with him on beer. Some of the girls and boys smiled on him, and repeated and giggled at his profane jokes, but the more respectable portion of the community frowned whenever his name was mentioned, and continued to wonder why he persisted in hanging around Schnatterndorf.

But so far we have not got beyond outside opinion, and to become really better acquainted with our long-haired poet we must get behind the scenes and judge for ourselves.

Rhymesmith spent a great deal of his time shut up in his room. He was especially exclusive when he was dead broke—receiving no visitors and not appearing in public for days together.

As we study him now, he is sitting in his room with the door locked. His elbows are resting on a large table covered with green baize and littered over with books and sheets of writing paper partially scribbled over, and scattered here and there without order or coherence. With hands clutching the masses of curls that overhang his temples, and brows knitted into an expression of knotty profundity, he pores over a paper, spread between his elbows and scratched over in metrical lines, so erased, interlined, blotted and corrected, that it seems impossible to decipher them.

But genius is prone to express itself in eccentric chirography, and our poet presently siezes a pen, hastily erasing and adding a couplet; then, with a gleam of triumph lighting his face, he takes

up the paper and thus voices his inspiration :

" Oh ! her beauty glows with a mellowed light
Through her mourning veil, like a star's eclipse;
What time young May, e'er she bids good night,
Welcomes June with a kiss on her rosy lips.
And her voice falls in low quavering notes,
Like a harp-string touched by the hand of sorrow;
But yet in its mournful music floats,
A promise of cheerier songs to-morrow.
And her soul is so rich in sweet charities,
She'll not wither our fresh budding hopes with
a frown,
Nor seek notes in a sinful brother's eyes;
But, in pity, consider the beams in her own."

"That, I think, will do," soliloquized the poet in an undertone. "It will serve for an eye-opener, as we say—a sort of appetizer, as Hans Wohglemuth would say. No! I won't entertain that expression, nor quote that Dutch hog in this connection." So he drew out a sheet of gilt-edged paper, and having copied the amended verses in a fair hand, he laid it over to let the ink get dry. "That," continued he, still talking to himself, "I won't trust to the mail, but will manage to have conveyed to her directly." Then he took up a flowery-embossed envelope, and directing it, "Lines to a beautiful widow by her devoted admirer," he also laid this aside to dry.

Then from profound satisfaction the expression of his countenance changed to profounder perplexity. "Now," said he, "I must get up something that will work on that infernal, misfitting, over charging, cabbaging rascal, Schneider, of— Let me see—I owe him; but, damn it, what difference does it make what I owe him? I have nothing to pay, and I must have the clothes at all hazards. I can't borrow anything around here that will show off my stylish figure, and Schneider has got to stand another swindle, so here goes."

After spoiling several sheets of paper, he finally succeeded in getting up something which was suitable for his purpose, and laying it aside, selected a plain, yellow envelope, and proceeded to direct it: "Schneider, Merchant Tailor, etc., Penna."

Just then somebody knocked, and hastily folding his communications, he inserted them in their respective envelopes and sealed them before answering the summons.

It was only the Dutch servant girl with a letter. Breaking the seal he glanced at the interior, and hastily throwing it into the waste basket, exclaimed, "Another bill; well, it is high time for decisive action."

Then he took up his letters again, examined the direction carefully and put that with the fancy envelope in the left breast pocket of his coat, bestowing the brown envelope in the tail pocket, after which he continued pacing up and down the floor repeating to himself couplets and lines from the verses he had just written. Halting suddenly, he exclaimed, "Yes, that would be better; I think I'll change that," and excavating the embossed envelope from his side pocket, he read: "Lines to a beautiful widow, by her devoted admirer." The superscription was so fairly penned that he hesitated—then relented. "No, it will spoil the envelope to break the seal, and I haven't another. The rhyme and measure might be mended, but if the sentiments are agreeable she'll not be critical." So he returned the letter to his pocket, and again seating himself at the table drew the chain from his watch fob before he remembered that his repeater was in pawn. Finally he took up a book and endeavored to forget his impatience by concentrating himself on its pages upside down.

CHAPTER VII.

It must have been somewhere about midnight when the village of Schnatterndorf was startled from its slumbers by an explosion, which people declared sounded like a ten-pounder cannon, although nobody was aware that the place could muster a piece of ordnance of that calibre.

The shot was followed by a woman's scream—shrill, prolonged, and unearthly—presently reinforced with other screams and voices in different keys, articulating fire! murder! help! Then, ringing in one after another, the barking of dogs, cackling of geese, bellowing of cows, rattling windows, slamming doors, and sonorous ejaculations from male voices, until the whole orchestra of village terror had united in a full fortissimo crash.

Every window in the street was illu

minated with a dip candle and a white night-cap. Every door-stoop revealed a white-draped figure, like the dead turning out at the blast of the last trumpet.

Elder Yammerlich appeared on the scene in a long night-gown, carrying a big lantern and a tin dinner-horn, which he had seized in his haste as a weapon of offense.

When he saw a galaxy of candles and lanterns concentrated around the Widow Rosenkranz's stoop and front gate, his soul was stirred with the first chivalric emotion it had ever experienced, and he hastened forward with lengthening strides. Just as he was entering the gate, a tall figure, disguised in cloak and slouched hat, broke from the crowd and made a rush for the street. They met in the gateway, and the collision sent the Elder sprawling into the mud—the breath knocked out of his body, his trumpet unblown, and his light extinguished. This rude and astounding shock likewise knocked all the chivalry out of the Elder's soul, for he was naturally more of a saint than a warrior, and perceiving that the people were intent on other matters, he quietly recovered his breath, his lantern, and his tin horn, and went home.

The folks gathered in the front yard, raised a storm of exclamations, questions, and cross-questions, which only increased the confusion and mystification. The dogs had ceased barking, and had got into a general wrangle over what appeared to be the corpse of a black cat, which one of them finally captured and carried off, the rest pursuing. Meanwhile Ailsey, the widow's domestic, having recovered from her conniptions, came down to the front porch with a large, bell-mouthed, flint-lock pistol in her hand, and stilled the vociferous assembly with the following story:

She slept up-stairs in the room overlooking the porch. She had said her prayers duly, went to bed, and was sound asleep, when she was suddenly aroused by the fall of one of the flower-pots which sat on the sill of the open window. Seeing there were no men folks about the house, she thought it prudent to keep some fire-arms for defence against tramps and burglars, and had borrowed this pistol from one of the Kreiger girls, who said it used to belong to their grandfather, who was a

Hessian and fought under General Washington. To be sure, she never dreamed it was loaded, or she wouldn't have slept in the room with it for the world. But she thought it would do for a scarecrow, like a stuffed Paddy in a cornfield.

So, on hearing the noise, as stated, she seized her hobgoblin, and running to the window, saw on the porch roof that horror of horrors, a strange man. As the robber saw her approach, he threw out his arm, menacing her with some weapon which shone white like a knife blade. In desperation she presented her scarecrow and let fly. The explosion which followed stunned and scared her so that she fell over for dead. When she came to herself the room was still full of smoke, but the robber had disappeared. She was sure he must be dead, for nothing that stood within ten yards of that pistol when it went off could have escaped. The light-bearers looked carefully around the enclosure and on the porch, but found no corpses, nor wounded burglars hiding, nor traces of blood. The suggestion that the wretch's confederates might have carried off the body obtained some consideration, while some who assumed to be wiser than their neighbors insinuated that a black cat was at the bottom of the whole affair.

Meanwhile, the widow herself had been aroused by the rumpus and had appeared with a candle in the maid's room upstairs. As she crossed the floor she was observed to stoop, as if to examine something on the floor, invisible to those outside. Then hastily and rather confusedly arranging the bosom of her wrapper as she rose, she came to the window, thanked the crowd for the good-will manifested in coming to her assistance, apologized for the false alarm, expressing her belief that Ailsey had been dreaming, said good-night, closed the house and retired.

The people dispersed, the lights, one after another, were snuffed out, and quiet once more reigned in Schnatterndorf.

The widow, with some exercise of patience and diplomacy, succeeded in quieting her domestic's tongue, gave her a glass of gooseberry wine to calm her excited nerves and got her to bed again. This accomplished, she retired to her own chamber in the back of the house,

locked her door, and instead of following her maid's example as might naturally have been expected, she struck a match with trembling hand and hastily lighted a lamp which stood upon her writing-desk. Then, with increasing agitation, she made a tour of the room to assure herself that the blinds were all securely drawn and that the key-hole itself was closed. This reconnaissance being satisfactory, she dropped upon a cushioned chair beside the lamp and drew from her bosom a sealed letter, in a flowery embossed envelope, and directed "To a beautiful widow from her devoted admirer."

The confusion and trepidation which attended the opening of this missive indicated that the lady had been altogether unused to such mysterious correspondence. Indeed, as in those days the *viva voce* rule prevailed both in love and politics, it is quite likely this was the first "billet" she had ever received. Be this as it may, the most expert modern psychologist would have been puzzled to interpret the varying expressions of her mobile face, as she read the following:

"MY DEAR FRIEND SCHNEIDER:

"Yours, inclosing bill, came duly to hand, and will be attended to at as early a date as possible—sooner than you think, for I may now tell you confidentially that I am going to marry a rich widow—worth a cool hundred thousand they say—and that's not the best of it; she's lovely as a poet's dream and sweeter than she's handsome. I've been crazy about her since she was a girl, but had neither money nor impudence. Old Rosenkranz had both, and stepped in ahead of me.

"He died a year ago, and now her time's up and I'm entered on her books, number one and no mistake.

"Now I haven't got a decent suit of clothes to my back, so you will not only have to extend time, but double the bill and send me a first-class dress suit, French cloth, glossy finish, with half a dozen linen bosom shirts, chokers, kid gloves, hat and boots; you have my measure and know my figure. Don't fail me, and be prompt, for you can see how it is yourself. I can't come out of my hole until I get this outfit, and some smart fellow may put in before me as the old

Elder did. In that case I shall blow my brains out, and then your claim won't be worth three cents in the dollar. Be prompt and I will remain as ever,

"Yours eternally and deeply indebted,

"KLAPPER RHYMESMITH."

At the address and first lines her pencilled eyebrows started, arched up like Gothic windows; then a knitting of the brows as the mystification proceeded; then a freshening of the crimson flush as the startling announcement met her eye; then a hotter flush and convulsive biting of the plump red lips; a kindling of the eye, perhaps of indignation; then an agitated and involuntary smile at the absurdity of the situation, at which point she crushed the letter up in her dimpled hands and buried her face in her plump arms crossed upon the table, there was a sigh and a quivering sob or two, and tears trickled down the rosy arms. Then the cock crew, and, suddenly starting up, the widow blew out the lamp, and to her surprise observed that day was breaking.

CHAPTER VIII.

It required heavy and prolonged knocking next morning to rouse Klapper Rhymesmith up for breakfast. The messenger was admitted to get the poet's boots, and staid to gabble about the "terrible row" last night. Klapper yawned in the boy's face and wanted to know what it was all about? So he proceeded to tell how a ferocious burglar had tried to break in the Widow Rosenkranz's house last night, and drew a big knife on the maid Ailsey, and how she blowed him up with a pistol, and how they found blood and brains all over the stoop, and how his partners carried off the body, and how one of them 'saulted Elder Yammerlich and left him covered with mud and blood, and how— Here the breakfast triangle began ringing, and Rhymesmith took advantage of the circumstance to put the boy out and lock the door. Then he let go and laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks. After he had washed his face he stood before the glass, and, winking at his image, went off again into uncontrollable laughter. So when he put on his pants, the appearance of divers little jags and holes in the legs started him to laughing again. In fact he seem-



HE FINGERED THE GUARD, BUT NOT THE TRIGGER.

ed to be in so jovial and satisfactory a mood that anything and everything provoked his mirth. "The devil take it," quoth he; "I shall burst my diaphragm. How can I keep my countenance at breakfast? I must concentrate my thoughts on something that will help me to control my risibles." When he took up his coat to complete his toilet it seemed as if he had found what he desired, for in a moment every spark of merriment was quenched, and his face grew pallid with dismay. The left side of the tail was gone entirely. He viewed and reviewed the garment inside and out, but there could be no deception or misunderstanding. There was the jagged coat and shreds of silk lining to show where the missing pendant had been violently reft away, pocket and all.

"And what was in that pocket?" he exclaimed. "My pocket-handkerchief, marked with my name in full. No, here it is in the other pocket, all right. Ah! I remember now it was that letter to Schneider which I didn't get a chance to mail. The devil fly away with the coat-tail and the letter together. If found, I will be blown and made the laughing-stock of the whole community. But it may fall into friendly hands and then I hope——"

Our hero forgot all about breakfast and continued for some time to pace the floor uneasily and with a troubled countenance.

Presently his attention was attracted by a whine and a scratching at the door.

"Who could have let loose that infernal dog?" he exclaimed impatiently, as he lifted the latch and opened the door.

Retriever entered, wagging his tail and his eyes beaming with the honest complacency of a faithful dependent who believes he has rendered an acceptable ser-

vice, and laid at his master's feet a black rag, torn, bedraggled and mumbled until all traces of its original form and affinities had been lost.

Rhymesmith remarked the bit of gnawed rope which still hung to the dog's collar.

"Ah," said he, "this is an outrageous breach of discipline, and you expect to escape a whipping by bringing me this dirty rag as a peace-offering; but I'll teach you better than to gnaw yon rope." So he took down his dog whip and in a menacing tone ordered the animal to carry his unacceptable offering back to the stable-yard.

Retriever, although one of the best trained and reliable of his race—declined obedience, and when the order was reiterated in a still higher tone, he humbly crouched beneath the upraised whip, but refused to move.

As Rhymesmith bent over to seize the dog's collar the more effectually to execute his threat, his movement was suddenly checked and a ray of intelligence lit up his clouded face.

Dropping the whip and elevating the rag between finger and thumb, he exclaimed: "If it ain't, may I be eternally blessed." In the act, Retriever, with a yelp of ecstasy, leaped from the ground, and for several minutes dog and master vied with each other in embraces, kisses and antic demonstrations of delight.

"It has happened as I hoped," continued the poet. "The witness that might have betrayed me to ridicule, if not worse, has indeed fallen into friendly hands. Aye, my poor Retriever, my best and truest friend in rags or broadcloth, penniless or with flush pockets, drunk or sober, through good or evil report, you alone have never criticised, and have always stood by me." The dog wagged his tail responsively to this address and seemed ready to renew the romp again, but the master's mind was already preoccupied with graver subjects.

He had spread the torn fragments of cloth on the table and satisfied himself that the garment was past mending. He had also extracted the letter in the brown envelope from the ragged pocket, and as he broke the seal thus soliloquized: "This is too dirty and crumpled to mail now, and as my street suit is gone up, I

may improve the opportunity to add that in my order—modesty don't pay in tailors' orders, and it will impress Schneider with a higher opinion of my prospects—she got the verses all right, for I saw her pick up the note as I dodged behind Baumgartner's rain barrel; yes, and hide it in her bosom. O! glorious——"

But wherefore does Mr. Klapper Rhymesmith not finish his sentence? O! glorious what? Why does he stare so wildly at that unfolded sheet of gilt-edged paper trembling in his hand, as if he played the dagger scene in "Macbeth"? Come! we don't like clap-trap and tragic airs in private life. What does this mean? Can it be possible that these neatly penned verses addressed to a beautiful widow which he has just taken out of that envelope directed to his tailor can be the same upon whose happy destination he was this moment felicitating himself?

If so, then what was it the lady alluded to found and concealed so discreetly and so sweetly? It is probable our hero may presently solve this question to his satisfaction.

Before he does so we deem it prudent to withdraw him temporarily behind the scenes.

CHAPTER IX.

Two or three days had elapsed since the events narrated in our last chapter. We are not particular about exactness on this head, as it may be imagined that our hero was not in a state of mind to note the lapse of time. In the same room where we left him he sat in his accustomed seat by the green baize table, but his air was wild and haggard, and his hunting coat, the only whole garment he had, looked as if it had been dragged through thickets and briars for a week; he had evidently not undressed since we saw him last.

On the table before him lay a revolver of the English bulldog species—a wicked, remorseless looking weapon, the simple sight of which was enough to curdle a quiet man's blood.

In his left hand he grasped a short coil of manilla cord, with a slip noose at one end (greased).

He glanced from one to the other and in a tone at once mournful and apologetic, soliloquized as was his wont: "No!

The forest is too dreary and lonesome; even in death a man likes to be near his kind. Then this poor dumb creature would follow me, and whined so piteously every time I made an attempt to execute my purpose that I couldn't do it in his presence. Now I've got him tied safe in his kennel and there is nothing to interrupt me. Good-bye Klapper Rhymesmith." His face grew pallid as he snatched up the pistol and placed the muzzle firmly against his temple. He fingered the guard but not the trigger, and presently laid the weapon back on the table.

"No!" said he, shaking his head, "the disfigurement is too awful to think of; the other is preferable."

So he set a chair under the lamp-hook in the ceiling, and, tying his manilla rope to it, slipped the greased noose over his head and drew it until he began to breathe thick. "It's a dog's death after all," said he, descending from the chair rather precipitately, "worse than the other. To close a burdensome life with dignity and composure, the apothecary alone can help us." Then the unhappy young man walked deliberately to his closet, and, taking a bottle containing an amber tinted liquid, poured a heavy dose into a glass and swallowed it without a tremor, a smile of peculiar significance lighting his face as he drained the cup to the dregs. He then threw himself upon the bed and in a few moments was in a sound sleep.

It was high noon next day when the express wagon stopped in front of Kroesen's tavern to deliver a package for Mr. Klapper Rhymesmith.

The ostler didn't know whether he was up or not. They had rattled his door earlier, but hadn't been able to get him up to breakfast.

The maid said she was afraid to go to his room, he had been behaving very queer lately and she tried to watch him last night, but he had stopped up the keyhole and that didn't bode any good.

The hostler said he'd risk it and take up the package. So he went up with it and knocked, while the maid and expressman listened on the stairs.

The hostler's knock was answered by the growl of a dog, which presently broke into a prolonged howl. Joe dropped

the package at the door and retired precipitately; there was something wrong in there, sure.

Express drivers are generally sharp, practical people, with very little imagination; time was valuable and the driver wanted his receipt signed; nevertheless he wouldn't disturb the gentleman now, but would leave the package and call again in an hour.

When Klapper Rhymesmith recovered his consciousness his brain was still a little dizzy, and it was some time before he could remember precisely where he was or who he was. By an instinctive movement, rather than as an act of ratiocination, he soused his head in the wash basin, and by the time he had rubbed his face dry and arranged his locks his perceptions were clear as a bell and his identity established. The dog, reassured by his calm eye, modestly stepped forward and licked his hand and received a friendly pat of recognition in return.

Casting a glance at the table, a slight flush mounted to his cheek as he took up the pistol and replaced it in the table drawer, then threw the greased rope contemptuously into the lower compartment of the closet.

Then he went to the cupboard and took out the bottle from which he had poured the mysterious liquor on the previous night and slung it out the window into the stable yard.

Joe, the hostler, having accidentally found the bottle soon after, was off duty for the rest of the day.

Then our hero viewed himself steadfastly in the glass for some time, summing up his reflections as follows: "Physically sound as a locust post, mentally deteriorated by wearing this damned fool's wig, which has overheated my brain for some years past."

So he went to his drawer and got out a pair of paper shears, and then deliberately and persistently went to work and cut off every lock of his flowing chevelure.

Rhymesmith had been vain of his personal appearance, and on looking in the glass again, the result was not satisfactory. It is said that the man who is his own doctor has a fool for a patient. Rhymesmith concluded that he who cuts his own hair has an ass for a sitter. "But no," he said, "I deserve the humiliation.

Klapper Ryhmesmith has ceased to exist, as he ought to. I will hereafter lead a man's life. Men shall respect me, and she"—here his voice quavered a little—"well, she may learn to think better of me."

Then he remembered he hadn't eaten a square meal for a week and went to the door to call the girl to bring him something to stay his appetite. Here he found a large package directed to his address. He was mystified and his mystification increased as he proceeded to open the paste-board box and found therein his order on his tailor filled to the minutest articles.

In the box was a letter in Schneider's well-known handwriting. It contained the bill, of course, with a recapitulation of his old accounts, receipted in full, with an obsequious solicitation for a continuance of his valuable orders, with a show card of new styles, etc.; in fact, with all the literary and pictorial blandishments spread by the gentle craft to attract cash customers.

Before trying on the new suit he sent for Scheerer, the village barber, who, when he arrived, could scarcely restrain his astonishment at the appearance of his customer, and expressed his professional contempt of the job by declaring that Ryhmesmith must have been asleep in the meadows, and had his hair chewed off by the calves.

The patient curtly ordered him to go on with his work, and put his head in the most presentable condition possible in the shortest space of time and with the fewest words. The clipping was interrupted by the shabby, ink-smeared Federfechter, editor of the town paper, who sought something for publication. R— reflected a moment and then delivered him the copy of verses recently taken from the envelope directed to the tailor.

"Why Klap, old fellow," said Federfechter, "this is the best thing I've seen of yours; are you going to let me put it in print before the lady sees it?"

"Lady?" replied the poet, "think I'd send such trash as that to a lady? Not I; a piece of misdirected prose has served me a better turn than all the damn verses I ever scribbled."

When Sheerer had put his last profes-

sional touch on the head entrusted to his manipulation, and assisted his customer into his new clothes, he viewed his job with considerate scrutiny, and declared he looked more like a gentleman than he had ever done in his life; and, making his bow to the handsomest gent he had ever operated on, he departed, wondering what had turned up and if he should ever get his fee.

Ryhmesmith, scarcely able to recognize himself, turned to his dog who barked at him and ran under the bed. "I wonder what she will think of it," murmured he as he drew on his gloves and walked down stairs.

People as he passed up the street turned to stare at the elegant stranger. "Who can that be? I swan, if he hasn't gone to call on the Widow Rosenkranz!"

This was true, and Ryhmesmith mounted the steps and knocked at the door with such tremors and tumultuous palpitations that by the time the maid answered his knock he was almost speechless. Yet he managed to articulate the name of Mrs. Rosenkranz and present his card. Ailsey, who received it, invited the caller into the parlor and closed the front door on Schnatterndorf and the rest of the world.

And this is all we know of the matter, never having had any information as to what occurred after that street door was closed.

We do know that about twenty-four hours after, the village of Schnatterndorf was shaken by an earthquake which, while it did not crack the plastering on any of the low-ceiling rooms or tumble the brick off the old-fashioned chimneys, did well-nigh upset society. Dames who had not spoken to each other for six months were seen in close confab. In the universal necessity of talking, friends and foes mingled in heterogeneous gabble. "Married—what, she! that model of meek piety; that sacred relict of the godly Elder! Married to that reprobate; that long-haired Philistine; that scorner; that Sunday fiddler!" To the general surprise, when the wave struck Elder Yammerlich, he had less to say than anyone else. He only shook his head with an unspeakable mournfulness and uttered the word, "Oh, onsarchable!"

THE SOUTH AND ITS COLORED CITIZENS.

SOUTHERN PROBLEMS.—FIRST PAPER.

CONSIDERED BY HENRY WATTESON.

I.

EVERY now and then a breeze blows up from the South, which, if it be strong enough, as it generally is, to reach the halls of Congress, proves a very wind-fall to the politicians.

During twenty years and more we have had a class of these—Democrats and Republicans alike—to whom, when all else seemed about to fail them, the sectional issue, astride this Southern breeze like a witch astride a broom, has come as a godsend; and, although their differences have not lacked emphasis, or resonance, or even the outer show of irreconcilability, they yet have contradicted Sydney Smith's epigram of the two old women quarreling across an alley, "that they could never agree because they argued from opposite premises;" for in many, if not in most cases, our warring heroes at Washington, having discharged the patriotic duty of lashing public sentiment into a gale, have found plenty of agreement, and much reciprocal gratulation, in the steaming canvas-back and the succulent terrapin, with which, after a field-day at the Capitol, they have regaled the inner man, pleased with themselves and their performances, and drinking the while to their mutual happiness and success in bumpers of very cold and dry champagne. There have been times when the smell of blood, real or artificial, was borne upon the Southern blast. So much the better for the display of the variegated oratorical fountains. But the feast of reason and the flow of soul sustained little, if any, shock or abatement; and gentlemen who have for years alternated with accusations of conspiracy to murder, on the one hand, and organized persecution and pillage on the other, continue to hob-nob in the friendliest disregard of the bad character with which, upon the bosom of the rolling senate or on the topmost billow of the raging stump, they are wont to decorate one another.

As an illustration of the amenities of

our public life, and of the level heads and better tempers of our public men, this abstinence from private quarrels is worthy of all praise. It is not without a certain promise that we may in time come to transact our political business as we transact our private business, "upon business principles," as the saying has it—that is, upon a basis of fact accurately ascertained and measured, and uninfluenced by the excitement of party interest or the affectations of personal vanity. It is a distinct advance in civilization and enlightenment made by a body of men necessarily distinguished for some of the elements of intellectuality and character, but last and hardest to move on new or doubtful lines; for of all those whose thoughts and actions affect the course of events, the politicians, as a body, are usually to be found farthest in the rear of the march of expedition and discovery. Of course, the conservative needs of government make this purely selfish timidity a virtue; and it is only mentioned to indicate that, even among the professional officials, we score progress and are better off than any other country. It would be a greater blessing, however, if they could go a step farther and infuse into their open debates some of the discernment and tolerance which mark their daily intercourse.

We are not a nation of sections or factions. We are a singularly homogeneous people; and there is no one national interest dear to the heart of New England which, fairly presented, would not be equally dear to the heart of the Gulf States. The notion that politics is war, with an occasional truce for the burial of the dead, is held only by those whose digestive juices have been soured by an excess of misinformation, or those whose whole political stock-in-trade consists of wind and words.

So far as the treatment of the Southern question is concerned, as it appears in the records of Congress, it seems that few of

our public men have contributed much else to the discussion. Alternate flashes of crimination and recrimination have from time to time lightened it only to leave it again in impenetrable darkness. The North is not much further in knowledge to-day than it was twenty years ago. There are not so many firebrands on either side. There is a more general spirit of inquiry and less impatience. But, to all intents and purposes, we have the same old story of accusation and denial spinning its circle of discontent, like a tin-top that makes a great deal of noise, but is both empty and endless. Meanwhile every attempt to mend the conditions of the South by national legislation has proved absolutely futile, and, in the very nature of the case, as it shall be the purpose of this writing to explain, it must always be so.

II.

When the Republican party came out of the war for the Union, which it had carried to a successful issue, it found itself face to face with a situation not merely new to human experience, but complicated in every part. The tragedy of Abraham Lincoln's death turned a march of triumph into a funeral procession; changed the joy-bells into sorrow-bells; embittered the feast. The accession of Andrew Johnson put in the seat of a strong man, with a kind heart and a large mind, a weak man with a narrow mind and a grievance. That which under the inspiration of Lincoln might have been, if not simple and easy, at least practicable, became, against the irritating friction brought into play by Johnson, impossible. A constitutional battle, sharpened by strong personal antagonisms, sustained with great persistency on both sides, followed between the President and the Congress. It was under the inflamed conditions brought about by this contest that the Republicans undertook the reconstruction of the Union, and it is not surprising that it was driven to many extremes which history and reason will never vindicate or approve.

Among the most serious and pressing of the questions it had to meet, and de-

termine, was the status of the newly emancipated slave, who, legally at least, was suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between the earth and the air. He was neither fish, flesh nor fowl. He was a freeman; but he was not a citizen. What should be done with him?

This was indeed a problem of problems. It is absurd to pretend that, when it was decided to make him a citizen, invested with all the rights of citizenship, including that of suffrage, the measure was merely an act of vengeance or reprisal. It was no such thing. Sentiments of one sort and another may have entered, did undoubtedly enter, into this scheme of settlement. In some minds sectional feeling prevailed, in other minds party interest. But the settlement of the negro question, as this plan of settlement was thought to settle it, embraced the best thought of the best minds of the Republican party. Chase, Sumner, Fessenden, Trumbull, Greeley, men of most conciliatory and conservative tendencies, friends and not enemies of the South, gave the measure as hearty support as Thaddeus Stevens, Winter Davis and Ben Wade. There were those who wished to punish the South. There were those who thought to make sure, through the negro vote, of Republican perpetuity in power. But the words of the great Chief Justice expressed the hope and belief of the good sense and good feeling of the time when he said, "Give the blacks the ballot and leave the whites alone."

The President, on the other hand, declaring this to be "a white man's Government," threw himself with ardent sincerity and misguided valor into the struggle, out of which emanated so much travail to the country, and such anarchy and ruin to both the blacks and the whites of the South. Had Lincoln lived, the story of reconstruction might have had, and in all likelihood would have had, a different plot and moral. With Johnson at the helm, it could hardly have been other than we know it.

Reconstruction was a total failure, and went down of its own inherent weakness. It produced disorder where it was meant to establish order. Many of the acts on which it relied for its support were thrown out by the Republican Supreme Court of

the United States as unconstitutional. Most of the agencies on which it depended were cast aside by successive Republican administrations. Finally normal conditions prevailed, and these disappointed alike the expectations of those who thought that the three last amendments to the Constitution would end the race trouble and of those who thought that the negro vote would insure the Republicans a prolonged lease of power. As far as the negro is concerned, we are just where we were in the beginning; except that, instead of weakening the political power of the South, considered as a section, negro citizenship and suffrage have strengthened it, curtailing in that degree the sectional power of the North as exerted through the Republican party. It is not strange that the Republicans should be averse to being hoisted by their own petard, and it is natural that, seeking some means of escape, they should try to make it appear that the whites of the South are a race of barbarians, capable of any crime, in the interest of political ascendancy.

III.

This is not only not so, but it could not be by any possibility be so. The whites of the South are just as diverse in intellect and character as the whites of the North. On general lines, they are as little prone to unity of opinion and purpose. There is no essential difference between the people of Maine and the people of Mississippi. Under given conditions each would act just like the other. The most typical and popular Mississippian who ever lived was born, reared and educated in Maine. The greatest party leader Maine has had went there from Kentucky, a typical Kentuckian. Annihilate all the white men to-day living in Mississippi, and supply their places with an equal number of white Republicans from Maine, and the state of affairs would remain unchanged—if, indeed, it was not made worse. The likelihood is that it would be made worse; because the Maine men, unused to the blacks, would not be so patient and tolerant as the Mississippians.

There is no wisdom in seeking to shirk

the truth. Nowhere on earth can the bottom of society be put upon the top with happy results. Five hundred qualified and responsible voters, born free, can never be reduced to subjection to one thousand semi-barbarians, ignorant and irresponsible voters, just emerged from slavery. To attempt this in any part of New England would be to run rivers of blood. Its attempt in the Gulf States did run rivers of blood. Intelligence and property must rule over imbecility and pauperism; and the proposal for any purpose whatever, and on any ground and pretext whatever, to set aside this law alike of nature and society, is a crime of the first magnitude. Its only effect, as far as it can have an effect, will be, as it has been, to involve the communities to which it is applied in the horrors of race war.

There are not two sides to this question, and, if the whole people of the North could look directly into the South and see things as they are, they would unite with me in the conclusion that the agitation of this question from without is destructive, and not remedial.

If the blacks of the South in any wise resembled the blacks that are known to the North, it might be otherwise. If they had the least gleam of intelligence as to the meaning of citizenship; if they knew anything whatever of the obligations and duties of the ballot; if there was among them any public opinion, based on a rational understanding of affairs, it might be otherwise. But it is not so. There is as little likeness between the negro field-hand of Mississippi and the colored domestic of Massachusetts as there is between the Boston dude and the New York bruiser. The blacks of the Gulf States form a dense mass of ignorance and squalor; at rest, kindly, indolent and passive; under excitement, fierce, blind, and cruel. Under present conditions, they can only be politically arrayed to bad ends. Not until the whites are divided will they divide, and the whites cannot afford to divide as long as their lives and properties are in hourly peril from a race war pushed upon them by outside pressure.

That is all there is to the existing status. It is not a political question at all. It is not a sectional question at all. It is

a question of self-preservation. It is a question of the existence of responsible government and civilized society on the one hand ; ruin, anarchy and chaos on the other. There is no help for it except through the good offices of time and repose. All theories and all schemes must and will come to this at last. Senator Butler may "deport" the negroes by thousands in his mind's eye, and Senator Chandler may surround each one of them with a special act of Congress and two soldiers ; but, after another, or a dozen, episodes of blood and terror, we shall come back to where we are, and shall have to do the work over again by the relegation of the whole matter to the states and peoples immediately concerned.

Nobody would dream of anything else at this time except for the notion ingeniously cultivated by sensational politicians of the school of Ingalls and Chandler, that the white people of the South are moved by a different set of emotions and influences than those commonly prevailing at the North.

Why should this be so ? It is, in point of fact, an absurd figment of extremism, a rotten débris of the sectional epoch, a mere subterfuge and scarecrow. The same forces dominate the mind and heart of the South that dominate the mind and heart of the North. The Northern man who thinks otherwise puts himself in the identical boat of the Southern man, who, thirty years ago, thought that "one Southern man could whip six Yankees."

The Southerner has gotten bravely over his delusion. Let the Northerner cure himself of his. We are one people, exactly alike in degree and in kind, having our good side and our bad side, but not marked off by sectional or state lines. Such differences as exist are local and external. It is treason to our common origin and to our system of public and private morals for any man to deny this ; for, not until it is universally accepted shall we realize the full fruition promised us by the preamble to our organic law, and be able to move forward, as a unit, toward the fulfilment of the national destiny and the realization of the ideals embraced by the genius of our institutions.

In my next paper I think I can make these general propositions good by a more specific and detailed statement, premising, in the meantime, for the better information of my readers, that for five-and-twenty years I have labored unceasingly for the education and elevation of the blacks of the South, resisting every movement looking to the circumscription of their rights, privileges and opportunities, seeking every means to advance them in the race of life, and in their material and moral well-being, and that, all my life, I have been something of a crank on the benevolent and sentimental side of the question. It is no longer, however, a question of sentiment. The benevolent side of it is the Southern side of it ; to which the fullest consideration shall be given in the next number of THE COSMOPOLITAN.

SONG.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

Song like a rose should be,
Each rhyme a petal sweet,
For fragrance,—melody,
That when her lips repeat
The words, her heart shall know
What secret makes it so :
Love, only love !

Go then my song—a rose
Fashioned of love and rhyme—
Unto her heart disclose
Your secret old as time—
Old, yet forever new :
Go then, and tell her true,
Love, only love !



REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

BY MURAT HALSTEAD.

THE retirement of Prince Bismarck is the European event of the period that most deeply concerns the world. The agitation is universal. There is no civilized land in which the acceptance of the resignation of the great chancellor was not regarded with the profoundest interest. There has been no testimony to his imposing part in shaping the destinies of nations equal to the expressions of surprise and dismay with which his absence from the guidance of Germany is received. He has stepped out, not down. He goes an old man to his favorite rural home, leaving his country in a position far prouder and grander than he found it; and the empire that arose at his creative touch will be, even if it shall presently fall into ruins, his monument. Kings and emperors, princes and orators, schemers and chieftains may come and go, but the figure of Bismarck, the statesman of blood and iron, who reconstructed Germany and gave her solidity and glory, will forever stand foremost in the world for the thirty years just closed. As for the rest, whether we consider him or his emperor or his country, perhaps it is a good time for him to go. All the proprieties have been consulted in the withdrawal from the masterful relation he has held to affairs. His dignity and that of the emperor have not for a moment been forgotten. There have been differences of judgment between them, and the mass of opinion is that Bismarck must go with regret. In the superficial sense that is true, for it must always be a subject of regretful contemplation to be forced by the lapse of years to know the decline of power, but Bismarck has endured all the bitterness of responsibility, measured only by the capacity of man, and there comes over the giant the weariness of the exercise of the will that commands and the unceasing drag of labor. In comparison with such executive work as he has done, the pomps of authority and simulations of divinity by those who sit on thrones are frivolous. Royalty is only a means for such men as the Iron Chancellor, while the army is

an instrumentality and the church an agency. Statesmanship, godlike, creates and compels all—all but the people, for the many are always greater than one. It has been one of the highest distinctions of the chancellor that he has been loyal to his sovereign. He has known his own strength and has not disdained the weapons of State that were fitted to his grasp. He has acted in the name of the king and the emperor, and posing as the servant was the master. That is a part of the play of monarchical government. It was certain, when he encountered youth and will embodied on the imperial throne, there would be a strain, but not rivalry or unfriendliness. Who shall say the Iron Man, but flesh and blood after all, whose stupendous achievements have not been without exhausting personal cost, has not rejoiced to find so much manly energy, and inherent initiative vigor and thoughtful attention to the details of state policy in the grandson of the truly grand old man, who had the sagacity to see early in his day Bismarck was the man the throne and the kingdom wanted, and who had the fortitude to sustain him in times of unpopularity and peril? The frequent rumors, sometimes well founded, of Bismarck's resignation, since the victory won over France and the establishment of the Empire gave Germany the first place in Europe, have not been the indications of a fretful and impatient spirit, but evidence of the sincere longing of a man far advanced in life, with more than his share of toil that has been consuming as well as constructive, for a few years of rest in the cool shade of his trees, before the long, inevitable repose. The man happiest in the new relations between Bismarck and the world is Bismarck, and there is reason to believe in the sincerity of the young emperor in all his expressions of love and gratitude, and of confidence and trust that for many years imperial Germany may rejoice in the life of its architect, enjoy with him his evening rest, and find as in other days his words of wisdom profitable.

During the Franco-German war, in a French village, the writer had the honor of a conversation with Bismarck, who had been told of the presence of an American editor and greeted him with good wishes, expressing gratification that history would be written on the spot for the millions of men of German blood in America. He was gracious enough to invite the current historian to the king's headquarters "to get something to eat" and asked what was most wanted. He was told, "A horse; the privilege of purchasing a horse." The chancellor stated that was probably impossible in the midst of military operations, as all horses were required. In reply the writer said it was hard the one thing wanted was the one thing that could not be had. There was a change in the voice of the chancellor at this, a deeper, graver tone as he asked: "Ah! Have you not often found it so?" Then he pointed to the headquarters of the forwarding commandant, and said that was the place to inquire about a horse. The next question was whether one might say that the chancellor took the interest in a horse trade to suggest the inquiry, and he said, with a grim smile and quick flash in his eyes, that he had no influence with the army! In the immense successes of his incomparable experience, now that he has stepped aside, leaving the scuffles of the road to younger men, if there is something that has been forever denied that he wanted, one wonders what it might be, and where, in the most puissant individuality of our time, is the point of inner illumination that has caused a shadow of disappointment to fall over the splendor of his glorious career. His work has been well done. The empire that he built will not be shaken by the storms of factions, but endure until the people outgrow governments; and in his old age, his strenuous domination a memory, there will come to him the glad and boundless affection of the German nation grateful to him for its magnificence; and if there are clouds in the sky when his sun sets, they will be but gates of light to the hereafter of his history and immortal fame.

* * *

The floods in the Southwest began with one of those remarkable February de-

monstrations by the Ohio river, several of which have made memorable history. In 1884 it happened that the Ohio and the Rhine were at the same time swollen far above recorded lines. The Rhine had not been as high in two hundred years; and the Ohio exceeded by several feet all the floods marked by white men, and even surpassed the Indian stories until then believed to be fabulous. The wonderful Ohio flood was caused by a sleet which covered the whole valley with a sheet of ice, a snow which fell heavily on the glazed surface and a series of rain-storms from the West that came in the order in which they caused first high water in the lower Ohio, and then brought from the mountains of New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Kentucky and the wide fields of Ohio, all the tributary streams in monstrous proportions to magnify the Ohio. At Cincinnati; where the low-water mark is eighteen inches, the high-water was seventy-one feet, three-quarters of an inch, or the measurement between the high and low marks in the Ohio is sixty-nine feet, five and a quarter inches, a record exceeding all that is known of the floods or tides of the rivers and the seas.

It has been said that St. Petersburg would be destroyed if there should happen at the same time a great rise in the Neva, extreme high tide, and a persistent heavy gale from the West. The conjunction has never occurred. In the valley of the Ohio has been experienced the combination of sleet, snow, and rain-storms that continued five days. February last the sleet was lacking, but the rains saturated the earth and filled the rivers, the lower Ohio rising in the steady style that is recognized as most threatening, and then were tropical tempests, and with the mountain rivers came down the Miamis, the Scioto, the Muskingum and the Hockhocking. The river rose menacingly, and followed the precedents of '32, '83 and '84 until there was great anxiety, and a height attained beyond which each advance of a foot would widen perceptibly the scope of general calamity, when, instead of another immense precipitation, there arrived the cold wave long promised, a million rills were sealed by the magician Frost, and the raging waters slowly subsided. The Ohio poured an

amazing tribute into the Mississippi; the conjunction of the mighty rivers was like a moving lake, almost as wide as the Michigan, Erie or Ontario; and then came rains along the Arkansas and Red rivers, and all over the Southwest. Fortunately, there was absent one of the conditions of the overwhelming desolation of the low country, the simultaneous outpouring of inundations from the upper Mississippi and the Missouri. And yet the alarm along the Mississippi coast soon became a panic. The highest flood marks were overpassed, and the levees, upon which had been expended a great deal of labor and money by the states and the nation, until they were in better condition than ever before, were speedily shown to be inadequate. There was hopefulness for a few days, but the strain upon the frail barriers was overbearing, and they gave way. There was a gallant struggle to repair the first break, but in spite of all efforts it gained rapidly and soon was a torrent half a mile wide and fifteen feet deep. Each of the crevasses is a misfortune to those within range, but to others on the opposite side of the river, or too far above or below to be involved, it is a relief and helps the confidence at large that all within reach of the river may not be lost.

The flood has directed the close attention of the country to the system of levees and other improvements along the Mississippi and at its mouth. The question is whether there is not a revision of methods required. The views of the Mississippi Commission are that the levees must be thrown up so strong as to be sure to last more than a year, for they harden with time, and if they stand through the first year are much more reliable than immediately after construction. With a system of levees so heavy as to exist through some seasons, it is held the floods would deepen the channel as the concentrated current scours between and beyond the jetties. It is to be feared there is something at fault with this theory, that the higher and sharper the levees and the more the people believe in and depend on them, the greater the inevitable disasters when the floods come in the father of floods. It is stated that the water line is two feet higher at New Orleans than a few years ago, and that

the rise results from narrowing the mouth of the river by the jetties. Though confidently asserted, with the support of many corroborating figures, this is sharply disputed, but the controversy ought to be susceptible of mathematical settlement. The most noted of the navigators of the Mississippi in this generation, Captain Leathers, says he considers great injury is done by stopping the Southwest Pass and Pass-a-Loutre, obstructing the flow of Mississippi water into the Gulf, the river rising four feet at the head of the passes to sixteen inches at the mouth, while a four-inch rise at New Orleans gives a foot at Vicksburg; and he holds that the contraction of the river by levees has been disastrous, for "contrary to engineering claims, the elevation of the surface causes the bottom to fill." Here is an important conflict of opinion, and the assertions of experience come in antagonism with the contentions of science. It is high time the people of the United States and of the states of Louisiana, Arkansas and Mississippi, knew what levees would cost to stand above all floods, and by the concentration of the swift and huge river cause the deepening of the channel. The just policy of the Government is to deal with the largest liberality in improvements of the Mississippi, for it is admitted, if there is anything in the continent more national than any other thing, it is not the shores of the Atlantic or the Pacific or of the great Lakes or the Gulf, but of the Mississippi river; and there is enough public opinion favorable to appropriations on a large scale, to improve navigation and protect the richest lands in the world, if we are sure of improvement and protection. There is, too, an enlightened and unprejudiced demand that there shall be no money wasted on experiments that are questionable; and the continual failure of levees to give the security they promise, and the repeated announcements that the river is "higher than ever known," are disheartening as to the substantiality of the engineering upon which we have been depending. It is a popular and plausible suggestion that the levees when reconstructed should be associated with outlets to run off the surface waters by short cuts to the Gulf. There is a safety valve below Red river—the Atchafalaya—and with one at Bonne

Carre, and another at Lake Borgne, there should be ample water for scouring at the jetties, and relief for the river, saving the levees and the plantations. This would seem to be the correct combination. The effect would be to protect permanently the cultivated land, and at the same time improve navigation, by the better use of the money largely invested in levees that cannot stand forever before a river artificially elevated.

There are not in the whole land problems of broader interest and deeper importance than those associated with the lower Mississippi; and the hand of the general government, when the true lines for labor and expenditure are drawn, should be generously helpful. This is the lesson of the latest experiences of overflows, which it is apprehended have been in part attributable to a system of dealing with a vast river, long ago shown to be reliable only for the aggregation of difficulty and the extension of misfortune.

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The national senate has had two of its weaknesses conspicuously before the country. Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, a man honest as one of the White Mountains, a brave soldier and earnest man of affairs, has, in the forgetfulness of his absorbing enthusiasm and the intensity of untutored conviction, spoken for several consecutive days from prepared copy, embodying statistics, and heaping up indigestible information, until no attention was paid to him by the Senate, the press or the people. The proceedings were a burlesque upon a deliberative body, and the senator, weary of himself at last, complained of the press, and thus secured attention for the novelty of a senator assailing the newspapers for not reporting him had an irresistible charm. But it was too late for the bill in which Mr. Blair was interested. He talked it to death! His idea was the one that has been much preached, that school education is the cure for all moral and political diseases. It is a cheap and easy notion that going to school is the remedy for all the evils that afflict mankind, and that, with compulsory education and plenty of money, there is to be no apprehension entertained that the troubles with

the vicious shall be perpetuated. The Southern question that goes to the bone is the one of races; and education, taken as a forced prescription, merely augments the existing dangers. The more the blacks are taught in the schools, the greater the social friction. There should be something else first: the patient, long-suffering cultivation of a sense of common interest and the impartial profitability of fair play; and the charities of comprehensive humanity. This cannot be accomplished by the appropriation of public money, or even the publication of a cheaper edition of the Congressional Record. Senator Blair has merely exaggerated one of the conventional and commonplace fads of the day, and, by his tedious occupation of the senate, given an illustration of the absurdity of the rules based upon an inaccurate estimate of importance, and the unconscious humor of its assumption of especial dignity. The additional display of the feebleness of our most illustrious representative body was in the investigation of the publicity of the proceedings in the executive sessions of the senate. There are senators who hold that the executive sessions are essential to the imposing attitude of the senate before the country—that the senate becomes mystical and awful through the secrecy in form of some of its business. Of course, if reports of private senatorial business are given, the senators themselves are responsible. They are the real reporters. Their eagerness to give the news to newspaper men is well known to all familiar with life in Washington. There have been venerable senators called on Newspaper Row "the official reporters of the executive sessions of the senate." There is a show of reason for the consideration of treaties without having every word spoken printed, but the substantial facts always are and should be known; and the senatorial sensitiveness as to the maintenance of the fiction of secrecy arises not from any higher consideration than to shelter senators in the use of their positions as dealers in offices. They assume to share the appointing power with the President, and wish to use their ability to pass upon his appointments, giving "advice and consent" to secure personal advantages, and

fire from ambuscades upon those who have not been their assistants and servants, in the small and costly struggles that precede the acquirement of the serene and heavy consequence that the senatorial office bestows, even upon purchasers of seats in the markets of the state capitals.

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The house, after an extravagant expenditure of nervous force, lung power, patriotic anxiety and precious time upon its own rules, has taken up the business that comes before it without unusual alarm on the subject of centralization, and entered upon the discussion, as far as reading essays padded with incomprehensible information is debate, upon a revision of the tariff, the design of which is to reduce the revenue a million a week and maintain undisturbed the protective principle—a most complicated and delicate, perhaps impossible, task. The first requisite of wholesome revision is the breaking of the chain of tariff rings that are warlike for duties not of general advantage, but for the welfare of personal or class interests. To revise and reform in this sense is a task that only the highest capacity and the cleanest integrity can perform. With the reduction of the revenue as proposed will pass away the temptation to enter upon the profligate expenses associated with a tempting surplus. We shall not go on paying the national debt at the rate that has become habitual and is identified with our pride and still more with our vanity; but the credit of the country is established at the highest level, and if we are not in such haste as heretofore to extinguish the bonded debt, we may afford the better opportunity for the people to pay their private indebtedness by the stable policy of responsible and instructed legislation, the encouragement of a reduction of taxation and the prevention of the sequestration in public treasuries of money that in the pockets of the people would stimulate legitimate individual enterprise.

Florida contributes to the growing agreeable relations between the people of the sections of this country defined by lines of latitude her pleasant climate, in the days that are frosty in the northern regions of our temperate zone. Winter resorts, luxurious in their loveliness as those in the south of France—with the air and skies of Italy—can be found in the flowery peninsula that extends far into the southern waters and is the eastern boundary of the American Mediterranean Sea. Tens of thousands of the Northern people go to Florida during the months that are inclement and severe in New England and between the Ohio and the lakes; and while welcome visitors to the Southland they are students of the people and the country, and the mingling of the extremes promotes the general good.

The vice-president of the United States and his family have been received in Florida with the most respectful attention, and made an impression of the kindest nature upon all with whom they came in contact. The speeches of the vice-president were simple and cordial acknowledgments, and his genial sentiments were heartily reciprocated, while the graces of the ladies of his party gave a charm to the social festivals of the journey that dispelled all thoughts of political differences. And the family of the president were received not with hospitality merely, but with enthusiasm. The press of Charleston was with high-toned sincerity complimentary to Mrs. Harrison, who was never received more handsomely, or in better taste, and her amiability and sunny sympathies won her golden opinions from all sorts of people. The president's son and his wife were of the party, and when he was called upon for a speech he acquitted himself with rare aptitude of spirit and felicity of language. This was hardly a surprise, for he had spoken well at Atlanta, but his Charleston speech was excellent in not being ambitious, and bright and true because inspired with geniality and good sense.

Social Problems, by Edward Everett Hale.



A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

OLD JOHN ADAMS somewhere expresses the hope that every citizen of the United States may receive a liberal education. Exactly how he would define a "liberal education" he does not say. But if he makes a fair definition of the words, it is an education towards which the people makes steady progress, and the people will continue this progress and open better ways for it.

The largest expenditure made in this direction is that of which I spoke in March, by which Uncle Sam gives to his children in all parts of the country the books which they send for, at a cost to himself, for carriage, of the trifle of eight or ten millions of dollars. This annual expense is perhaps greater than that of all the colleges and universities put together. And, probably, no similar sum could be spent to the same advantage. For each of these students knows what he wants and, on the whole, chooses his tools well. What Uncle Sam should do is to reduce the rate of book postage to that of periodicals.

For the regulation of the choice of reading among these students, what has come to be called Chautauqua is the largest system. Slowly, and rather stolidly, the country begins to find out what Chautauqua is. There is a lake of that name, where the system of study began. But when one speaks of Chautauqua he does not mean a lake, more than when he speaks of Harvard he means a butcher in Southwark.

The system of Chautauqua is this: A course of reading is provided—intended for any intelligent Americans who have gone through the American common school, and are more than sixteen years old. The course supposes that the readers will read, by its order, for four years, and that they will read, on the average, nine hours a week, for ten months in the year. It supposes that they begin in the autumn, and it lays out roughly the line of reading, month by month, a year in advance.

The four years are so divided that, in 1889-90 the readers are engaged in Roman and Italian history and literature; in 1890-91 they will be engaged in English history and literature; in 1891-92 in American history and literature; in 1892-93 in Greek history and literature. That is to say, these central topics are thus arranged. Beside the reading are other subjects—German literature and French; and various scientific branches, as chemistry, geology, botany, entomology, have their places, and a regular course of Sunday reading is suggested as a part of the whole.

As to the amount read, a phrase of Bishop Vincent's describes it. "I mean that, if a boy goes to an average college, his father and mother, reading in Chautauqua at home, shall know about as much of the authors he reads as he learns in the regular curriculum—with this difference, that he reads in the originals and they read in translations." This requisition is nearly kept up to—not quite kept up to as to the amount of

poetry or prose read, but more than kept up to as to the amount of side illustration.

Chautauqua does not require the knowledge of any language but English. It does not pretend to teach anything of the mathematics, and it gives only a suggestion of the studies ranked in colleges as "rhetoric," "logic," "philosophy," and the methods of composition.

To provide the books for the annual readings, arrangements on a very large scale are made with publishers, so that one set of the books costs annually about six dollars. Beside this, each reader must read a considerable part of the Chautauquan, a capital monthly magazine edited by Dr. Flood and published at Meadville. When I say that President Adams, Mahaffy, Dr. Donaldson, Professor Shaler, Dr. Lanciani, Dr. Hardy, and John Habberton have been among the regular writers for the Chautauquan in the last year, it will be seen that this part of the course is very attractive.

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THE CURIOUS thing to me is that this course of reading, well balanced and adjusted, is not taken up by many more people. Some hundred thousand persons in America are reading upon it this year, I suppose, with more or less determination to continue it. But when I reflect that there are one million subscribers, and probably two million readers, of the four leading magazines, I wonder that there are not three million readers taking Chautauqua in regular course.

And I understand why the number of regular readers increases rapidly, as it does every year.

* * *

FOR what this machinery gives is what John Adams was eager about, "A Liberal Education."

A liberal education is not a knowledge of facts. They are indexed ready for use in the cyclopaedias. It is the preparation for understanding the language of my time. When President Harrison, or Bishop Vincent, or Mr. Gladstone asks a man to dinner, he wants to know what the company are talking about and to understand what they say. He does not want to talk to them; he wants to hear to advantage; and thus he

wants to speak his own language well, and to go over the learning of the past so systematically that when they speak of Leo X. or of Clement of Alexandria, he may be able to follow the conversation; or, as our fine proverb says, "to catch on."

I should think, particularly, that young men in the opening of their lives, who have large responsibilities and prospects before them, would be glad to know of such a methodical system, by which in a few years' time they can so arrange in their minds the history, literature, and science of the world, that all that they read in newspapers and in *The Cosmopolitan*, and all that they hear in church, in lectures, and in conversation, might adjust itself simply and systematically. I should think they would like to secure John Adams's "Liberal Education." If half of them took up this Chautauqua as being the best system for that purpose which has as yet adjusted itself on a large and simple plan, Chautauqua would have, not one hundred thousand readers at one time, but several million.

* * *

It is due oftentimes to ignorance of the proper place to send reading matter, that there is an accumulation in some families and a great scarcity in others. The Hospital Newspaper Society does not confine its work to hospitals, but endeavors to place books, magazines and newspapers where they are the most needed. Boxes are placed in the city railway stations, and many a newspaper or pamphlet is deposited therein which would otherwise be left in a car seat or become an annoyance in the hands of the purchaser. Almshouses and insane asylums are not forgotten in the distribution, and the illustrated papers are, particularly in the latter institution, of the greatest value. Such a charity can be carried on with small receipts, but it requires work on the part of the committees. During the last year thirty-four thousand two hundred and thirty-four books, pamphlets, cards, etc., have been distributed in over sixty places, and the cost of the year's work was but \$464.74. The Society has collected some old music, hoping that it could be placed in public libraries and taken out under the same rules as other books. So far, however,

there has been little call for it, but the demand for the reading matter is unceasing.

* * *

MR. CROOKER, of Madison, has been well known among students of the subject as one of the people who make careful examination of social problems on what it is now the fashion to call the scientific point of view. The scientific charity has, in truth, discovered nothing which cannot be read in the four Gospels; but the return to the system of the four Gospels at the end of the nineteenth century is an interesting sign of the times.

Mr. Crooker has now brought together some of his most important studies in a single volume, which he calls "The Problems in American Society." As this is almost precisely the title of my own monthly contribution in *The Cosmopolitan*, I am glad to call attention to his little book as one which will be of great value to persons who are studying these subjects. It has the merit of giving to the reader, in a convenient form, the best sources of information, as well as the views of the writer himself. The younger scholars of our time, to their credit be it said, are abandoning that crazy and absurd profession of omniscience, in which a man wanted to make his reader feel that he knew everything himself.

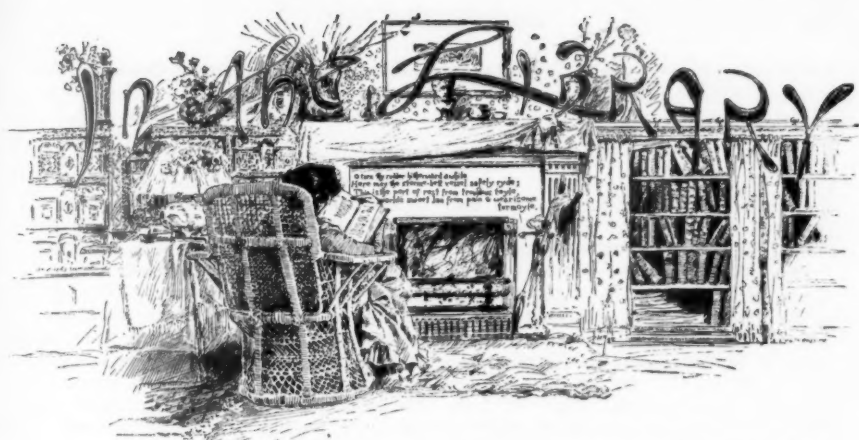
Mr. Crooker, for instance, prefaces each of the six essays in this volume with a reference to the best authorities whom he knows on the subject. The reader does not have even to skim along through foot-notes, and he is even helped so far that the page of a bound review is given to him, where he may carry on the investigation which has been so well begun.

The most curious, perhaps, of these papers is that on Scientific Charity, which was published in its first form in "Lend a Hand," more than a year ago. It shows that the system of districting and local visitors, which is frequently spoken of as the Chalmers system, and again as the Elberfeld system, had been worked out in Hamburg as long ago as the year 1711. The details which are given as to the methods of the Hamburg work are very interesting and curious. To these details Mr.

Crooker now adds accounts of the Elberfeld and London charity organizations, and that of Buffalo, and makes valuable practical statements as to the way in which these systems must be inspired and carried out in action.

I should be glad to quote at length from the paper on *The Religious Destitution of Villages*. The reader should remember that, to Mr. Crooker and men like him, the word "religion" does not mean merely a ritual or a formula of doctrine, but means the spirit of all life. The question discussed in this paper is of the very first importance, and the dangers to which our attention is called are such as no thoughtful person would blink out of sight. Mr. Frederick Olmsted once said that he had given a great deal of his life to the ruralizing of the cities, but that he regarded the business of urbanizing the destitute parts of the world as being quite as important. If one remembers that the words "civilization," "politeness," "urbanity," all indicate the life of men who are crowded together, one sees how great a work opens before those who feel the moral misfortunes which belong to lonely life.

Nothing is more satisfactory or encouraging than the attention which the young men of our best schools are giving to these subjects of the improvement of society. With such presages, it is fair to say that the twentieth century will address itself very largely to what we now call the moral problems, and will not be satisfied without introducing high motives into its legislation and social economies. I was for seven years a chaplain in Harvard College, my term of service ending only last year. It was a most interesting thing to observe that what one might call the fashion of the college—by which I mean the leading interest of the very best students there—ran in the direction of the study of society. The young men who, fifty years ago, would have been devoting themselves simply to literature and its methods of expression, are now devoting themselves very largely to social improvement, to the needs of the social order of the present time, and to the best way of meeting those needs.



FASHIONS IN LITERATURE.

BY E. F. ANDREWS.

LAST summer, while in Boston, I had occasion to make certain literary investigations which carried me into the leading libraries and publishing houses of that city. During my interviews with the employés of these establishments I was often struck with the manner in which they called attention to certain books on their shelves, by remarking that such and such a work is very popular just now, or that such an author is going to be much read this season—in precisely the same tone and almost the same words as are used by our fashionable milliners when recommending the latest new fad in ribbons or laces. This set me to thinking: have we really fashions in books as in bonnets, and do writers wax and wane like other passing fancies, and finally go out in eternal eclipse under the shadow of the rising luminary of the next season?

True, there are names, like Shakespeare, Homer, and Dante, that have blazed for centuries like suns in undimmed lustre; there are other lesser lights that shine like fixed stars in the firmament of letters, but the great mass of popular works that are pouring from the press every day, the meteoric dust, so to speak, of the literary sky, seem born but to perish. Even those bright luminaries which we call the classics do not shine with perennial lustre, but here and there a star, slowly fading as it recedes from us through the lengthening per-

spective of years, gradually ceases to give forth light, and at last, like the lost Pleiade, leaves only a name to mark its place in the bright constellation of genius. In fact, half the names upon our muster roll of the classics are there under a sort of brevet, or honorary title, out of respect for their former services. They constitute the retired list, as it were, of the literary army. We accept them as classics because the critics tell us to, and we speak of them with respect because that is the proper thing to do. We put them in conspicuous places on our library shelves and recommend them to the younger members of the family as something to improve their minds, but our respect for them is far too great to warrant any undue familiarity on our own account. How many readers of these pages, I wonder, are familiar with Bacon, or Spenser or Ben Jonson? How many would read "Rasselas," or even "The Vicar of Wakefield," in preference to "Looking Backward"? How many would prefer *The Spectator* to this morning's *Herald*?

The ancient classics have fared somewhat better than those of any living language, partly because, as the repositories of a dead civilization, they possess a historical and antiquarian interest that makes them the common property of all ages and nations; and partly because, owing to the absence of the printing press, and to the intellectual barrenness of the Middle Ages, they were not swamped, like their modern representatives, under a flood of fresher candidates

for popular favor. They secured their title before competition became so severe, and now hold their ground by right of preëmption; while the modern settler upon Fame's unoccupied territory has hardly filed his claim before a dozen new comers have squatted around him and cramped his holding to a beggarly half column in a biographical dictionary.

From the important part, too, which the ancient classics have so long played in the school-room, the generality of educated men are compelled to have something more than a mere bowing acquaintance with them; and while the recent impulse given to the study of English in our schools has enabled our own classics to share, to some extent, the privileges of the ancients, yet they cannot be said to live in the sense in which the books live that speak to us of our own every-day life and thought.

And after all, it is not strange that even good books should drift in time out of the main current of life and strand in those quiet pools of thought where only the student has time to angle after them. It is true human nature never changes; its foibles, its passions, its virtues, its vices remain ever the same, but their objects and modes of expression vary with each generation. The language itself changes with the varying interests of each century, so that the very figures and allusions which delighted one generation are devoid of meaning to the next. Hudibras is intelligible to the modern reader only by such a copious use of notes as to make the reading of it a burden, and the mad enthusiasm that greeted the appearance of Hannah More's moral tales and essays has now burnt down to the mild approbation of a few pious old ladies who go to sleep on Sunday afternoons over her life and letters. Not long ago, in preparing some special literary work, I had occasion to make a careful study of Pope's "Dunciad" and "Rape of the Lock," and even at the risk of forfeiting the respect of the reader I must confess that I found them anything but lively reading. They lacked neither flavor nor savor in their time, no doubt, but the realities that lay behind them have passed away, and, like champagne that has been too long uncorked, their sparkle is gone; we late comers to the feast turn away and

call for a fresh bottle, even though it be of a poorer vintage.

Man has his different ages and caprices as well as men; but man the race, unlike man the individual, begins his literary evolution with the highest form of art, the epic. Then comes the dramatic period, to be followed in its turn by the critical and analytic stage, which is unfavorable—I had almost said fatal—to great works of the imagination. Finally, comes the scientific, rationalistic age, when man is too busy with material things to concern himself much about literature for its own sake, and works of the imagination reflect the spirit of the times by becoming realistic instead of symbolic: hence the typical literary product of our own age is the realistic novel. It would take us too far to consider the literary fashions of all these different periods, and I will therefore limit the scope of this paper to those of our own day.

The most superficial acquaintance with writers so recent even as those of last century will show that the literary dress which pleased our fathers has gone the way of their powdered wigs and embroidered waistcoats. The quaint mythological allusions and labored personifications that crowd the pages of Johnson and his contemporaries are relegated now to the prize essays of grammar-school boys and "sweet girl graduates," while the impossible Chloes and Phyllises that bloomed like misplaced exotics in the pastorals of that and the preceding age are now as utterly defunct as an ex-President of the United States.

The most notable feature of the modern world of letters is the wonderful expansion of periodical literature. Of all the English and American magazines now in circulation, more than one-half the former and probably five-sixths of the latter have come into existence during the latter half of the present century. The first pioneer worthy of notice in this field was the famous *Gentleman's Magazine*, established by Cave in 1731, to which Dr. Johnson was a contributor. It was followed by *The London Magazine* in 1732, and by *The Scott's Magazine* seven years later, and till near the end of the century these were practically the only representatives of their class in the English lan-

guage. The matter published by them was meagre both in quality and quantity, and consisted mainly of selections, the difficulty of obtaining original contributions being so great that Southey tells us almost any communication seems to have been admitted, no matter how worthless, or reprehensible in a worse way, it might be. What a godsend the overflowing waste-basket of a modern editor would have been to the literary caterer of those days!

From such humble beginnings has been evolved that splendid phalanx of modern periodical publications which to-day furnish the bulk of its reading to the civilized world. The best of modern thought now finds expression through their columns, and no aspirant for literary honors can hope for recognition unless his claims are first endorsed by one of the great magazines. The enormous power thus placed in the hands of the editors makes them the virtual autocrats of the literary world, and by one of those curious processes of reversion through which history so often repeats itself, we have revived in their persons the "literary patron" of whom Johnson wrote so bitterly:

"There mark what ills the scholar's life assail—
Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail."

Not that I would include the "enlightened editor" in Johnson's catalogue of evils, but it cannot be denied that the patron's power, whether for good or ill, has been transferred to him, and with enormously increased effect. This is especially the case in the United States, where the prevalent fashion of stealing our literature has so affected the book market as to give native products no chance in competition with the stolen foreign article on the one hand, and the virtually protected magazine on the other, and thus the author is cut off from a direct appeal to the public. The seventeenth century author looked to a patron, because there was then no reading public to whom he could appeal; the nineteenth century author looks to the editor, because his only chance to reach the public is through the magazines. From the quality of the reading they furnish us, we have no reason to believe that the editors, as a general thing, abuse their power; though

whether it is for the best interests of literature that such autocratic powers should be wielded by any one man, or set of men, is a question worthy of thoughtful consideration.

To one who will glance over the files of some of our oldest magazines for the last twenty-five or thirty years, the changes of literary fashion, even in that short time, will be abundantly apparent. Before the war, our leading periodicals were almost purely literary in character, and their contributors were drawn, with few exceptions, from the class of professional literary workers. But now the universal craving for knowledge on all subjects is so great that experts in every department are required to take up the pen and tell us what they know. Engineers, financiers, inventors, merchants, mechanics, soldiers, politicians—everybody, in short, who is supposed to know anything about anything, figure among the contributors to leading periodicals, and articles that are in no sense literature, though often possessing high literary merit, occupy a large portion of their space.

This practice, good in itself, has given rise to one of the worst literary fashions of our age, and one that threatens to degrade the periodical press into a mere pen-and-ink dime museum. I mean the tendency to claptrap and sensation mongering which has shown itself in certain quarters by setting a premium upon mere notoriety without any regard to fitness for the work in hand. As a domestic scandal, or an introduction to the Prince of Wales, seem now to be the chief requisites for a successful debut upon the stage, so mere notoriety of any sort is becoming far too important a factor in securing literary recognition from publishers and public. A popular periodical, not very long ago, is said to have paid \$500 for as many lines of absolute drivel, merely because the author was related to a man who happened to be, at that time, the most conspicuous person in the nation; and a certain tenth-rate novelist, whose books, I am told, have a wide sale, owes her phenomenal success to the practice of advertising them by inserting in the leading newspapers articles written by herself, and paid for as advertisements, dilating upon the beauty and social suc-

cesses of the author, the immorality of her works, and even accusing herself of plagiarism!

Nor is the public taste at all squeamish as to the kind of notoriety it feasts on. If Mrs. Cleveland or Mrs. Maybrick, Prince Bismarck or John Sullivan, were to write a book, its success would be equally assured in either case, and the lady of the "White House," the murderess, the bully or the statesman, could alike dictate terms to publishers. From a purely commercial point of view, this may all be sound enough, but what is the outlook for literature when the literary market is controlled by such considerations?

The present rage for dialect stories had its origin in Northern sentiment about the negro, which Southern writers have been shrewd enough to turn to account and exploit to their own advantage. Their work in this field has been so charming that the interest it awakened has extended from the negro to his poor white neighbor, and the Georgia dorky and the Tennessee cracker are to-day the most fashionable figures in American literature. But for any work to obtain a place among the classics of our language, it must be, the bulk of it at least, in good English; and hence, however valuable they may be as psychological or ethnological studies, these dialect stories can hardly be accorded a very high rank as pure literature.

Many causes conspire to render the interest in them transient. In the first place, no two writers ever spell the negro dialect in the same way, and no spelling can convey an adequate idea of it to a reader unfamiliar with the sound, as any one must admit who has ever heard a Yankee try to render one of George Cable's sketches. And finally, when the Southern "cracker" has become extinct before the march of civilization, and education has stripped the negro of the last shred of poetry that still clings to him, their dialect will have become a dead language, and the literature that embodies it will be as unintelligible as the poems of Caedmon.

The last of modern literary fashions to which I shall call attention is one that promises to be a revolution—namely, the popularizing of science by divesting it of repulsive technicalities and clothing it in a graceful literary garb. The most ab-

struse subjects, whose very names would have terrified an ordinary reader thirty years ago, are now presented in such attractive literary form that even in the nursery the wonders of science are beginning to supplant the wonders of fairyland. It would be hard to find more finished graces of style or more delicate touches of humor in any writer of the day than abound in Grant Allen's delightful sketches, and many a scientific treatise of our time makes lighter reading for a summer holiday than its heavy rival, the psychological novel. In short, to use De Quincey's fine distinction, our age is marked by an increasing development of the literature of knowledge at the expense of the literature of power.

What, now, we may ask, is likely to be the effect of these rapid fluctuations of popular taste upon the fate of our contemporary authors? Are they, too, to be swamped under the accumulating waves of literary production as their predecessors of the last two centuries have been under the pressure of our own? Is the immortality of Homer, of Shakespeare, of Dante, never to be won by mortal again? The answer is not clear, but the signs are far from reassuring. We have no reason to believe that posterity will be less busy than ourselves, or that in the next generation fewer books will be issued than in this, but rather the contrary. Moreover, the great mass of modern literature, being in the ephemeral form of fiction, will necessarily sink, sooner or later, into the limbo that has swallowed up Richardson, Frances Burney, and other favorites of our grandfathers. Posterity will prefer to see its own face, rather than ours, reflected in the mirror of fiction, and, like ourselves, will prefer the Ouidas and Haggards and Howells of its own day to the Scotts and Thackerays of ours. A score of names may survive into the twenty-first century; a hundred years later half a dozen may still enjoy a sort of honorary immortality, such as is accorded to Pope and Dryden now, through the labors of critics and commentators; but in five hundred or a thousand years, say, can we hope that a single writer of the present day will be living outside the pages of a biographical dictionary or an encyclopædia of English literature?



MURAT HALSTEAD.